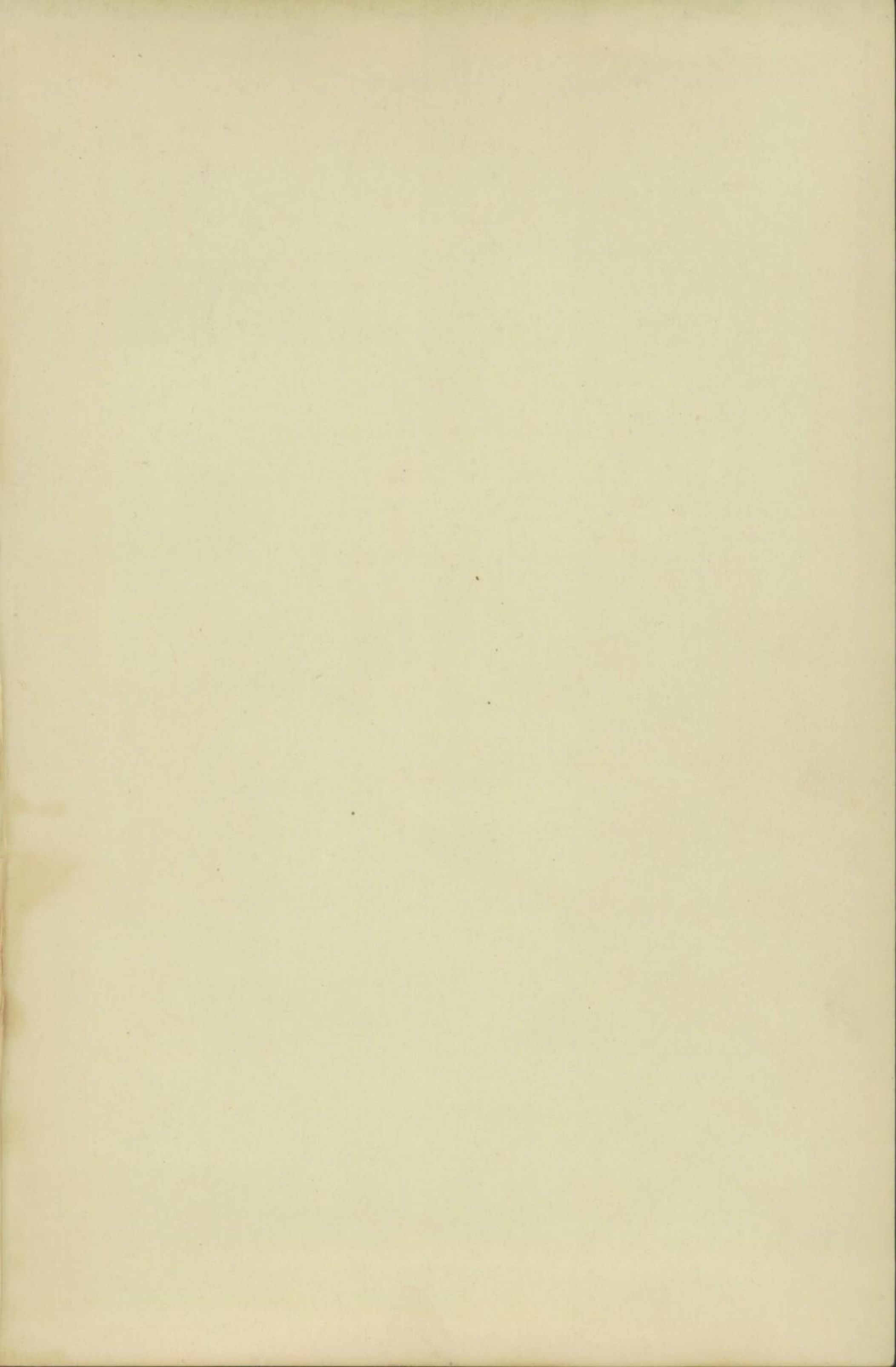
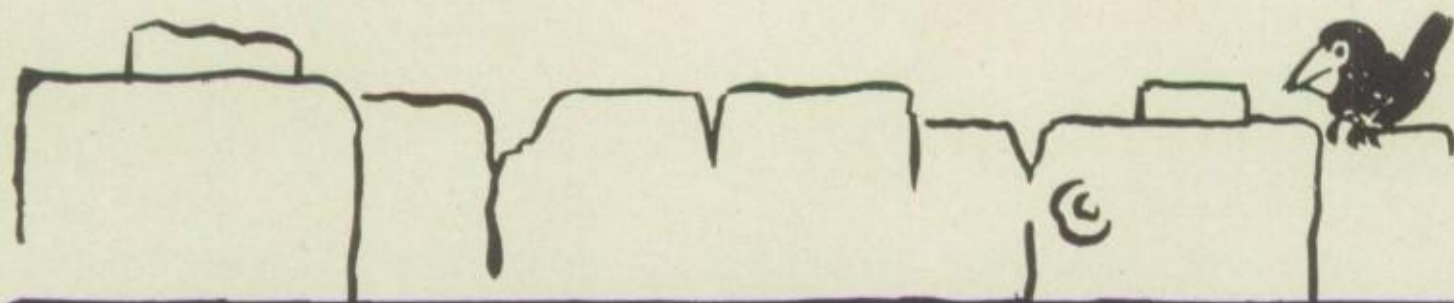


THE
STEEN





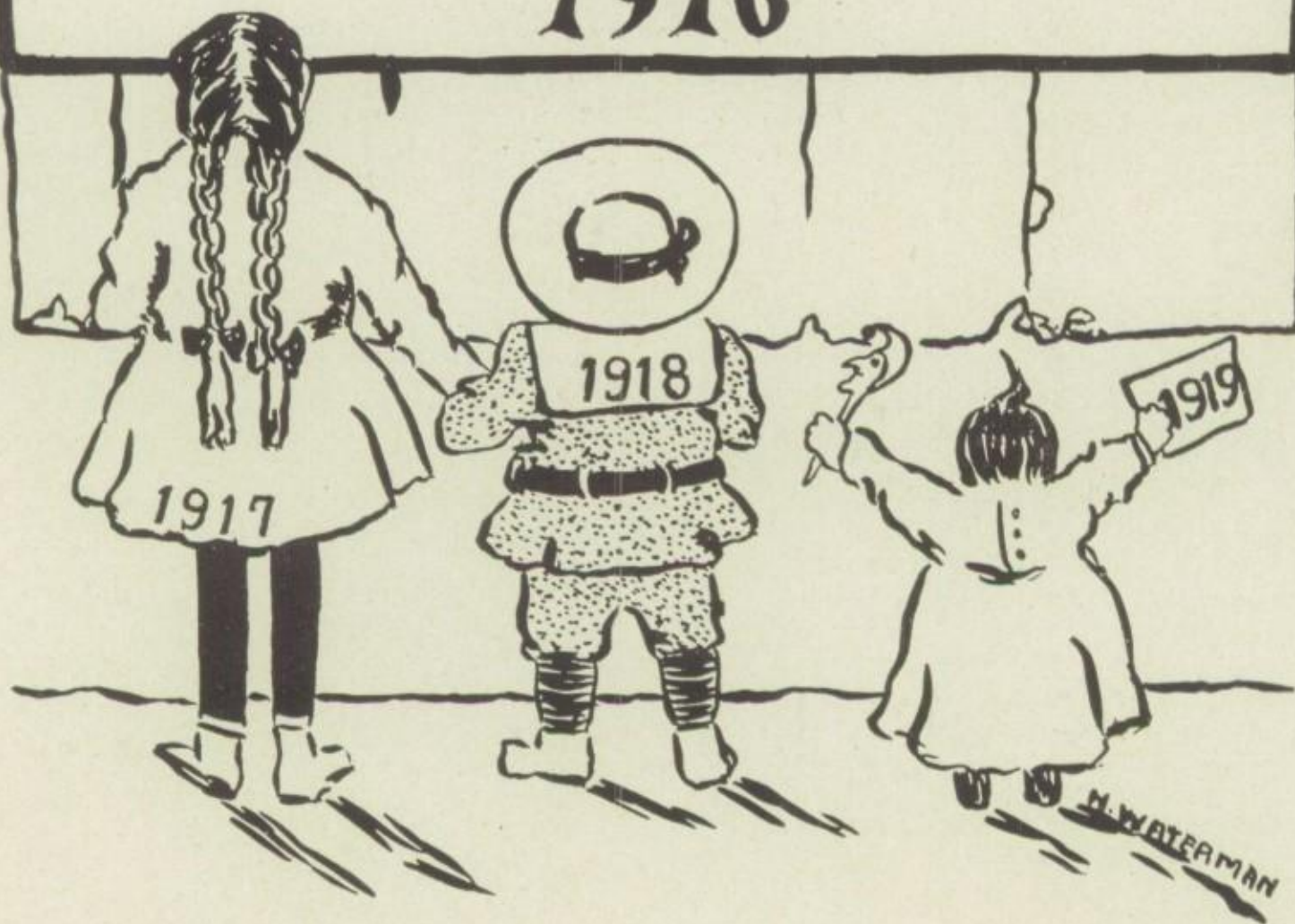


THE STEEN

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIORS
of ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL

(ALL STAR CAST)

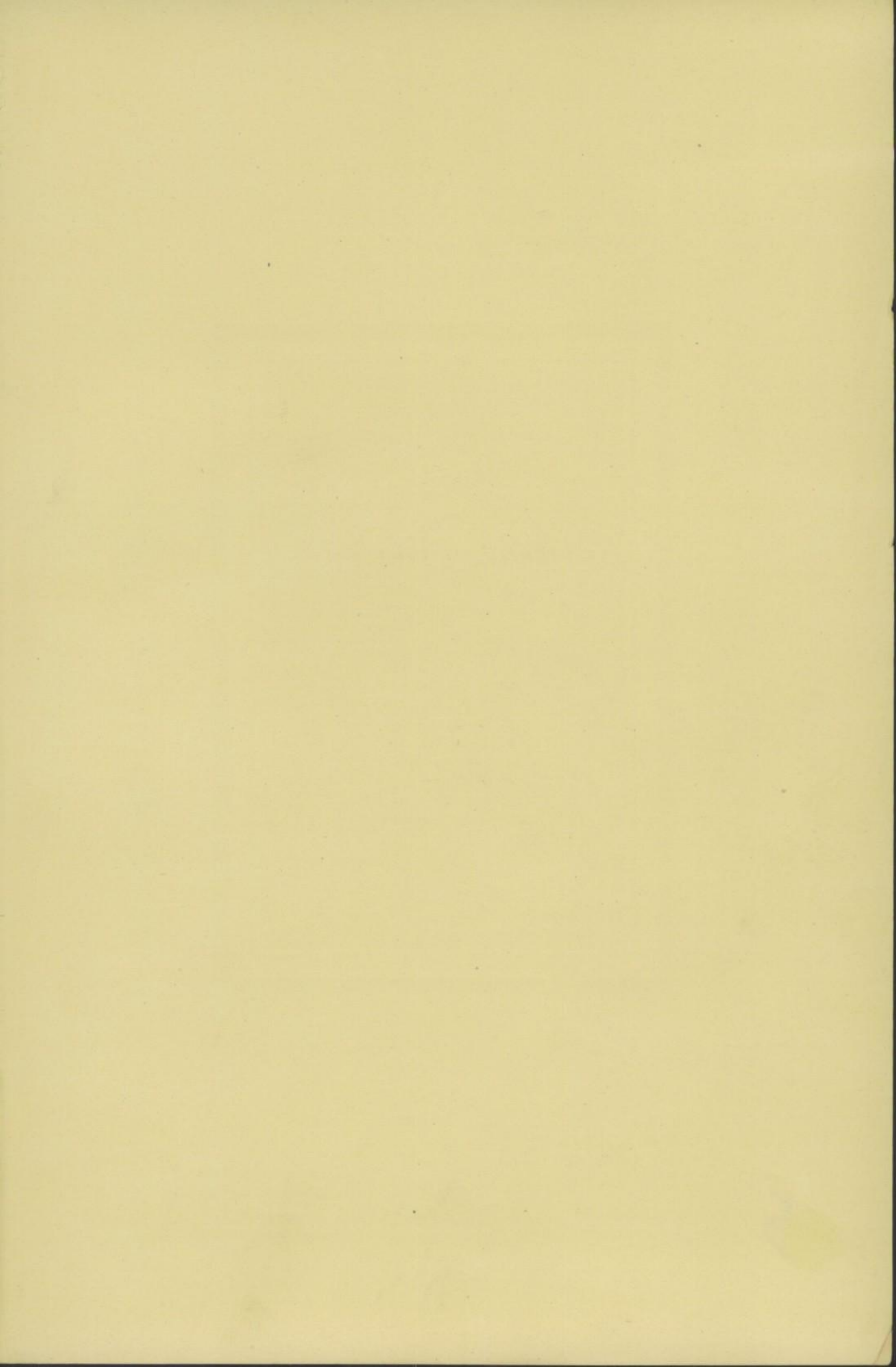
1916

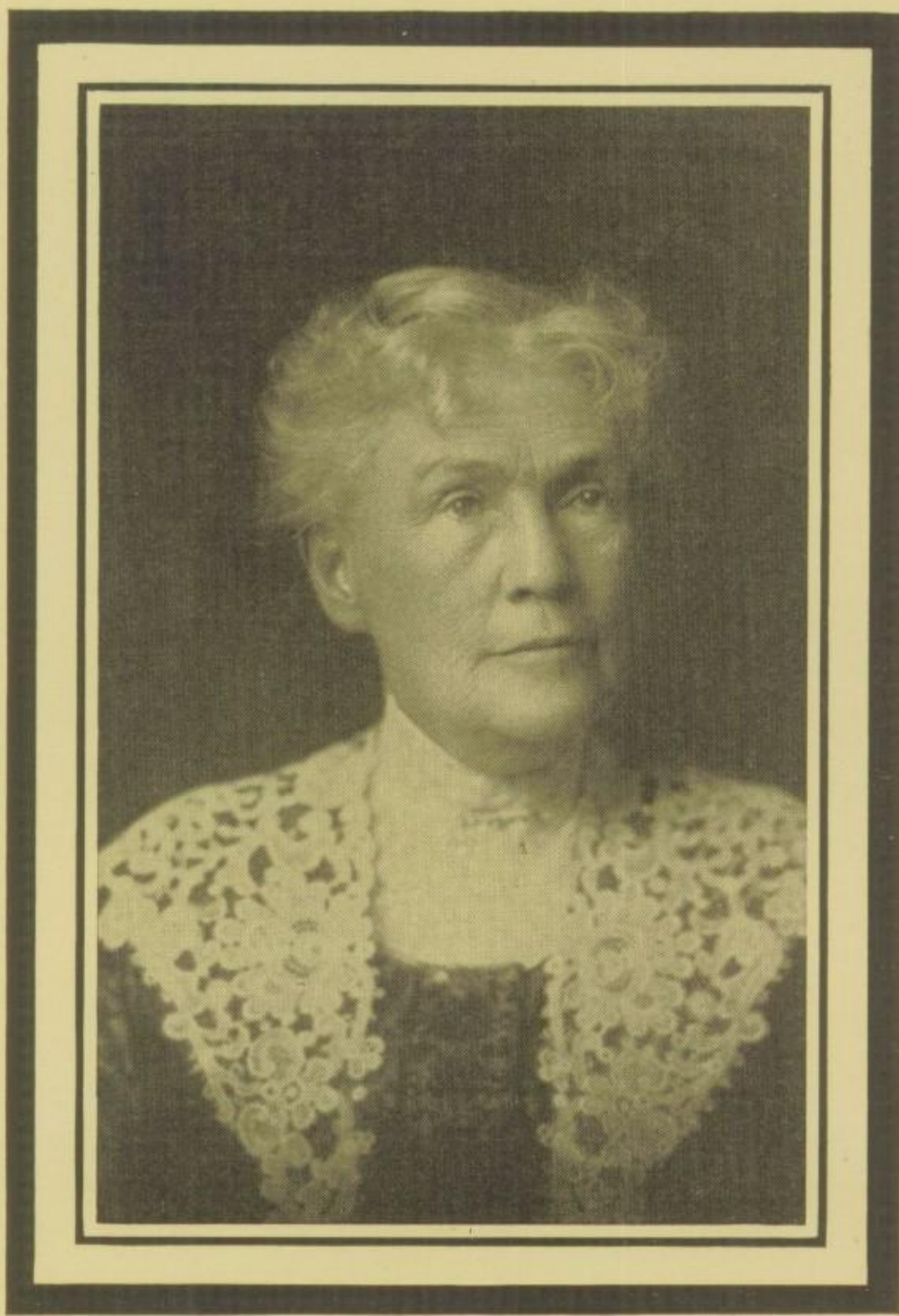


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Miss Harriet E. Morse

Dedication

To Miss Harriet E. Morse, who for twenty-eight years has so devotedly aided us and those who have gone before us to reach the goal, not only of graduation but also of all that is best and truest and most beautiful in living, to her this Annual, The Steen, is affectionately dedicated by the class of 1916.

Foreword

Lest auld acquaintance be forgot,
And seldom brought to mind,
Lest R. H. S. should be forgot,
And days of auld Sixteen.

For days of auld Sixteen, my dear,
For days of auld Sixteen,
We've done our best in school, and here
Made record in the Steen.

For we hae played it wi' the teams
On mony a field and floor.
Sometimes we nipped a wee defeat
More often piled the score.

For days of auld Sixteen, my dear,
For days of auld Sixteen,
We've done our best in school, and here
Made record in the Steen.

Mony's the time the cup's gone round,
And the music's played wi' glee,
Mony a step's been tripped sae fair
By those we'll nae mair see.

For days of auld Sixteen, my dear,
For days of auld Sixteen,
We've done our best in school, and here
Made record in the Steen.

Then here's a hand our trusty Steen,
And gie's a hand o' thine.
We'll tak a thocht o' kindness now
For days of auld lang syne.

For days of auld Sixteen, my dear,
For days of auld Sixteen,
We've done our best in school, and here
Made record in the Steen.

D. C. S.

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Word to Mr. Briggs

Loyalty



CLAUDE P. BRIGGS, Principal



MISS HARRIETT MORSE



MR. D.L. GEYER



MISS C.I. HILL



MR. R. BRIGHTUP



MISS BLANCHE CLARK



MISS CLARA GIDDINGS



MISS LILLIAN REMSBURG



MR. D. G. SPRAGUE



MR. R. L. KITTLE



MR. A. J. LOOS



MISS STELLA PETERSON



MISS MAUDE CAVANAUGH



MR. G. J. WINTERS.



MISS BESSIE DE BORD

MISS AGNES BROWN



MISS LILLIAN VAN CLEVE



MR. S. E. ZOOK



MISS HAZEL PUTNAM



MR. C. BERGMAN



MISS JOSEPHINE PELLENS





MISS RUTH COGGESHALL



MR. C.C. HANNA



MR. W.D. SHIPMAN



MR. A.H. JOHNSON



MISS S. ALETA McEVoy



MISS GRACE BULL



MISS JENNIE WALDO



MR. J.T. HAIGHT



MR. C. M. FINEGAN



MRS SARAH THOMAS



MR. H. E. SNYDER



MR. R. A. DUNN



MISS PEARL RITCHIE



MR. C. L. BAILEY



MR. W. MOORE



MISS ETTA BROWN



MR. L. W. BATES



MRS. NELLIE STEVENS



MR. C. A. BEVER



MISS TECKLA PETERSON



MR. G. K. YOUNG



MISS MARY SALSTROM



MISS VIRGINIA WOLCOTT



MR. W. WUESTHOFF



MISS ETHEL VINCENT



MR. A. V. ESSINGTON



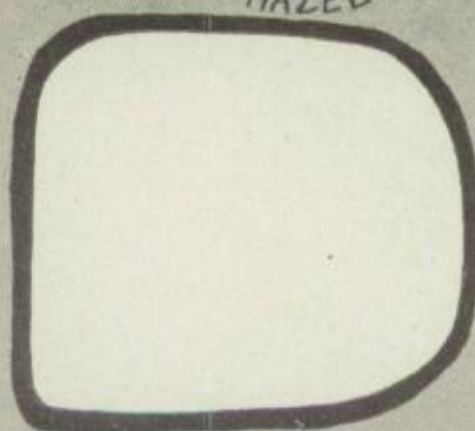
MISS HAZEL MURDOCK



MISS ELISABETH CORCORAN



MR. A. C. NORRIS



MR. T. J. FLODEN



MISS MAY DOBSON



MISS HELEN MORRISON



MR. F. J. DU FRAIN



MISS MARGARET BOYD



MR. I. J. MATHEWS



MRS. E. M. PIERCE



MISS HARRIET COMSTOCK



MISS BEULAH REED



MR. W. H. HAUPT



MISS ISABELLE DUFFY



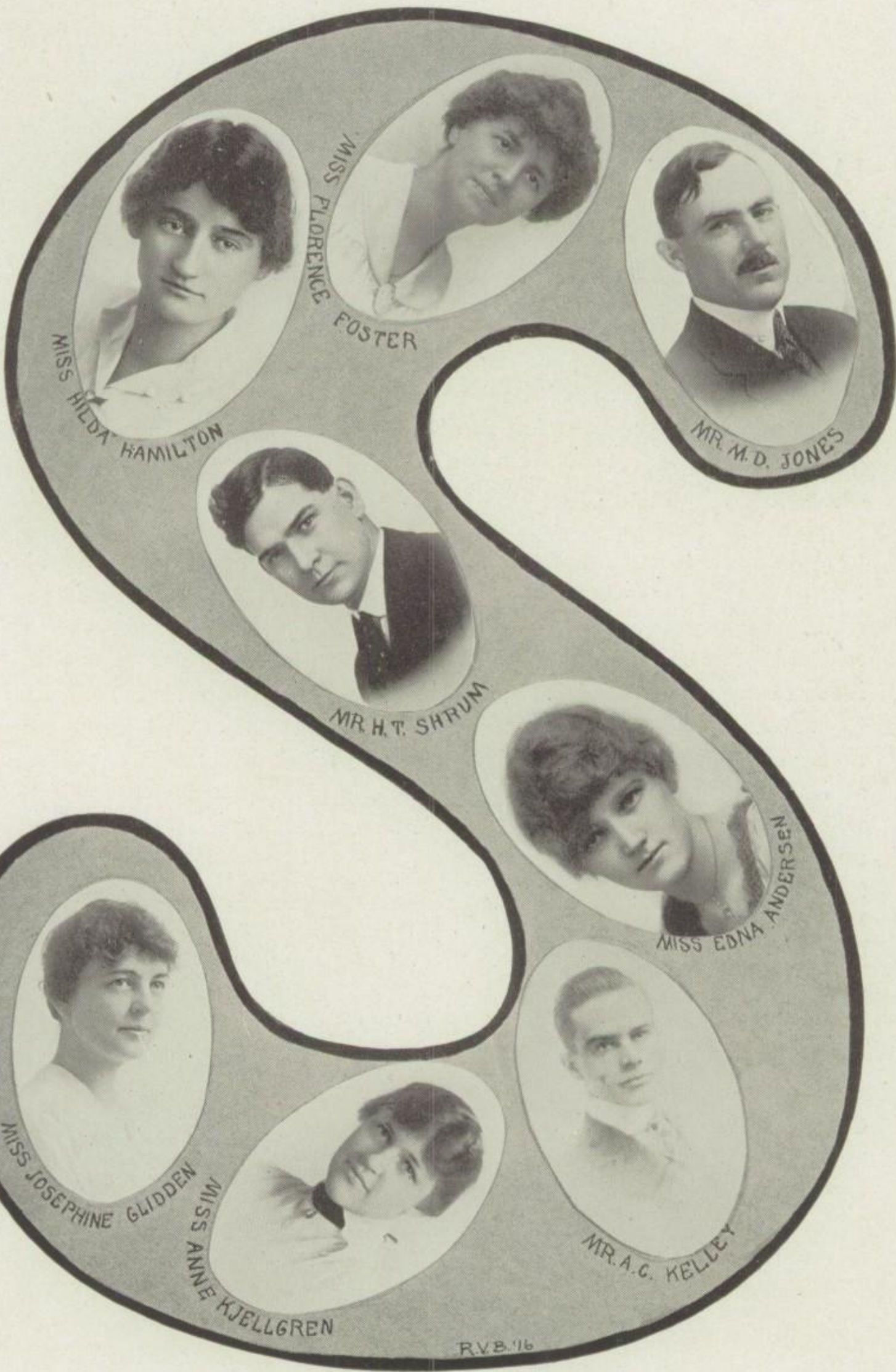
MISS ANNE HUNTER



MISS ALICE BURT



MR. W. C. JOHNSON



MISS HILDA HAMILTON

MISS FLORENCE FOSTER

MR. M.D. JONES

MR. H.T. SHRUM

MISS EDNA ANDERSEN

MISS JOSEPHINE GLIDDEN

MISS ANNE KJELLGREN

MR. A.C. KELLEY

R.V.B. '16



Faculty Notes

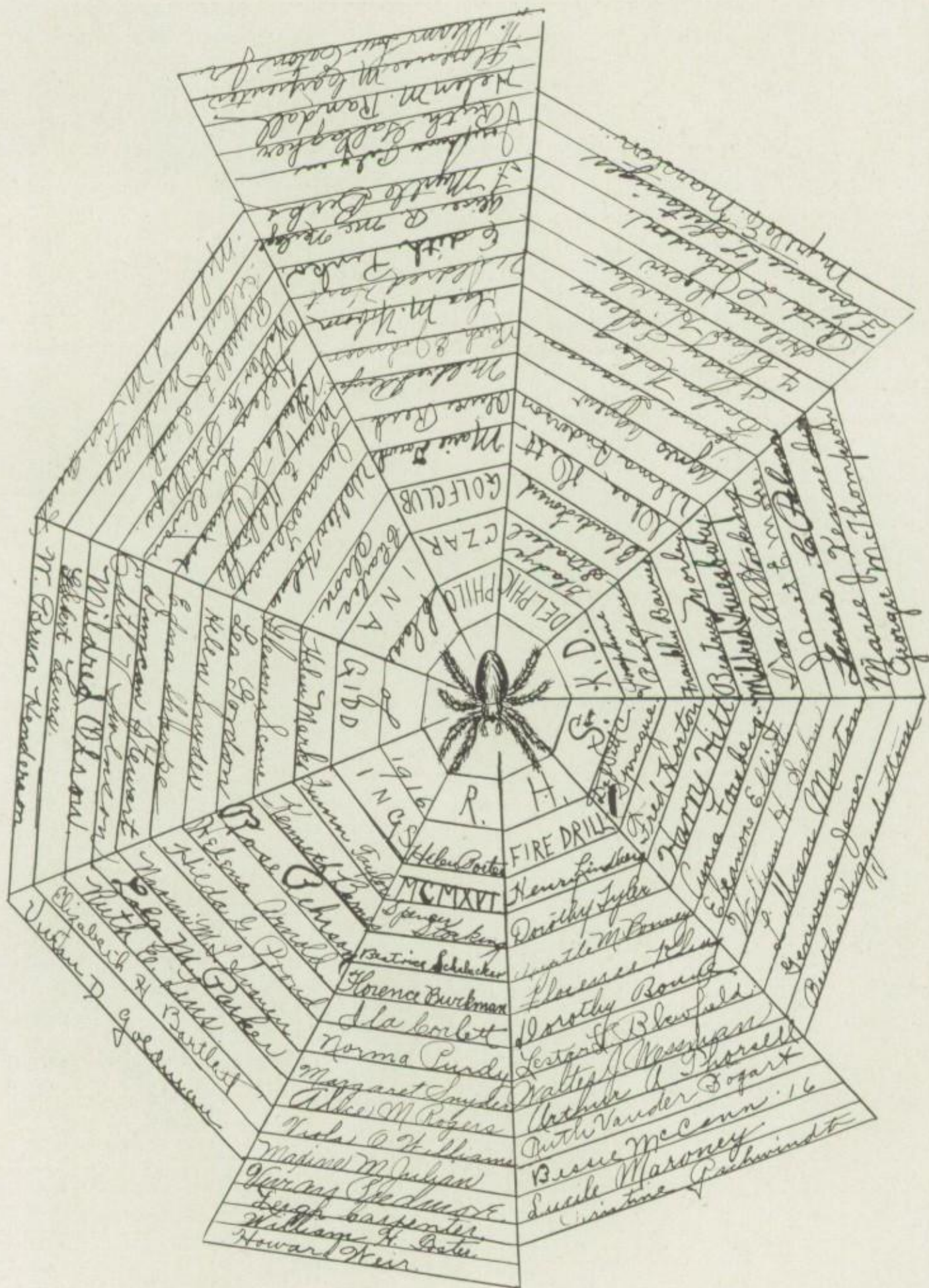
To the Old.

A DIEU, old friends! We hope you're sorry to lose us! We regret to leave you, but, remember, we are young—eager for achievement—anxious to press forward! Whatever the future, wherever we may be, rest assured we'll have a warm place in our hearts for you.

To the New.

With the members of the faculty, the Class of 1916 has endeavored to make life interesting for the "Freshman Class" of the teaching corps! Has it succeeded? Unwritten history alone can tell. We must say to you, "Salve, atque vale."

The growth of Rockford High School, and the departure for new fields of many instructors of last year made necessary the addition of several new teachers to the R. H. S. faculty. Mr. I. J. Mathews came with bag and baggage, Holstein and typewriters from Michigan to implant in the minds of the youth of Rockford useful and fruitful ideas in regard to the science of agriculture, and to uproot the hitherto prevalent notion that agriculture (off the farm) was a loafer's paradise. Manual training drew Mr. M. D. Jones from Illinois University, and Mr. Shipman from Evanston. The latter so liked Rockford that, when the merry month of May drew near, he returned to Evanston and brought HER to Rockford also. The English department shows the greatest changes, however, for Miss Bessie DeBord, Miss Lillian Van Cleve, Miss Hazel Murdoch, Miss Beulah Reed, Mr. A. H. Johnson, Mr. C. C. Hanna, and Mr. D. C. Sprague formed part of the forces charging on slang, cheap fiction, and sloth in verbal thought and action. Mr. T. Floden came "down" to us from Wisconsin U. Mr. Kelley replaced Mr. H. E. Snyder in commercial correspondence. Mr. G. K. Young, and Mr. L. W. Bates came in February to teach history and science, respectively. They are getting acquainted. Miss Comstock and Miss Morrison were imported to cater to the needs of Rockford's future home-makers.





Senior Class History

IN the fall of 1912 we, the distinguished Seniors of today, made our never-to-be forgotten debut at R. H. S. A bright lot were we; not nearly so verdant as the usual aggregation of youngsters who enter Room 2 to begin their career in these halls of learning. The upper classes couldn't understand why we had no officers the first semester but then they couldn't be expected to. Right then and there we started out to break all records; and we succeeded.

Soon we acquired that degree of knowledge generally ascribed to Sophomores. Then as jolly Juniors we proved that we filled an important place in school life. In that year we were already furnishing good material to uphold the honor of R. H. S. in athletics.

Finally as Seniors we showed that we realized the important position we held. So we did our best to make our class the greatest ever known.

Motto—"Labor conquers all."



1916 Class Officers

Officers the First Year.

First Semester

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Second Semester

CHARLES WELDON

CLYDE OLIVER

VIRGIL LANGE

HELEN SNYDER

Officers the Second Year

President

FREEMAN BURR

Vice-President

CHARLES WELDON

Secretary

LOUIS DANFORTH

Treasurer

HAROLD CADWELL

FRED WILCOX

JANET REEDY HAMILTON

ELIZABETH BARTLETT

HELEN SNYDER

Officers the Third Year

President

HAROLD SNYDER

Vice-President

LEO PLUM

Secretary

WILLIAM JACKSON

Treasurer

TOM JOHNSON

WILLIAM JACKSON

GLADYS STRASSEL

WILFRED BAKER

EDNA SHROPE

Officers the Fourth Year

President

FREDERICK MUECKE

Vice-President

HELEN WATERMAN

Secretary

KENNETH CLARK

MAURICE COTTA, ARTHUR CARLSON

Treasurer

ARTHUR THORSELL

FREDERICK MUECKE

GEORGIE THOMPSON

ARTHUR THORSELL

19  16



Bertha
Wellington



Ruth
Williams



Edgar
Wilson



Frances
Worthington



Lulu
Edmonds



Helen
Keohane

Gladys
Strassel

Helen
Wickwire

Hilda
Proud

Dorothy
Tyler

Lola
Parker

Inez
Winqvist

19  16



19  16



Helena
Doerr



Helen
Durant



Anna
Eaton



Carl
Engberg



Christine
Gschwindt



Russell
Higgins

Margaret
Snyder

Lloyd
Wahlgren

Helen
Waterman

Walter
Wessman

Mary
Clemmer

Keith
Marsh

19  16



19  16



Paul
Morgan



Josephine
Morris



Vivian
Morton



Oscar
Olson



Arthur
Parlee



Verna
Swanson

Elna
Pritz

Mildred
Reed

Mildred
Roupee

Beatrice
Schabacker

Lester
Segerlund

Tensy
Seleen

19  16





William
Eaton

Borden
Ells

Anna
Forsberg

Mabelle
Glynn

Vivian
Goldman

Mildred
Hart

Jean
Blair

Alice
Browman

Isabelle
Brunini

Florence
Carpenter

Ila
Corlett

Marie
Dowd



19  16



Mildred
Linquist



Harold
Lund



William
Lyons



Dorothy
Mandeville



Helen
Marks



Lucile
Maroney



Janet
Moore



Lillian
Morton



Marion
Mundy



Verna
Myers



Hazel
Noling



Leone
Nyquist

19  16

19  16



Myrtle
Bonney



Kenneth
Breckenridge



Gertrude
Broitzman



Mareia
Brogunier



Ruby
Brown



Florence
Burkman

Rose
Pehrson



Walter
Phillips



Edith
Pinko



Helen
Porter



Kathryn
Porter



Vivian
Predmore



19  16

19  16



Ruth
Stinetorf



Helen
Sullivan



Naomi
Svaren



Alice
Thew



Vera
Thompson



Howard
Weir

Alta
Ballou

Henry
Lindberg

Raymond
Peterson

Helen
Seals

Edith
Swenson

Fred
Wilcox

19  16



19  16



Mildred
Jackson



Maxine
Julian



Marie
Kennedy



Linnea
Klint



Mary
Kolifrath



Jennie
Lowry

19  16



Ray
Ostrom



Helen
Snyder



Harold
Snyder



Anna
Stoneberg



Spencer
Stocking



Lillian
Sund

19  16



Julia
Lind



Myrtle
Marston



Ellworth
Martin



Orlyn
McLeish



Bernice
Mellen



Arden
Mortensen

Leonais
Baer

Charles
Beach

James
Cannell

Leigh
Carpenter

William
Crill

Lawrence
Daleen

19  16



19  16



George
Ackerson



Helena
Arnold



Kurtz
Ballou



Mary
Baxter



Herbert
Beckman



Helen
Billett

Harold
Caldwell

Lewis
Danforth

Florence
Ransom

Charles
Weldon

William
Sabin

Virgil
Lange

19  16



19  16



Frederick
Muecke



Charles
Olson



Maurice
Redin



Roland
Reed



Lynn
Stewart



Iva
Stocking

Charles
Hitt

Aldena
Johnston

Elmer
Johnson

George
Johns

Florence
Kretsinger

Alice
Liden

19  16



19  16



Agnes
Agnew



Henry
Anderson



Wilma
Anderson



Vernon
Alberstett



Dorothy
Armour



Faith
Armstrong

Floyd
Swanson

Edna T.
Swenson

Mildred E.
Swenson

Quinn
Taylor

Mae
Tengman

Georgia
Thompson

19  16



19  16



Arthur
Thorsell



Mildred
Truesbury



Olga
Urbom



Ruth
Vander Bogart



Wilna
Wade



Marion
Wanstrom

Clare
Hinkley

Harry
Hitt

Annette
Hogland

Grace
Holmquist

Percie
Hopkins

Anna
Hutchins

19  16



19  16



Kenneth
Clark



Mable
Clothier



Evangeline
Condon



Maurice
Cotta



Lois
Cottrell



Helen
Dent

19  16



Kenneth
Barnes



Vilette
Barningham



Elizabeth
Bartlett



Margaret
Bonney



Lester
Blewfield



Dorothy
Bonne

19  16



Bessie
McCann



Ruby
McEachran



Alice
McNeilage



Gertrude
Miller



Homer
Mitchell



Ollie
Mitchell

Ruth I.
Johnson

Ruth L.
Johnson

Stanley
Johnson

Genevieve
Jones

Florence
Kling

Roberta
Knapp

19  16



19  16



Dorothy
Jamison



Donald
Johnson



Blenda
Johnson



Hildur
Johnson



Ruth E.
Johnson



Ruth H.
Johnson

19  16



Darold
Rinedollar



Adrian
Robinson



Alice
Rogers



Olive
Rosengren



Walter
Rosenthal



Glenora
Scone

19  16



Norma
Purdy



Katherine
Ralston



Helen
Randall



George
Ray



Olive
Reid



Irma
Ridgley

Myrtle
Birks

Arthur
Carlson

Hedwig
Carlson

Laurel
Carlstrom

Gertrude
Cheadle

Arthur
Christopherson

19  16



19  16



Bertha
De Priest



Clarence
Dyson



Colman
Eaton



Ralph
Edman



Eleanor
Elliott



Margaret
Ells

Frederic A.
Horton

Vera
Gunther

Alice
Hallberg

Arline
Hammond

Bruce
Henderson

Bertha
Higginbottom

19  16



19  16



Harold
Klint



Glen
Larson



Claude
Leonard



Hubert
Lewis



Edward
Lind



Ruth
Lins

19  16



Grace
Ryan



Irma
Savage



Kathryn
Salisbury



Hazel
Scott



Edna
Shrope



Russell
Smith

19  16



Reginald
Alcock



Blanche
Oliver



Mildred
Olson



Gladys
Pacey



Linus
Palmer



Josephine
Pelgen

R.V.D.

Katherine
Fair

Grace
Forest

William
Foster

Ruth
Gallagher

Floyd
Goodwill

Lea
Gordon

19  16





The Honor Roll

Anderson, William	Mitchell, Homer
Armour, Dorothy	Noling, Hazel
Ballou, Alta	Olson, Oscar
Barningham, Vilette	Parker, Lola
Bonney, Myrtle	Porter, Helen
Browman, Alice	Randall, Helen
Cottrell, Lois	Savage, Irma
Fair, Catherine	Stewart, Duncan
Goldman, Vivian	Sund, Lillian
Gordon, Lea	Tyler, Dorothy
Jamison, Dorothy	Wanstrom, Marion
Johnson, Ruth E.	Wessman, Harold
Johnson, Ruth I.	Williams, Ruth
McNeilage, Alice	Williams, Viola
Mandeville, Dorothy	Winqvist, Inez

Ruth Williams has the highest average.

Extract From the Diary of R. H. S. '16

July 10, 1923.

THIS A. M. I was thinking of some of my old classmates. I read in the morning paper of a speech, made by Hon. H. Wessman, ambassador to Sweden, before the Chamber of Commerce. This set me to thinking. I remembered "Blondy" and thought of "Abe," "Tom" Johnson, "Crust" Cotta, and a few others. At length I decided to see that East Indian magician who was here with the carnival.

I found him seated in the sun behind his tent, smoking a cigarette. I offered him a dollar bill and he offered to tell me anything I wanted to know. I followed him into his tent and he set his futuroscope before me. This was a queer-looking object. It was a conical shaped glass bowl set in a bronze bowl. The "Prince," as the posters proclaimed him, instructed me to look into the bowl and think of someone, and that person would immediately appear before me. I felt a little bit ashamed, now that I had been so easy as to let him fleece me, but nevertheless I thought of my class in R. H. S., and looked into the bowl. It suddenly lighted up, as if hundreds of electric light bulbs were hidden in the darkness of the bronze bowl. Then some indistinct figures appeared; they grew more and more distinct until at last I could distinguish one person from another.

Gradually the bowl grows darker and I see a little room appear. On one side of the room I see a woman, who is holding a baby in her lap. The scene grows larger and I recognize Ruth Gallagher. She is showing the baby a large picture, which is adorning the front page of a newspaper. "See, it's papa's picture, honey?" The picture becomes larger. Yes, I guess correctly, it is "Tom" Johnson, Chief Johnson now. He has been host to ten thousand people at the police ball last evening. "See his papa's picture, honey," she croons. The baby kicks its feet with glee.

But now the picture changes. Instead of Tom I see Vernon Alberstett. He has become an ardent supporter of the socialists. He is addressing a body of U. S. Senators, but after talking for half an hour, most of his audience is making a noise peculiar to sawmills and sleeping men. At last our friend gets personal and shows contempt for the speaker. The sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Arthur Carlson, throws him out.

The scene shifts to a lonely desert, with only a lone horseman in view. He is far off, but is riding towards us. At last I recognize him.



Percie Hopkins! A little larger, a little browner, and looking more husky. He is dressed in a full riding outfit of the west. He has become an engineer, and is riding from one camp to another on his rounds.

He passes on, and we come into a large bank in New York. Out of a handsome office marked "President" comes Arthur Thorsell. He is followed by a porter carrying a bag. The men say something to him as he passes by, and he blushes. Yes, he is about to be married. Again the scene shifts to a beautiful room, where a pretty young lady in bridal gown, is sitting. She is Josephine Pelgen. This picture is then blotted out, but I put the two together and draw my own conclusions.

I am being whirled along on a fast train at the rate of seventy miles an hour; the conductor comes along to collect the tickets. Yes, sir, it is none other than Walter Wessman. My eye, but I bet all of the girls admire the uniform and brass buttons. We stop at a small station, and I am left behind. Then I see the lunch counter on the inside. Well, if there isn't Margaret Ells, smiling sweetly over a pile of hot dogs. She runs the lunch counter. A young fellow who looks suspiciously like Swanson, comes in; he is superintendent of a hard-tack factory and comes over here for lunch every noon.

Another train stops and a crowd of people get off. One of them steps into the lunch room and asks for sausages. I know I have heard that voice many times. Maurice Cotta! Morry is now running a Chautauqua circuit of his own. He will introduce me to some of his people. Here is Clarence Dyson, the general manager, the Eaton Bros., who give lectures on current questions, and Ray Ostrom, the great violinist, with his accompanist, Borden Ells, and his manager, Harold Snyder. They are en route to Siwash, where they play for a week. From Morry I learn that Harold Klint, Glen Larson, and Quinn Taylor are now gang foremen for Barnum & Bailey.

Now I am set down in a strange place. That building looks familiar. Oh, to be sure, that's the Capitol. I've seen lots of post cards representing it. I wonder what sort of parade that is? Suffragettes, as I live. Edna Shrope is leading them! Behind her are Alice Browman and Ruby Brown, carrying a large banner bearing these words, "Shrope's '16 Suffs." I counted them. There were sixteen '16 R. H. S. girls among them. There were Faith Armstrong, Gertrude Broitzman, Florence Kretsinger, Mildred Reid, Irma Ridgely, Leone Nyquist, Alice Rogers, Mae Tengman, Bertha Wellington, Mildred Hart, Helen



Seals, Blenda Johnson, Gertrude Miller, Verna Swanson and Helen Sullivan. Their manager, Harold Lund, had arranged for an interview with the President.

The next thing I see is a ball game between the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox. There is Ralph Edman playing second base for Cleveland. Lynn Stewart is catching for Boston, while Lloyd Wahlgren warms the bench, and catches when Lynn gets a lay-off. Among the spectators, I see Arthur Parlee and Oscar Olson in the press box.

The scene shifts quickly now, as if we are in a Russian hurry. As we go by a vaudeville theater, I catch a glimpse of the names Morgan & Hogland, and the word **Terpsichorean**. I also see the names Salisbury and Higginbottom, but I can not see what these two are billed for. In front of a large theater I see a picture of Harry Lauder, who has in his company Eleanor Elliott, Aldena Johnston, Helen Porter, and Ruth Williams. These latter are almost as big a hit as Harry himself. In the rear of the theater I see Dick Johnson, Louie Danforth, Jim Cannell, and Russ Smith "playing at craps." They are stage-hands. Charles Beach, L. Palmer, and M. Redin occupy the positions of property men. Across the way is a man delivering milk to Mr. L. Carpenter, who sells Fords. On the wagon is painted, "Engberg, Rinedollar and Ray—Pure Milk." Next to the Ford establishment is a place labelled "Crill, Daleen, and Lindberg Business College."

I stop before the W. C. T. U. building in Milwaukee, and there find Lea Gordon giving an address. On the platform are Olga Urbom, Olive Rosengren, and Don Johnson. A large policeman, who looks like Charles Weldon, stands before the door. They are giving a farewell to H. Dent, C. Fair, Anna Eaton, and M. Snyder, who are to be missionaries to China.

Coming back to Rockford, I am taken to the Nelson House where Claude Leonard is manager, and V. Gunther and A. Hallberg are telephone girls. Here I see the Barnes Dramatic Company, including K. Barnes, M. Glynn, L. Maroney, O. McLeish, and L. Blewfield with E. Martin as manager. They present "East Lynne" at the Christopherson Opera House, where K. Ballou and W. Lyons are chief ushers. In front of the Grand Pool Hall on Seventh Street is a sign which says "Under New Management. George Ackerson will be pleased to serve you." A little further up the street is A. Agnew's Beauty Parlor, presided over by J. Lind. F. Carpenter and L. Klint



are running a boarding house on Fourteenth Avenue. In Hess Bros. store I see H. Doerr and B. Mellen demonstrating Heinz's 57 Varieties, and G. Holmquist and M. Olson run the trading stamp department. J. Blair and D. and M. Bonne, who teach in Freeport, are down to have their books redeemed. The Schumann Piano Company's store is being looked after by M. Wanstrom, B. Schabacker, and H. Carlson. They are trying to sell G. Johns and H. Lewis a player piano for use in the latter's ice cream parlor in Belvidere. As I pass the Palace, a familiar face on the billboard catches my eye. The Johnsons were performing this week. There are Hildur, Ruth I., Ruth L., Ruth E., Ruth H., and Ruth W. in the chorus, with Stanley for leading man, Mr. Swenson and Mariea Brogunier fill out the bill.

I am again taken away from Rockford to a beautiful countryside, where I see K. Clark working hard on his dairy farm. J. Spalding and I. Brunini, now Mrs. S., are on a poultry farm. There is Helen Durant running a large fruit farm, and Leonais Baehr is helping her. Frank Stenholm owns a big farm down in the southern part of the state. How many of our classmates have been benefited by Mr. Mathews' teaching! Would I had done likewise! I'll never get rich from my Nickelodeon.

The scene shifts to a busy city. Here, in a large department store, is M. Birks selling haberdashery for suffragettes, and H. Keohane, R. Knapp, and O. Mitchell are cloak models. D. Armour sells Madame Isabelle's Beauty Preparations, and on the top floor H. Beckman and K. Breckenridge are men's suit models. From what I see, I am led to think that the class of 1916 must be running the place, but I am surprised in earnest when I see the office force! Ruth Stinetorf is chief stenographer, D. Stewart is general manager, E. Lind is mail order manager, and A. W. Mortensen is shipping clerk. Gladys Strassel has taken the place of Lady Duff Gordon and her fashion creations appear exclusively on the last page of the magazine section of the Chicago Examiner every Sunday. We have some influential people in our class! In the next block is the office of M. Julian, A. Liden, B. McCann, M. Roupee, and Vera Thompson, who are movie censors.

Then the globe became clear, and the magician said he had to dress for the afternoon performance, and so he could not tell me any more. How the time had flown! I had been here for four hours and it seemed like two! I left the tent and went home, my head full of strange things. At home I sat down and thought of the people whom I could place and who were not shown me in the machine. First, there



are the people who are teaching in R. H. S. Helen Waterman, Georgia Thompson, and V. Barningham are in the domestic science department. M. Dowd is librarian. H. Billett, Helen Wickwire and V. Williams are in the English department. A. Hutchins and D. Mandeville teach physics. R. Marks and R. Lins have charge of Rooms 10 and 12, respectively. Janet Moore, Elna Pritz, and Lola Parker teach Math. J. Morris and M. Mundy teach Greek and Roman History. Homer Mitchell teaches Ag. Hazel Noling, Rose Pehrson, and Tensy Seleen teach typewriting. R. Reed is physical director.

Then there is D. Jamison, President of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, and I saw in the papers this morning that she and L. Cottrell are going to speak in New York next week. There is also A. Stoneberg, who gives violin lessons at Bodfors'. L. Sund, N. Svaren, H. Scott, B. Oliver, and V. Myers have married and moved out of town. Arline Hammond is to marry a minister in Racine, Wisconsin, next week, and Helena Arnold did the same thing last week. Iva Stocking married a shoe dealer. G. Gartlandt, F. Ransom, E. Pinko, and K. Porter gave a recital at the Mendelssohn Hall yesterday and are to play at the White House for the President's reception next month. R. Vander Bogart is now a famous artist. She is at present illustrating Anna Forsberg's latest book, "Little Rocks Beside the River." B. Morley and E. Wilson are peacefully married, and have settled in Ridott, where Edgar has a thriving law business. B. Henderson cures all of the sick people in Holcomb for a reasonable fee. G. Pacey, H. Randall, and O. Reid are living at home, still waiting—for another leap year to come around. H. Proud, K. Ralston, and M. Truesbury are now teaching in a grade school. Ray Peterson runs a tea and coffee store on Seventh Street, and is making good. K. Marsh, F. Wilcox, and H. Cadwell are touring the country with the Sells-Floto Circus as strong men. Wilma Anderson is now president of Rockford College, which has enlarged its grounds and built more buildings under her leadership.

Walter Rosenthal and Glenora Scone are now on the concert stage. They recently appeared before some of the crowned heads of Europe. (Uneasy were the heads that wore the crowns). Edna T. and Edith V. Swenson are still setting the styles on Seventh Street, and Myrtle Bonney and Genevieve Jones are doing the same on State Street. Chas. Hitt and Russell Higgins are now professors at Columbia and Harvard, respectively, and A. Robinson is head of the Tuskegee Institute. Mary Baxter has married a rich farmer and still leads the choir at New Milford, where Charles Olson is now pastor. Spencer Stocking, Lester Segerlund, Frances Worthington, and Wilna Wade are now touring the vaudeville stage, presenting the superdrama, "The Minister's Sweetheart." Walter Phillips is their manager. R. Alcock and A. Ballou are running a little country school and are quite



successful, as many of their former classmates live near Caledonia and send their children to their school for correction. Harry Hitt runs the general store, Alice Thew's husband is postmaster, and Harry Anderson is the depot agent.

Inez Winkvist is a private secretary to Julia Lathrop. Lillian and Vivian Morton are demonstrating some new wire hair pins at Deming's. Elizabeth Bartlett and Mildred Jackson live in quiet retirement in the country. They have successfully withstood all attacks from the male sex. They expect to open a home for unmarried maidens in the near future and it is expected that Vivian Predmore will have charge. The only man about the place will be the janitor and gardener, William Foster. Myrtle Marston operates a hair dressing parlor with Marie Kennedy as assistant, and Clare Hinkley is in charge of the men's department. Grace Ryan now teaches economics in Rockford College. Helen Snyder runs a kindergarten playhouse on West State Street. Irma Savage, Jennie Lowry, and Mary Kolifrath are missionaries to the savages of Germany. Christine Gschwindt writes music for a pastime. E. Condon and Florence Burkman are selling novels at Shimmin's. Ila Corlett is giving illustrated lectures on the beauty of Washington, D. C. Bertha De Priest is now head chef of the East Side Inn, where Florence Kling is cashier. Howard Weir is now playing in the Keystone movies, as is Mary Clemmer, also.

Just two days ago a nice young fellow led Vivian Goldman up to the court house, where Fred Horton issues wedding permits, and said, "Round trip ticket for two, please." I hope we shall be happy. Alice McNeillage and Dorothy Tyler, who work at Hess Bros., told me that marriage is a failure, and that Vivian will rue the day. However, if they were not suffragettes, they might also be **nearly** as fortunate as is their former classmate. I met Norma Purdy, the society editor of the Star, hurrying over to Goldman's to get the details. Such is life! Norma is quite busy nowadays, and M. Linqvist is going to be her assistant after next week.

Looking over all these years, and thinking of the good times we used to have together sometimes makes me wonder if all of us can ever be together again, and whether or not all of our dignitaries would condescend to be school children again. I think they would, for there are no hours like the golden hours of youth, and not one of us but would give all we possess to regain our younger days, with their sunshine and joy. But as that is impossible we must be content with reminiscences, which are a boon to old age, and we must be happy with the thoughts of days gone by—of our Alma Mater. Then, with our last hours, let us think of her and murmur a fervent "God bless her!"

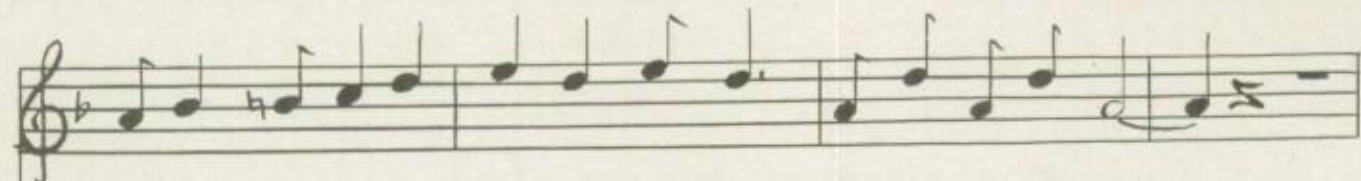
Frederick Muecke, '16.



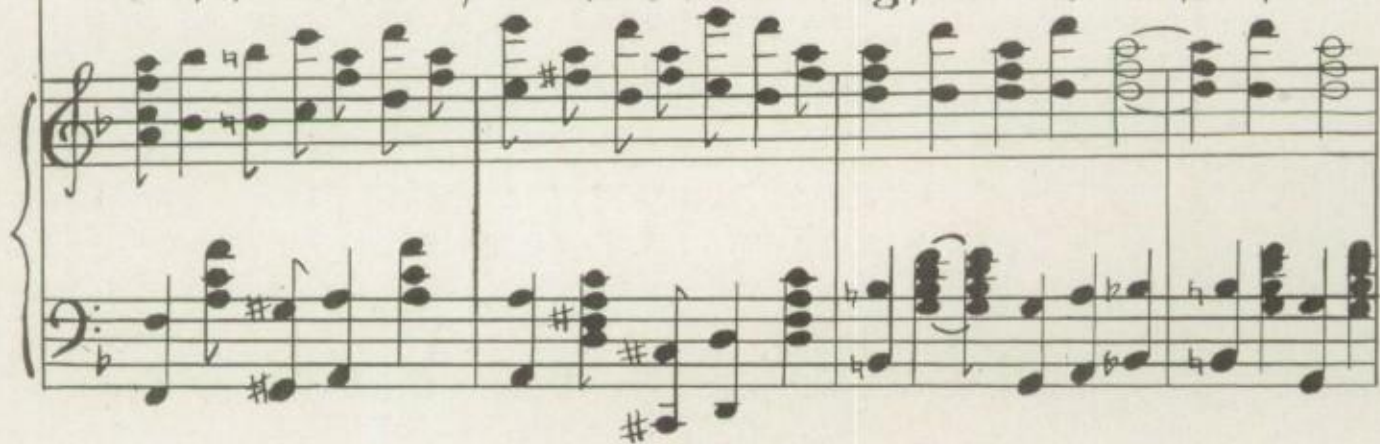
Eleanor Elliott
Ruth Williams
Alden Johnston

CLASS SONG

Helen Porter

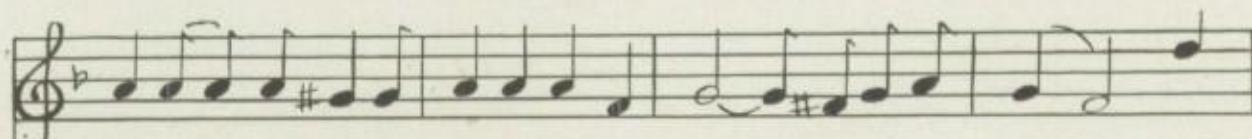


We are the class of nine-teen six-teen Fa-mous for our pep--
In our ath-let-ics we've won renown Foot-ball best in years
The in-no va-tions of our class Have brought us well earned praise

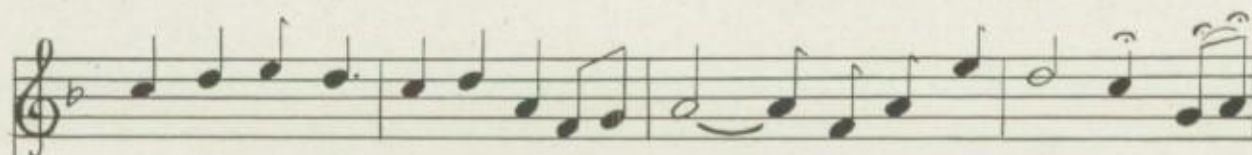


An e-qual to us has never been seen, We've climbed up step by step. We've
Our boys had the spir-it That's hard to down Let's give them three good cheers, Our
The Week-ly Owl has made a start To be fol-low-ed in after-days. In





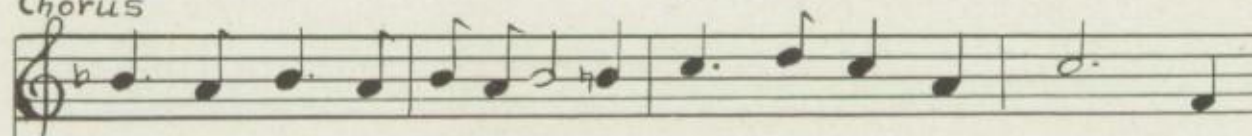
worked and stud-ied these four years, To gain an e-du-ca-tion, Till
basket-ball boys proved worth-ey too At pit-ing up a score We
or-gan-i-za-tions we've filled our place And helped them to suc-cess Nine



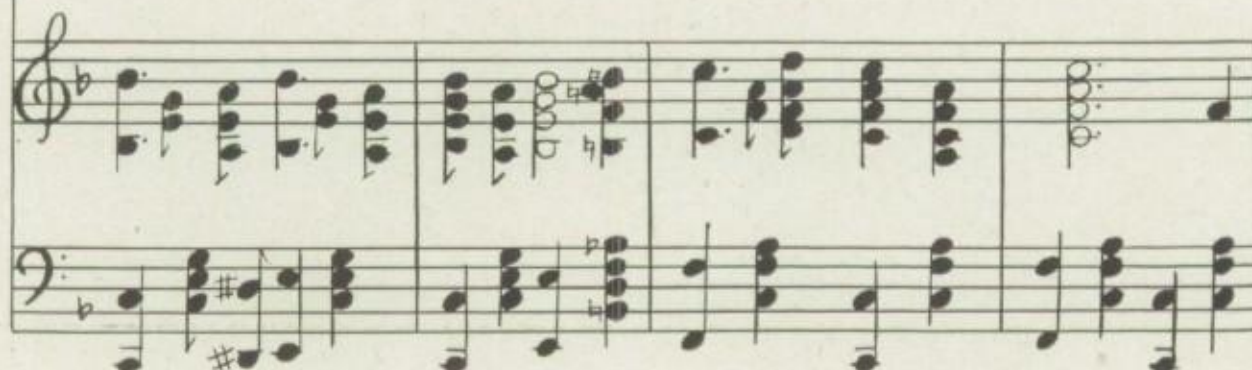
now We've reached our long sought goal and arrived at grad-u-a-tion
sure are proud of laurels won We could not ask for more The
teen six-teen to honor you We've done our very best

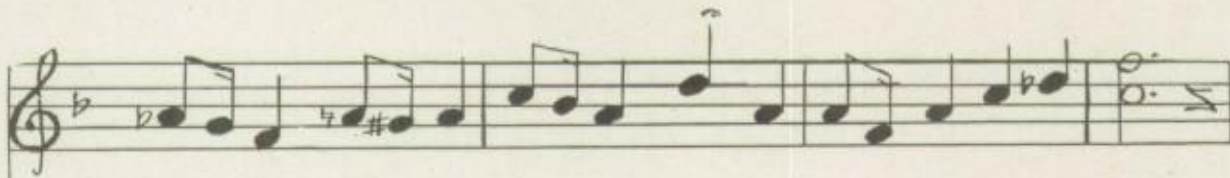


Chorus



time has come for us to part from dear old Rock-ford High. We





leave you now to other's care, and say our last good-bye.





Class Poem

Live on, dear School, live to eternity,
Thy glory never ending!
No more by thee our paths shall be
Our foot-steps daily bending.

Thy students true will ever faithful be,
And we are just the same;
No more by thee our paths shall be
But we revere thy name.

And we shall keep fond memories of thee
Deep down within our heart;
No more our path by thee shall be
But we will never part.

Our fondest hopes for thy success will be
And though thy halls we've left,
No more by thee our paths shall be,
We're not of thee bereft.

If ever thou in need shouldst be,
Our Alma Mater dear,
Once more our paths by thee will be
To bring good luck and cheer.

Now to thy halls our minds turn longingly,
To happy hours spent there,
No more by thee our paths shall be
Forever and fore'er.

In later years, in distant climes we'll be,
But we'll forget thee never,
And close to thee our hearts shall be
Forever, and forever.

—Frederick Muecke.



I Taste the Joys of Gardening

Senior Prize Story.

Helen Randall.

HOW do you do, Williams? Mighty glad to see you. Just hold this flower pot a second, will you? Laura, here's Mr. Williams."

I was (and still am) Williams, and thus was I received by Turner on my arrival for a week-end visit at "Hilltop On the Hudson," his new country place, kept as a retreat from the toils and cares of a busy office. Chandler and his wife were already there, and also Morris, my room-mate, another bachelor friend of mine, to keep me company.

I had never beheld Turner in anything but the most proper and dignified professional attire, but now he appeared in a pair of dilapidated flannel trousers, girded rather insecurely about his middle by an ancient belt. He wore a shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pair of nondescript shoes that originally seemed to have something to do with tennis and to have become reduced to want, and last of all, a Big Jo cap on the back of his head. Turner was in a violent state of horticulture, urged on by Chandler and Morris, who were really fond of gardening. Assistance was given at intervals by the real, live, gardener, who regarded the proceedings with fine contempt, and became a positive source of terror to me whenever I met his eye.

To return to the flower-pot. Somewhat surprised to be greeted thus, I grasped it in both hands. Then, as Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Chandler came forward to greet me, I let go with one hand, for purpose of salutation, because a man can't make much of himself in the presence of ladies, when he is holding a flower-pot with both hands. Unfortunately, I miscalculated weight, and somehow or other, it fell squarely on Chandler's toe. I apologized, and made weak and futile attempts to pick up the fragments, but Chandler did not seem to mind it. I rather thought I caught a muttered expression which sounded like "Ham." (Turner does keep a pig on the place.)

After this awkward episode, I escaped to the house, changed my clothes for my best tennis get-up, and sallied forth to the garden, to join the party. Morris and Chandler were setting out plants; the two ladies were encamped in the arbor with needle work, which they did not do, and books that they did not read, because the weather was fine, and nothing but talking mild scandal seemed peaceful enough to fit in with it. I saw Turner sprawled face-downward on the lawn, with a huge bottle labeled **Poison** sitting near him. But his wife informed me that this was his usual position, and that his favorite pursuit, I might almost say passion, was to eradicate dandelions by piercing them to the heart with a pointed weapon dipped into a very strong



poison. I tested the power of the poison, because Turner spilled some on my new tennis shoes, and they almost disappeared from view in a cloud of sickening fumes. He said he was very sorry, but what wonderful stuff it was! Yes, wonderful, indeed!

I know nothing whatsoever about gardening—the proper time to put things in and take them out—cuttings and clippings, and “slips”—soil—or the best recipes for killing weeds or bugs. All are profound mysteries to me. Moreover, I do not thirst for knowledge on any of these subjects, or any other phase of gardening. You understand, I am not exactly slight and sylph-like in form—in fact I have a slight tendency to obesity. Therefore, I cannot abide stooping, which is quite essential to successful gardening.

After I had conversed with the ladies in my best style, Mrs. Turner made a remark, with fearful consequences.

“We are all great gardeners, Mr. Williams, and my husband has taken to it remarkably. Do you like gardening?”

Then, just to be polite, I told a lie—a red-hot, unadulterated, wicked, far-reaching lie! I said that I liked gardening.

“Oh, how delightful! My husband will be so pleased. Will, (turning to the groveling Turner) here’s another recruit for you! Mr. Williams loves gardening!”

Turner jerked his head towards us. “Splendid! Then you wouldn’t mind helping Chalmers and Morris bed out the geraniums, would you? Take off your coat. It’s pretty warm work.”

Morris, who was familiar with my habits, knew in his secret soul, how I detested gardening, and I caught a malicious twinkle in his eyes, as he welcomed my assistance. Bearing this in mind, I cleverly managed to drop a trowel on his hand afterwards from a fairly good height. Chandler seemed to consider the geranium bed his special preserve, and was jealous of my intrusion. I meekly removed my coat, and asked what I might do.

“Perhaps Mr. Williams would like to do the bedding out, if we bring the plants to him,” suggested Chandler. Thereupon Morris snickered in a most irritating manner. Hang them both!

“No thanks,” I answered.

“I see that you are a master of the art, Mr. Chandler, and I will humbly bring the plants while you and Morris do the rest.” And so I toiled in the boiling sun, back and forth to the green-house. My clothes were ruined. It wouldn’t have been so bad if I could have talked to some one, but the ladies were too far off. Turner was still lying on the ground killing dandelions, and Morris and Chandler were so engrossed in the task of sticking in geraniums, that they paid no more attention to me than if I had been one of the insignificant earth-worms that they turned out with their trowels. A welcome clinking of tea things sounded, and I thought this must mean a cessation of distasteful labor, a little social chat, and perhaps a game of tennis in the cool of the evening. Not so. Turner called up from the earth that he should like to finish this bit of lawn and would some one bring



his tea to him? So a cup of tea was put beside his poison, and he continued crawling. Chandler and Morris were so ardently desirous of seeing the fruits of their labor on the enormous circular geranium bed that they would not take any tea at all. So I went on drudging, and calmly said I didn't mind. When evening came, and Turner was persuaded to rise reluctantly from his humiliating position, the ladies went for a walk. I wasn't even asked to go, as Mrs. Turner said she knew it was no use asking any of us gardeners. When they returned, they began to water the entire garden, calling for volunteers to carry water for their watering pots. More toil, resulting in making damp and soggy all the dry dirt accumulated on my clothes during my bondage under Morris and Chandler! How I blessed the bell that announced time to dress for dinner, and how eager I put on fresh raiment, and took my proper place in society! Turner was hospitable, and the dinner was good. There is a certain amount of calm satisfaction in sitting at ease, after hours of hard labor. I might have even enjoyed myself after dinner, if those three men had not persisted in talking about every conceivable phase of gardening, despite my efforts to draw the conversation into sensible, rational channels. I slept soundly enough that night, but I didn't enjoy the full measure of repose I had hoped for. First, I thought I was on a treadmill, holding two pots of geraniums which I was vainly trying to pass up to Chandler and Morris, who were a few feet higher up. Then I was watching Neptune spear dandelions with his trident. In the wee sma' hours of the morning, Turner's voice floated in the open window. I looked out. "Chandler and Morris will be down, and we thought you'd like to come."

"Come where?" I growled.

"To get some ivy roots for the new trellis. It's only half a mile." Just as he spoke, Morris bounded out of the house. He looked up at me, and taking in the situation, he indulged in a fiendish grin at my expense. What was I to do? I tried a feeble subterfuge.

"Thanks very much," I shivered, "but somehow, I always have a headache if I go out early on an empty stomach."

"So do I," said the merciless Turner, "and I always provide against it." He held up and broke in half a specimen of that appalling form of nourishment, a dried up biscuit. Dressing in what clothes I found first, I slunk down, unshaven, unwashed, and chilled to the bone, to receive from the hands of Turner the baked paving stone before alluded to. I remember having cherished the preposterous fiction that it is healthy and **enjoyable** pass time to go in bathing before breakfast; I have on several occasions formed one of a shivering assemblage at early dawn, with blue gills, and internal sinking, all declaring with unnecessary vehemence what **splendid** fun it was! I had long given up such follies, but as we started off at break of dawn for ivy roots, with a



cold mist permeating our vitals, I began to feel around for an imaginary towel and to wonder if I should be able to find my shirt and socks on my return. Soon the three were busily grubbing out damp roots, which they gave me to hold.

"Don't tire yourself now, for we've a tremendous job after breakfast," said Morris.

"Oh," I answered faintly, "and what is it?"

"Yes, I remember now. That was arranged before you came. Well, we're going to get stones to pave the garden path. They can easily be carried in the wheel barrow from the road. We can take turns in using the barrow as we have only one. The rest we can carry in our hands. We've all agreed it would be great fun, and we shall welcome another willing hand to help us, as my wife tells me you like gardening better than anything else in the world." That unabashed lie of mine was finding me out with a vengeance, and Mrs. Turner had evidently been improving on it until I hardly knew it by sight. I looked about for a victim, and accidentally sent Morris sprawling into a nice convenient clump of nettles. He had been shaking like a jelly-fish with suppressed mirth. After this expedition, I did my best to get away from horticulture in the damp and early form, but Turner and the rest would not hear of my going in. Indeed, he said that he had counted on my taking his place as he wanted to slay just a few more dandelions before breakfast. Whereupon, he brought forth his weapon and poison-bottle, and was once more lost to the world. Chandler and Morris set to work sticking ivy-root. I couldn't get them to stick, somehow. Chandler scoffed at my failure, and Morris smiled (but he had to smile through nettle-rash, which afforded me some consolation).

The ladies came out and complimented us on our **enthusiasm**, but I could only reply with a wan smile, as I went indoors.

The coming expedition in search of stones was the main object of conversation at breakfast, and Turner spoke of it as though he were giving a splendid entertainment of some sort.

"You musn't tire Mr. Williams, dear," said Mrs. Turner, looking kindly at me.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of that. Williams is as strong as a horse. Aren't you?" I couldn't trust myself to answer him, for fear of saying something that would have broken up the party, and so I took a large bite of toast.

"Perhaps Mr. Williams would like to go for a drive with us ladies," resumed Mrs. Turner. Here was my chance!

"Thank you, I——."

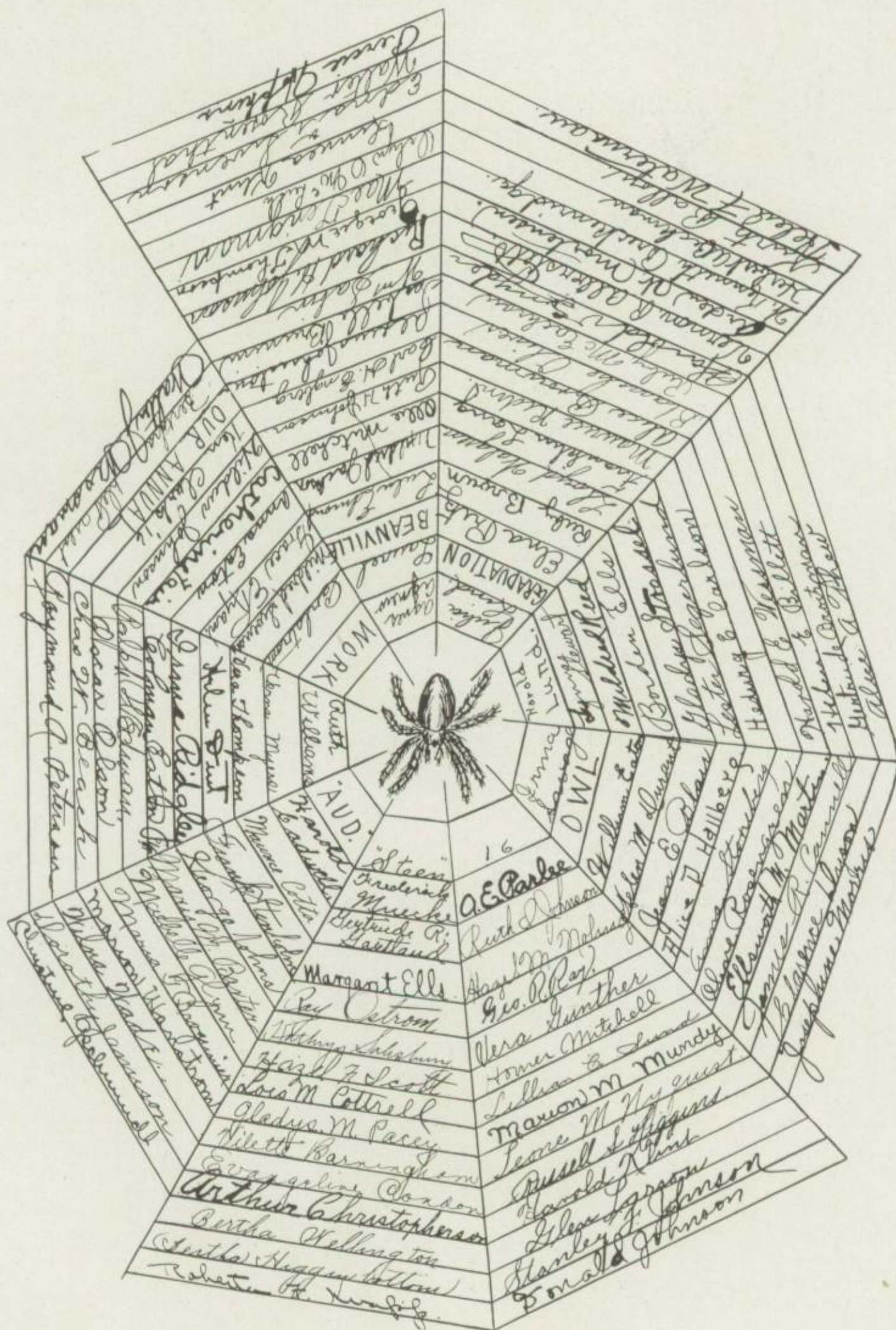
"Now, my dear, don't you know that Mr. Williams is devoted to gardening, and how could he **possibly** want to go for a tame drive, when he could be assisting in the glorious enterprise we have in view? He can't say, "No," for politeness' sake, so I must say it for him."

Dear, kind, considerate Turner! So the ladies went off for a delightful drive, while I toiled up that hill, and down again wheeling great barrow-fuls of stones. I breathed a sigh of relief, as I started



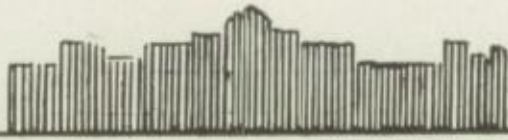
back with the last load. I carried a great block of stone, under which I almost staggered. I don't know how it happened—a rut in the road, a loose stone, my foot slipped, and in a moment I lost my balance and was down with the block on top of me as though I were dead and had my monument erected over me already. Acute pains in my left knee and ankle, bruised sensations all over—but at once and through all, there came a sweet feeling of deep and heartfelt thankfulness, a sense of infinite relief, a consciousness of having reached a sweet haven of repose—I **couldn't possibly be asked to do any more gardening!** I couldn't walk, and so I was wheeled home in the barrow like Mr. Pickwick, on a celebrated occasion, but in more creditable condition. Turner was deeply concerned about me. Morris looked as penitent as though he had caused my downfall himself, and even Chandler melted into some degree of kindness. The doctor said that I had sprained my ankle and dislocated my knee. The ladies waited on me, and even the gardener sidled up and said he was sorry, he was. Even the minister called with kind inquiries, having been informed at the village that I had broken both legs and one arm! How contentedly I watched Turner at his dandelions, and Chandler and Morris laboring in various ways that were not my ways, while Mrs. Turner talked to me in soothing tones, and pitied me for not being able to work in the garden with the rest! I tell you, never have I enjoyed a country visit so much in all my life.







JUNIOR



Junior Class History

WHEN the Class of seventeen entered Rockford High School, it was a beautiful shade of green, (such, methinks, as the writer's sweater). But as the color was only skin deep, it soon wore off and ere long this same class took on a distinguished look and air.

The class of seventeen certainly is a "classy class." It is well represented in the Philomatheon, Philippic, and Engineering societies, Wireless, Camera, and Glee Clubs, and the Band. The various athletics claim as their heroes boys from the class of seventeen. And a large per cent of the names on the honor roll are those of members of this class.

Yes, the class of Seventeen is well represented in R. H. S., but it is also represented elsewhere. A number in this class come from Winnebago, Poplar Grove, Caledonia, Seward, New Milford, Cherry Valley, Holcomb and other outlying towns. There has been no other class in R. H. S. which could claim representatives from so many places.

Class Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Reen!
Classy Class of Seventeen!
Classiest Class without a doubt:
We're the best class ever out!
Rah! Rah! Seventeen!





First Semester

Junior Officers

<i>First Semester</i>		<i>Second Semester</i>
	President	
ROTHWELL GREGG		FRANKLIN BARNES
	Vice-President	
HAROLD RUSSELL		WESLEY WETTERGREN
	Secretary	
HELEN SNYDER		HOWARD ANDERSON
	Treasurer	
CALVERT WILSON		WILFRED BAKER



Second Semester



The Best Laid Plans

Junior Story.

Florence Hansen.

"YETH, I heard almotht every word they thaid. I knew Tom wath coming, he ith Gratheth beau, and in that afternoon I akthed ma to pull the piano out tho——."

"What did you want the piano out for, Willie?" asked Jim, one of the members of the gang.

"Well I told ma I wanted to get thome of my marbleth. There weren't any marbleth there, but I wanted to get the piano out tho I kud git behind it when Tom came."

"Tell us Willie, what they said, will you?" asked Squirme.

"Yeth, I will if ya kin wait till I git ready to."

For a few moments, all was still as Willie Bean looked around the circle into the excited faces of the members of his gang. Willie had red hair and his round fat face was thickly sprinkled with freckles.

"Well ath I thaid, I wanted ta git behind tha piano tho I could hear what Tom and Grath thaid. Ma thent me to bed 'bout eight o'clock tho Grath and Tom could be all alone. I gueth ma and pa want 'em to git married."

"They do?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Yeth, I gueth tho. Anyway I went to bed and after a while I theaked down thtairth and got behind the piano without 'em theeing' me."

"Oh hurry up and tell us what they said, con' ya?" questioned Jim.

"Thutup! I'm gettin' there if ya kin only wait! Tom wath thittin' right up clothe to Grath. They didn't thay nothin' for a long time. They juth looked into each other'th eyeth. Gee! I wath tho thcared I kud hardly thtand thtill. All ova thudden he leaned over toward her and thaid, 'Kin——?'"

"Jiggers Willie! Grace is behind that tree!"

"Oh, Goth!"

Willie and his gang suddenly came to life. They stumbled over each other in their haste to get away. Grace also came to life and started in pursuit of Willie, who was soon caught.

"Willie Bean! I heard what you were saying. I'm going to take you to mamma. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Oh, cheeth it Grath! Can't a fellow have a little bit of fun?"

"We'll see, who'll have fun!"

Grace grabbed Willie by the collar and after much exertion, she succeeded in dragging him before his parents.

"Mama, Willie has been telling all the boys what Tom and I talked about."

"What did you talk about, Grace?" asked Mr. Bean.



"We discussed our kith and kin," replied Grace.

"The ith right, pop! Tom thaid, 'Kin I kith you?' And Grath thaid, 'You kin.' Honetht pop, that 'th what they thaid."

"Willie Bean! You know you have no right whatever to listen to what Grace and Tom Dean were talking about. Don't you?" exploded Mrs. Bean.

"Well, I don't know, ma. They thouldn't talk about thingth they don't want anyone elth to hear, thould they?"

This silenced both parents but Grace came to the rescue.

"Mama, what are you going to do with him?"

"Willie, come into the kitchen with me. I'll settle this thing with you," said Mrs. Bean.

"Oh, ma! Thtop! I won't do it again, honetht I won't. Outh! I won't ever do it again ma, if you thtop! Outh!"

"There! You may go to your room now. Never let this sort of thing happen again. Go!"

With this, Mrs. Bean pushed him from the room. As he passed Grace he whispered:

"You jutht wait! I'll get even with you yet."

Willie entered his room and painfully, very painfully sat on a stool near the window.

"What can I do to her? I—I—I—I know I'll do thome-thin' fierth! Oh, goodneth, what kin I do to her?" thought Willie. "I know," he said aloud. "I'll get a mouth and I'll put it in one of her thoeth that are in her cloeth closet. Then when the goeth in there to get her thoeth, maybe the'll put her big old paw in that thoe the mouth ith in. Oh! Goody!" and his eyes twinkled merrily. "Won't the be thcared?"

A few minutes passed during which Willie rejoiced over his future trick.

"But———Oh, Goth! How kin I get a mouth? We ain't got any in the houth, and there ain't any in the barn, and if I akthed any other kidth, they'd tell on me."

As the time passed new plans arose before Willie's mind, but something prevented each new trick from being carried out. At last he said, "Well, I'll jutht wait. Maybe I kin let the kidth know about it and then they can help me. I won't forgit to git even with Grath!" and being sleepy, Willie retired.

The next day, Willie became acquainted with Percival Waterman, the boy who had just moved into the house next door. After the greetings were over, Willie said, "Do you wanta join our gang?"

"Gang? Oh, mercy on us. Is the 'gang' made up of boys?"

"Of courthe it ith, what do ya think it ith, a bunch of toadth and grathhopperth? Now, do ya want ta join?"

"I must ask Mother first."

"Aw, ya 'fraid cat! If ya tell your ma, ya can't belong. Now, will ya come or are ya goin' ta tell your ma?"



"Well, I think I ought to tell Mother, but if you don't want me to, I won't."

"Come on, then. We're going to hold a meetin' now."

Percival looked at his wrist watch and said, "It's half past one. Yes, I'll go."

Willie and Percival went to Jim's house, and were soon joined by several other boys. The time flew quickly as the boys told stories, stories about some of the different tricks they had played upon each other. Willie did not tell the gang about his enmity towards his sister. Although he heard many stories of the jokes the other boys had played, none seemed suitable to Willie.

Presently, looking at his watch, Percival said, "Oh, mercy! It is quarter after two. I must hurry home because I am going down town with my sisten Helen."

"Aw' whatja want ta go down town with your thithter for?" asked Willie.

"Oh! She is going to buy a new hat. I just love to go with her when she buys something."

"Gee, I with you would thtay, Perth."

"I can't. Good-bye, boys."

"Good-bye!" answered a chorus of voices.

During the following weeks, a great change came over Percival. He became a great favorite and his sissified ways disappeared as he grew better acquainted with the boys. Scarcely a day passed that Percy was not with some of them. Percival's interest increased every day until now he was one of the most active members of the gang.

One warm afternoon, Willie and Percival were seated in the latter's backyard.

Willie said, "What ya goin' ta do thith afternoon, Perthival?"

"Gosh! I don't know nuthin' to do."

"Leth get tha kidth and go to tha lot and play batheball, thall we?"

"Ya, that's just tha thing. You go git Jim, Peter, Red, and Toady and I'll git Bud, Squirmey, and Skinny. Hurry up!"

Thirty minutes later the boys were busily playing. Their interesting game was suddenly interrupted by,

"Percival, come here."

"What do ya want? Can't cha see we're playin' a game?"

"Come here a minute. I want to tell you something," said Helen, his sister.

"Oh, Gosh!" Percival shambled toward his sister. "What cha want?"

"Do you want to go to town with me, this afternoon?"

"Gosh, no! Who ja think I am?"

"No, I told you!"

"Please do! Maybe I'll go to a show."

"Aw, go to da show if ya wanta. I don't want ta. I'm goin' to play ball, see?" Percival marched toward his friends, leaving his stupefied sister on the sidewalk.



When she had gone, Willie asked, "What did she want, Perthival?"

"Aw she wanted me ta go ta town with her. She'll never catch me goin' ta town with her!"

"Doeth the alwath want ja to do thomethin' for her, Perthy?"

"Yes, she does. Sometimes she wants me to do the dishes for her. Then when I tell her no, she says she'll give me a nickel if I will."

"Do you do the ditheth then, Perthy?"

"Well, ye——s, I do. Come on kids, let's play some more."

Soon the game was at its height, and all big sisters were forgotten.

Such a long time had elapsed since Willie had been punished for listening, that Grace had forgotten about Willie's promise to get even with her. But Willie had not forgotten. During one of the meetings of the gang, Willie and Percival agreed upon a trick to play on Grace and Tom.

Willie said, "Are ya thure ya kin git a picture of Helen and one of her lathe han'kerchiefth?"

"Sure," said Percy, "I know where she keeps 'em."

"All right. You have 'em ready tomorrow cauth Tom cometh tomorrow night. He hangth hith coat in tha hall. Be there, won't you?"

"Ya, I will. Now, the rest of you boys, don't ya dare to say nuthin', will ya?"

"Nope, we won't," answered several voices.

The next night while Tom was visiting with Grace, Willie sneaked into the hall and put something into Tom's coat pocket. It protruded from the pocket three or four inches.

As Grace accompanied Tom to the front door, she noticed something in his coat pocket and said, "Tom, what is that in your pocket?"

"What pocket?"

"This one," pointing to it.

"I didn't know I had anything in it."

"Oh! It's a picture of a girl, and a handkerchief. That's a picture of Helen. Tom, where did you get her picture and that handkerchief?"

"Grace, these things aren't mine. I never put them in my pocket. What would I want with her picture?"

"All that I know is that you have her picture, and—well—I guess it is "Good-bye."

"But Grace, won't——?"

Grace had gone. With disconsolate steps, Tom left. Grace had said, "Good-bye!"

Several days later, after a visit to Helen, Grace held a secret conference with her mother. In the afternoon Willie was called before them.

"Willie," said Mrs. Bean, "what did you mean by putting a handkerchief and Helen's picture in Tom's pocket?"

Willie paled.



"Why, you er——er——thee——."

"You tell me the truth!" demanded Mrs. Bean. "Did you do it?"

"Ye——eth, ma, I did. But I didn't do it alone. Perthaval thuggethted thome of it."

"Bah! I thought as much! Why did you do it?"

"We——ell, I told Grath I'd get even with her, bethidth——."

"Father," called Mrs. Bean, "come take Willie out to the barn. You know what is to be done."

And Willie was dutifully led away. That afternoon Grace telephoned to Tom and asked him to come over. When Tom came over, all was explained, and their love ran on smoothly again.

The next day Willie called a secret meeting during which he and Percival were privileged members. They sat upon cushions.

"Yeth," said Willie. "I got a licken. Goth, I didn't know pop kud lick tho hard."

"What'd he lick ya with?" asked Red.

"Well, he led me out to tha barn, got a board from a barrel, put me acroth hith knee and exthertherthed hith muthelth on me. Gee, but it hurt!"

"Percival, what did your pa do to you?"

"He did just about tha same thing to me, only he had a strap. It hurt like the dickens, but I guess Willie got the worst. Willie, did Grace and Tom make up?"

"Make up? Will I gueth they did! They're goin' ta git married nektht thummer. I don't thee what Tom theeth in Grath. I'd like to tell 'em a few thingth, but I gueth I'd only get another lickin! I'll go home now, boyth. There ith goin' ta be thome kind of a party and I want thomethin' to eat. Th' long!"

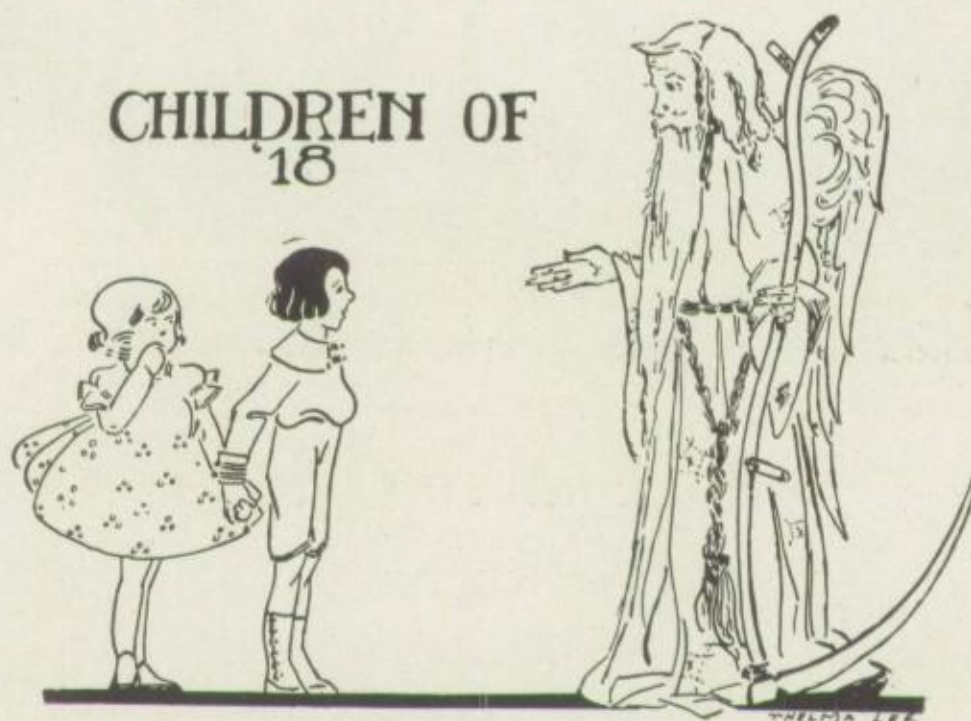
"So long!"





SOPHOMORE

CHILDREN OF '18



Sophomores History

Such Sophomores," said Father Time
On this year's class a-gazing,

Our eyes have never seen before,
They're certainly amazing!

Proud must you be, Nineteen-eighteen,
Such children to be raising!

How on the honor roll their names,
Like shining stars are blazing."

Oh! Yes," then Nineteen-eighteen cried,
"My heart with joy is aching,

My children are a lively bunch
And records they are breaking.

On entering the Rockford High
They joined all its activities,

Right soon a place they made themselves
To fit their own proclivities.

Endeavor is their watchword strong
And upward they are going.

So on the heights we'll see them stand;
They'll make a goodly showing."

—M. H. and M. P.



First Semester

Sophomore Officers

Officers.

First Semester

MILTON OLANDER

ARTHUR SQUIER

MARGARET KNAPP

CLEA SAVAGE

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Second Semester

SHELLY GEE

JEAN FLOBERG

MARJORIE HASKIN

VICTOR THOMAS

COLORS:

Green and White.

MOTTO:

Work Conquers Everything.

YELL.

1-9-1-8 1-9-1-8

We're the class that's up to date,

Ding ding dah!

Ding ding dah!

1-9-1-8 Rah! Rah! Rah!



Second Semester



And the Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along

Sophomore Story.

Barbara Barnes.

MR. JAMES McHENRY considered himself a man of prime importance. Why shouldn't he? He was a college graduate and was already making money hand over fist. There was a look of self-satisfaction in those cold blue eyes of his, and grim lines of determination in his face showed a strong will. His firmly set mouth suggested stubbornness, and that trait he certainly possessed. In direct contrast was William, his younger brother. William was as meek and submissive to the insolent taunts of his brother as James was quiet, and no one ever guessed what a large amount of thinking he did. Their only similarity was that they were both in love with the same girl. James was confident that it would be easy to win Miss Marion Brown and boasted of that fact. William said nothing.

It happened at this time that an aunt died and left five thousand dollars to each of the brothers, making the provision that they spend at least part of this sum for something they really wished.

"I shall buy an auto," said James.

"And I," agreed William.

"And it shall be a Packard," announced James decisively. "Miss Marion Brown likes Packards."

"Never!" cried William. "It shall be a Ford!" Miss Brown will think more of a young man if he does not spend his money foolishly."

"What!" thundered James. "You know absolutely nothing about it!"

"Don't I!" said William. "Just listen! A Packard costs \$3,150. A Ford costs \$450. Just look at the difference! A Packard runs about nine miles on one gallon of gasoline and a Ford runs sixteen. Nearly twice as much! A tire for a Ford costs \$10.00. A tire for a Packard costs \$45.00. We can invest our money and it will increase. Then will be the time to buy a Packard. Now will you buy a Ford?"

"No!" shouted James, every atom of his stubbornness coming to the surface. "Never!" And the two brothers walked with grim determination out of the door, one headed for the Ford agency and the other for the Packard.

One bright October afternoon James asked Miss Marion Brown to go riding with him in his Packard. Five minutes later William called



up Miss Brown and asked her to go riding with him. She sweetly told him that James had already asked her, and a little later William watched James ride off with his heart's desire on the seat beside him. James was fairly glowing with triumph and self-satisfaction.

"How foolish of William," he thought, "to try to get in the good graces of such an angel. He hasn't a chance."

But pride goeth before a fall. Little did James think when he turned off the main road onto an untraveled one that he would run into a peat-bog. It was a beautiful road but farmers avoided it because of a stretch of peat which was unknown to motorists. James was so engrossed in conversation that he was oblivious to all else until his wheels began to sink. Then it was too late—they sank and sank! They were hopelessly stuck, up to the hubs.

Miss Brown was peevish. There was no doubt about it! She watched James struggle with the engine as the wheels turned uselessly around.

"I think you might have been looking where you were going," she said. "I never saw any one so careless. I wish I had gone with William. Oh, dear, what are we going to do! You've got to get me out of this! Thank goodness! Here comes some one."

Just then a small car rounded the curve. As it drew nearer William smiled at them from the front seat. He sailed up beside them. The Ford, being a lighter car, rode triumphantly over the peat.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Anything I can do?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Brown. "Take me out of this awful place. I don't see why you ever turned onto this road," she said icily to James. "Fords are splendid cars, aren't they?" she remarked a minute later, after she had stepped into William's car.

"Yes, they are," agreed William emphatically, and off they drove, leaving James and his proud Packard apparently stuck in the peat-bog forever.

That evening, or rather, early the next morning at two o'clock, James crept silently into the house. He was a disheveled object, covered with mud and peat. William met him on the stairway.

"Glad to see that you got home all right," he said cheerfully. "We had a fine ride. Oh, by the way, Marion and I have decided to use the difference between four hundred and fifty and three thousand for a honey-moon. Some class to that girl on the front seat of a Ford! Hey, what?"



FRESHMAN

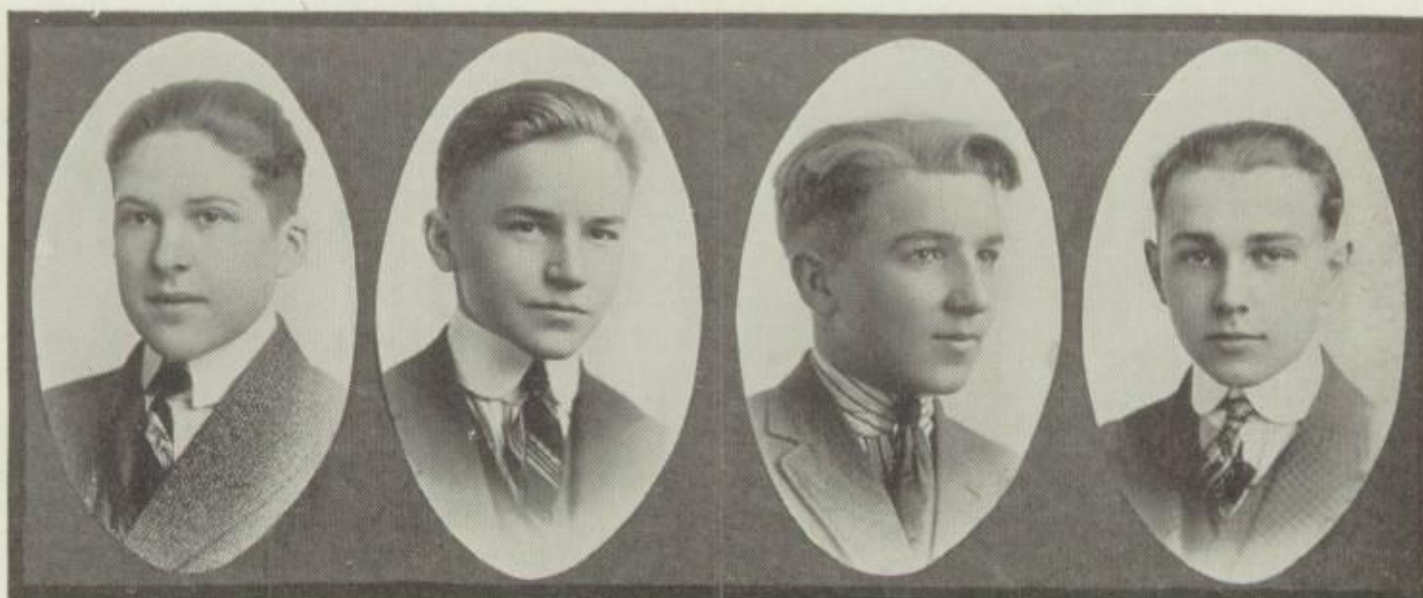


Freshman History

FROM North, South, East, and West, they came. Americans, Germans, English, Scotch, and many other nationalities, making one of the largest and most representative classes that has ever entered Rockford High School. Young in years and fresh even to the point of greenness, they possessed ambition such as few other classes have ever shown. This class of 1919 numbered about three hundred and twenty-eight. Of these there were one hundred and twenty-nine Americans, one hundred and eighteen Swedish, twenty Scotch, eighteen English, fourteen Germans, eight Irish, seven Norwegian, five French, four Italian, and one Lithuanian. In age the class ranged from twelve to eighteen years, the average being about fourteen.

Being such a large body, this class moved slowly, and at the present writing have had but one meeting, at which the officers were elected. Because of the retiring disposition of the girls, the officers were all boys.

They have yet to get well acquainted with themselves, and, being Freshmen, have not as yet played much part in the school life. The challenge is there though, and some day they will make their presence known. In athletics, in social lines, and in scholarship they know that they have the future leaders and are willing to bide their time. It is inevitable that so early in the life of the class, a history must be but a short recital of a few facts and of many promises for the future, but their aim is high and their goal, one to be proud of. Don't worry, they'll be Sophs soon!



First Semester

Freshman Officers

First Semester
STUART SOWLE

JOHN SPROUL

FRED SPALDING

SHELLY GEE

Second Semester
MOULTON NEEDHAM

Presidents

ELIZABETH HEMMING

Vice-Presidents

JOHN SPROUL

Treasurers

STUART SOWLE

Secretaries

COLORS:

Green and Gold

YELL

Green and Gold. Green and Gold.
We're the class that knocks 'em cold.
Gold and Green. Gold and Green
We're the class of 1919.

MOTTO

Not At The Top, But Climbing.



Second Semester



A Lucky Blow-Out

Freshman Story by George McCausland.

“COME on, Bill, we can’t wait all morning for you!”
“I’m coming,” answered a voice from within the house. A few minutes later a boy emerged from the house with a good-sized basket on his arm.

“What’s in that big thing?” asked Walt.

“Oh, just somethin’,” replied Bill.

“Nix on the mystery; what is it?”

“Well, ma thought that we might get a little more hungry than we thought for, ’n so she just put in a few extra sandwiches and some bottles of ginger ale and root beer.”

“Wow!” came the cry from four strong throats. They knew what a few extra sandwiches meant from Bill, for he was a vigorous eater, and a few bottles of ginger ale meant three or four apiece.

The boys who were waiting for Bill were in an auto. It was a light Buick Six. That warm August morning the boys had decided to take a day off and go for a ride. The other boys besides Bill Williams were Art Miller, whose father owned the car, Jim Marston, Walt Johnson, and Myron Phelps. They had gone around to each of their homes and got permission to go. Each took a small basket of lunch. Bill hopped into the auto, and Art started it moving. He did make it move, too. He made it move so fast that a country constable yelled, “Come back ’ere, ye young speed demons, ye!”

But this made Art put on more speed, because he was afraid the cop would get his number. Soon they were well out of his reach, and Art slowed down to twenty miles an hour.

“Gee,” said Bill, “I’ll bet we were going sixty miles per——”

“——haps,” finished Jim.

They rode along for about five hours and were many miles from home when Bill spoke up,——

“My bread-basket tells me it’s time for dinner!”

“Here too!” chorused the others, and so they went on until they saw a small, clear brook.

“This is the place for us,” said Art, stopping the car in a clump of trees. The boys piled out immediately.

M—m—m—m! came a gurgling noise from the brook.

“Golly! I wish we had water at home, like this!” cried Myron.

“Gee! This is great!” gurgled Bill. He was still at the bank, with his face half under the water.

“Well! Well!” said Walt, putting his foot on Bill’s back and giving him a push that sent him sprawling into a foot of water.



"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!" and Bill stuck his head out of the water and yelled "Halp!" in such a comical way that the boys rolled over on the ground and almost howled with glee. Bill wasted no time getting out of the water, and after he had had his say they went about preparing dinner. All they did was to lay some newspapers on the ground and empty the contents of their baskets on them. Then, if anybody saw anything he wanted, he made a dive for it before the other fellow got it. Such a dinner as they had! From ham sandwiches to chicken sandwiches; from ginger ale to lemonade; from pickles to jam; and after all that, they downed two pies.

"This is the life!" sighed Walt, as he lay on his back looking up at the sky. "But say, fellows, look at that big black cloud over there. It's coming like sixty."

"Say," cried Art, "we've got to be moving; these roads are worse than fury when it rains!"

They had soon packed what was left of the feast, and had taken their places in the auto, when there was a cry from Bill: "Wait a minute! I left my cap on a bush!"

"Well, hurry up," said Myron. "We've got to get home before this storm catches us."

"I don't know," said Art, glancing at the great mass of black. "The old boat will have to go faster than it ever went before."

They waited patiently for a few minutes, and then started out in force to find Bill. On arriving at the spot they found him standing in the center of the clearing, scratching his head.

"Here you, what's the matter?" called Myron. "Why don't you get your hat and come?"

"Matter enough!" retorted Bill. "I can't find it."

"Are you sure you left it here?" demanded Walt.

"Why—er—er. Say, what do you know about that? I took it up to the auto in one of the baskets!"

"You poor cheese!" cried Walt. "And we've been waiting around here, letting that storm come up. I've a good mind to choke you!"

"No use crying over spilled milk," said Art as they ran for the car.

He waited only until they were in, and then with a jerk that threw them into a pile on the seat he sped off down the road. If the country cop had seen them then, he could not have found a word speedy enough to call them.

"S—s—say, this is g—g—going some," yelled Bill, his breath coming in gasps.

"S—s—sixty-f—five!" shouted Walt, who was sitting in front with Art.

They came to rough roads, but Art only slowed down to forty. First on one side of the road, then on the other. Now in the middle, and then in a rut. The sun had long since been covered with clouds, and now large rain drops began to fall slowly at first, and then swifter



and swifter, until they became a downpour. However, the boys did not even stop to put up the top, but kept on. They had gone on through the rain for the best part of an hour, when, BANG! a loud report sounded from the rear of the car.

"O-o-o-o-o-o," groaned Art, leaning over the side after stopping, "a blow-out!"

With a cry of dismay the boys piled out of the car.

"By the time we get that fixed the roads will be impassable!" cried Art.

"I don't believe we can jack up the car as it is," said Walt. They tried, but that was all the good it did them, for the jack got so deep in the mud that it took two of them to pull it out.

"You fellows wait here while I go over to that farmhouse," said Jim, pointing to a small building. And such a waiting party it was! Their clothes sticking to them as if glued, and all bespattered with mud, they were a sight to be seen.

Jim returned in due time and told them to pile in, and drive around to the barn. At this announcement, Bill reverently rolled his eyes skyward and said in a solemn tone, "Amen!"

They soon had the auto stored in the barn and were led into the house by a tall, good-looking farmer. At the door they were met by a pleasant-faced, little old lady.

"Mother," said the young man, "here are some boys who have had a blow-out and are going to stay here all night."

"Oh, no," protested Art. "We just wish to get dry and warm, and then we'll fix the car and go home."

"You might fix the car," said the young man with a smile, "but you could be lucky if you go a mile from here without getting stuck in the mud."

"Yes, but how about our mothers?" cried Myron. "How will they know we are here?"

"Right here," he replied, and, leading them into another room, he showed them a telephone.

"Good," said Myron; "then everything is fixed."

Five minutes later they were standing in front of a large fire-place in which some logs were crackling merrily.

"Say, fellows, but I'm glad we had that blow-out," said Bill.

"Well, the fellow that don't think so ought to be strung up," said Myron.

By the time they were called to supper they were thoroughly dried out and feeling very much at home.

"Well, boys," said the young man, "I have not introduced myself and mother yet; my name is Jack Smith. Call me Jack, if you like. My mother's name is Mrs. Smith. We have a twenty acre farm, and two hired men. They are out tonight, and so you can have their beds, and two others that we have."

"I am sure we are all glad to know you, and we thank you for your kind offer to let us use the beds," said Art, speaking for all.



The dinner was nothing compared with the supper, and all of the boys declared that they had never tasted such good things to eat, especially some late radishes which outdid anything they had ever eaten. After supper they drew up chairs around the fire, and Mr. Smith told them many interesting stories of hunting, fishing, and camping. At nine o'clock, they were shown to their sleeping quarters. Oh, how good those soft beds felt to those tired boys! They hadn't been in them very long, when Walt spoke up, "Say, Art, you didn't leave the car without jacking up the wheel, did you?"

"I hope I'm not as green as I look," retorted Art, and with that he went off to sleep.

The next morning when Art woke up the sunshine was streaming in the windows. "Come on, fellows, wake up!" he cried, sousing his face with cold water.

"Beat you dressed, Walt!" cried Jim, jumping out of bed.

"Bet you can't!" returned Walt, and so every one joined in the race, and before one had time to think they were downstairs.

"Good morning, boys," greeted Mrs. Smith. "You're just in time for breakfast."

Breakfast over, they went out and attended to the auto. This done, Art called the boys aside and asked them how much money they had. Altogether they had six dollars, and Art said, "Boys, I think we ought to give this to Mrs. Smith, every cent of it!"

This met with the approval of all, and so Art took it to her and said, "Mrs. Smith, here is the payment for our lodging at the best hotel in the world."

When she saw the six dollars she smiled and said, "My boy, I don't want the money. I'll be glad to help you out of a scrape any time."

"But you must," insisted Art; "the others all say so."

He put up such a strong argument that at last she accepted it. By afternoon the roads had dried up enough for them to go, and so they said good-bye and left for home.

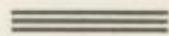
"Boys," said Art, "that was the first time I've ever had a lucky blow-out."

In Memoriam

Raymond Herring

Born January 6, 1901

Died January 8, 1916



Winslow Salisbury

Born September 6, 1899

Died April 15, 1916



The Library Board

ON April 13, 1916, Mr. Briggs called a meeting of the twenty-four students chosen as Assistant Librarians. He outlined the work and gave us full power to act as we should see fit.

The twenty-four students had been elected on that day by the pupils in the study halls. Two were chosen from the Auditorium, one from Room 10, and one from Room 12 for each period of the day. These committees take care of the admits, returning them to the study halls where the pupils to whom the admits were issued belong during the period. They also have charge of the discipline in the library.

There is a Council consisting of two pupils from the Auditorium, one from Room 10, and one from Room 12. This Council acts upon all cases reported by the committees, and their decision is supreme. They have full power to suspend or expel pupils from the library. The meetings of the entire board are held once in two weeks. The Council meetings are held weekly, and oftener if necessary.



Members of Library Board

Auditorium

Marion North
Charles Weldon

Bertha Higginbottom
Kathryn Salisbury

Helen Ingersoll
George Ackerson

Eugenia Burr
Kurtz Ballou

Elizabeth Knapp
Paul Morgan

Frances Buckbee
Carl Engberg

Room 12

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Dorothy Salisbury

Second Period:
B. Shearer

Third Period:
Ross Hunt

Fourth Period:
S. Hoskins

Fifth Period:
E. Saunders

Sixth Period:
Elizabeth Manchester

Room 10

Stanton Hyer

Verona Nordin

V. Beele

Katherine Wickwire

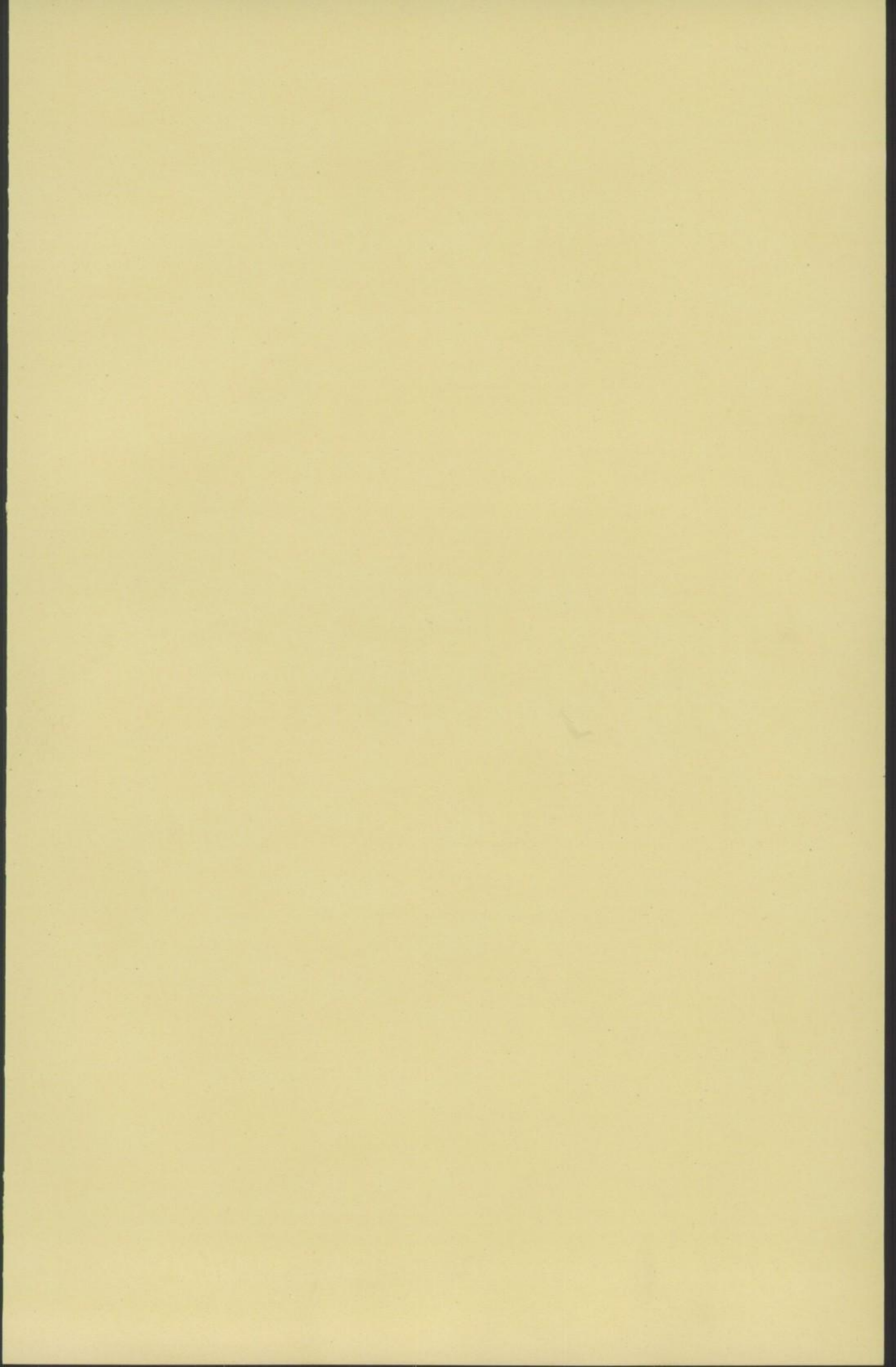
Neal Brazure

Muriel Williams

LIBRARY COUNCIL

Paul Morgan, Chairman
Neal Brazure

Elizabeth Knapp, Secretary
Elizabeth Manchester





The Pageant of 1915



The Pageant of 1915

AMID the beauties of Sinnissippi Park, with the blue sky mottled by white, fleecy clouds as a canopy, with the green foliage of the forest as a background, on a grassy, velvet-like carpet, the history of Rockford and Winnebago county, covering the period of a century or more, was depicted on June 15-16, 1915, by the class of 1915, assisted by the Juniors. More than 20,000 people, including many visitors from neighboring towns, were delightfully entertained at the three performances. The natural amphitheater was taxed to its capacity.

The Spirit of Rock River, impersonated by Joel Seedoff, first appeared and described before each episode, in clear, distinct, and oratorical manner, the scenes that were to follow. The pageant opened with the appearance of the Winnebago Indians. John Daley took the part of a Winnebago chief and James Marston was a second Stephen Mack. After much talking, smoking, dancing, and preparation, the redskins left to stain their tomahawks with blood.

The next scene, supposed to occur several weeks later, depicted the return of the Indians as captives of Colonel Stillman (Stanton Wettergren). Blackhawk (Ralph Lounsbury) delivered his farewell speech; the Winnebago chief gave the hand of his daughter, Ho-none-gah (Ila Sadewater), in marriage to Stephen Mack.

The following scene pictured the appearance of Germanicus Kent (Howard Main) and Thatcher Blake (Merle Wilson), attracted to the rich and fertile valley by the symbolic characters: Rich Lands (Bernice Hand), Water Power (Elizabeth McEachran), and Forests (Marjorie Thompson), all of whom were seen gayly dancing in their native environments.

Next, the pioneers appeared, on horseback, afoot, and riding in a prairie schooner. Then appeared Alice Knight as Prosperity, Hazel Tait as Equality, Amy Anderson as Peace, and Inez Garrett as Religious Liberty. Following these came the emigrants—Irish, Swedes, Germans, and Scotch Highlanders, each playing upon their national instruments and giving their native dances. The original settlers welcomed the newcomers, Miss Sill, founder of Rockford College (Dorothy Johns), followed by characters representing various phases of culture—Music (Ruth Householder and Frances Finley), Literature (Bernice McNair, Edna Anderson), and Art (Mabel Carlson and Edith Olander). During the scene supposed to represent the time of the infringement suit of McCormick against John H. Manny, Abraham Lincoln appeared, represented by Stanley Putnam. A stirring war-like scene followed, representing Camp Fuller, and preparation for the Civil War. The pageant concluded with a symbolic tournament, in which Norman Sterling as Knowledge, Lowell Bartlett as Sobriety, and Milton Hult as Unselfishness, overthrew Everett Allaben as Ignorance, Ralph Lundgren as Greed, and Wallace Wetzel as Intemperance, rescuing Rockford, impersonated by Olive Sterling.

Vernon Alberstett.

BEANVILLE COUNTY FAIR



PIGS, chickens, popcorn, clowns, crackerjack, rubes, art, (fine and otherwise), movies, side shows, fish, races, pink lemonade, police, balloon ascensions—any attempt to name all the attractions at the County Fair to be given by the Junior and Senior classes of the High School in the Gym on the evening of December 3 would be out of the question.

The committees have been chosen and are at work on their particular lines.

Old settlers' convention, delegates from other counties, speakers for the day, aquatics of every sort, a minstrel show, the band—in fact the attractions exceed those of a three ring circus. The police will be on hand, and corps of red cross nurses will be ready to take care of any one injured in an accident.





Plans for Fair Advance

Plans are progressing rapidly for the County Fair and committees are getting their work well under way. The livestock is arriving every day, and booths are being erected and attractively decorated. Each bids fair to exceed the others in attractiveness.

Just the other day the Board of Directors received a letter, which read as follows:

To the Board of Directors of the County Fare,

Ladies and Gentlemen—and enny others who may be interested:

Our band and village quire will play fer you on dec. 2 without no pay. We hev practised up all three of our old tunes and learned two new ones and i tell ye, if i do say so myself, we've got sum band.

The only thing about it is, that we think you should hire us fer the day. Naow, Sim, you know he plays the snare-drum, kant leave his wife and little boy, Simmy, at hum, and we should think you could give the boy his dinner to. Then granma and granpa Perkins 'lows as how their doughter, that's Sim's wife, could not take care of Simmy alone when his father plays in the band, so they are coming to. But granma says she will bring their lunch and just drop round to the old settlers meetin come lunch time, cause Sim won't be playin enny ye bet.

Naow, the quire has sum darned good tunes and they'll just unload 'em whenever ye say.

Ye can bet yer life we'll be there all right!

Yures trooly,

Josiah Thompkins Hathaway,

Mgr. of the Punken Holler Band.





County Fair Is One Big Scream

HIRAM, Hank, Si, Aunt Maria, Pru, all the kids and the whole darn family were at the County Fair. Costumes, attractions, exhibits, everything partook of the county fair flavor and everybody had as much fun as they used to in the good old days of real county fairs.

The room was filled with gayly decorated booths. In the one corner was the agricultural booth, containing specimens of all shapes and sizes, one special attraction being the tree of knowledge, well loaded with all things that usually trouble one's brain. Farther on was the



freak booth, where the audience stood in open-mouthed wonder, gazing at Lady Beatrice Morely winding ferocious snakes about her neck, and the man who could lift a thousand pound weight and perform many other marvelous feats. Indeed, much excitement was caused later in the evening when the wild man from this side show got loose. Every one breathed a sigh of relief when they got him back safe again.

The souvenir booth did a rushing business, during the whole evening, supplying silhouettes of the football boys, and various other trinkets. In the livestock exhibit there were dogs, cats, chickens, ducks, and other animals, including one of the Happ ducks that won a prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. In the art exhibit, there were many paintings, illustrations, and all kinds of needle work.



The judges informed us on the side that they thought the liberal arts booth was the best, for they had never tasted such cakes and candies as were displayed there.

Miss De Bord, head of the restaurant crew which held down the center of the room, had some mighty good doughnuts, for even Si Dunn declared that they were fit to eat! Those hot dogs, as some said, just hit the spot, and judging from the amount of candy, cider, corn fritters, and lemonade consumed, all was very satisfactory.

The movie, as is generally the case, was very hot, stuffy, and crowded, but in spite of this fact the audience was held breathless by the thrilling pictures which were greatly added to by the playing of fitting music.

The Minstrel Show was a series of laughs from beginning to end, and Topsy's dancing and singing capped the climax. Law and order were maintained during the evening by a corps of special police, but it was necessary for them to make several arrests during the evening. A zone of quiet also was prepared in case any one might collapse from over-eating or something of the sort, and this was presided over by pretty, neatly attired nurses. Many messages were also sent out from the telegraph office.

To add the proper color to the occasion, there were political speeches and a balloon ascension in which High Aspiring Marsh just made the audience gasp when he went up. But he landed pretty slick by the aid of his trusty parachute. The Mayor Ikie Beyers, with his chop whiskers and near-fitting spectacles, called the meeting to order, and the speakers of the day were introduced by another local authority.

The President contented himself with bowing to the crowd. Bryan waved the dove of peace and a bottle of grape juice until the Star Spangled banner seemed insignificant in comparison, while Teddy Sellgren Roosevelt proceeded to burn up the platform with a denunciation of both Wilson and Bryan, only to be rudely interrupted by a vegetable heaved his way. Emmeline Pankhurst converted a few to support the suffragette cause, but it must be admitted the women round here do not care much about political rights.

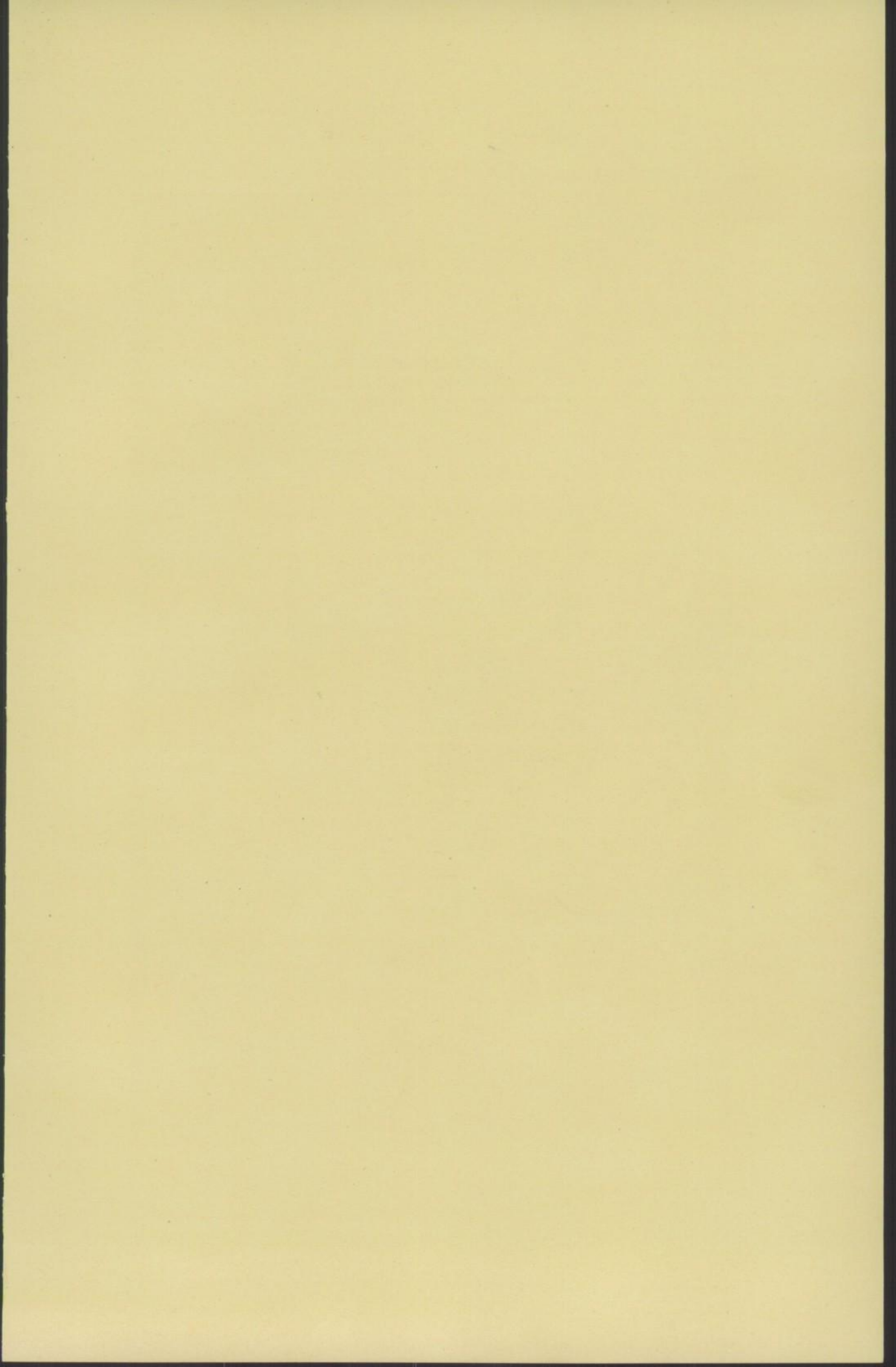
Get Rich Quick Johnson also graced the floor with his presence and he declared that business was picking up considerably. His last investor was Abraham Lincoln Claudius Briggs, who invested all of his surplus cash in gold bricks.

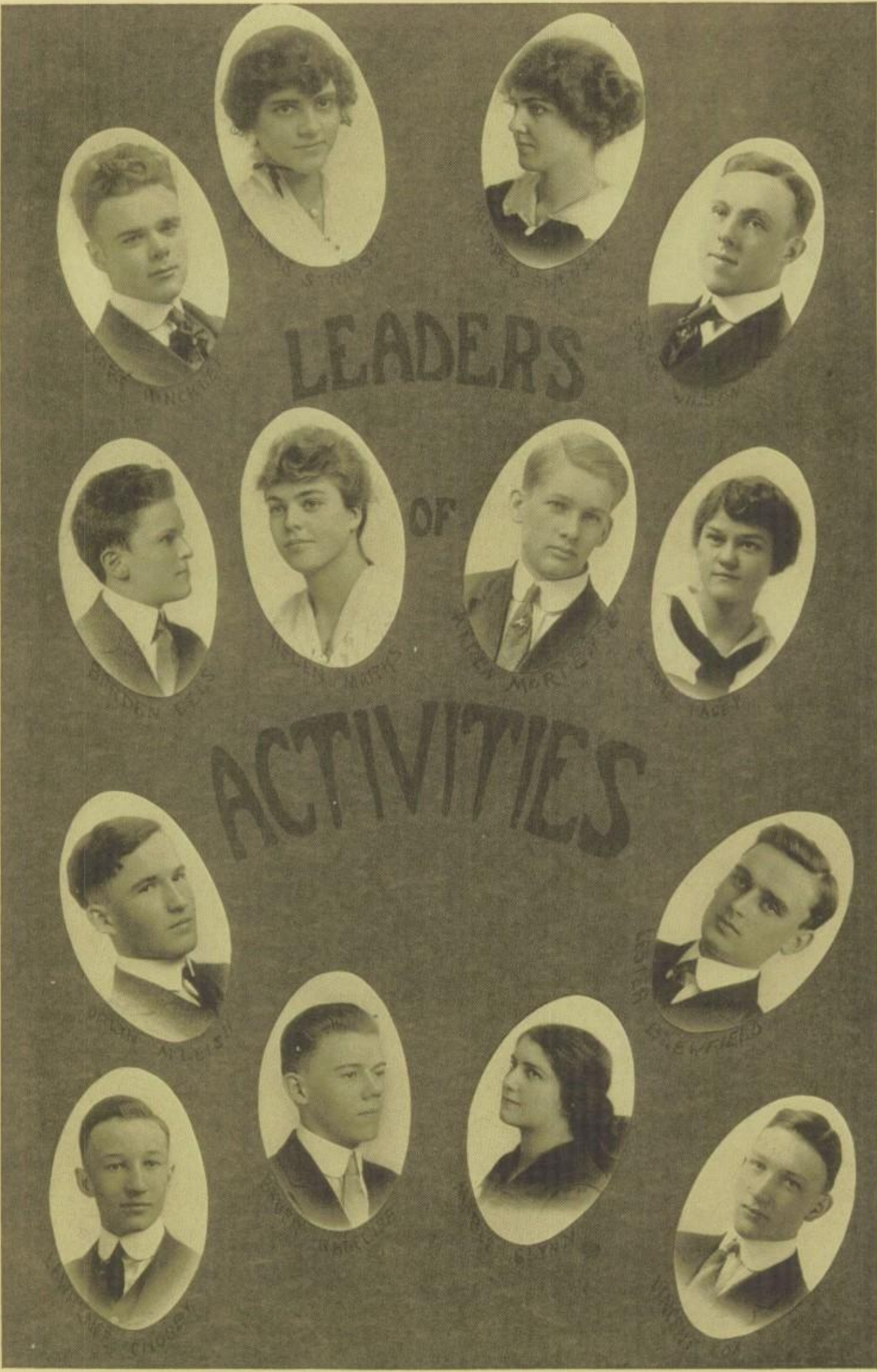
The leading families of Beanville County were present and the prevalent feature was style. Mrs. Tuve Floden Beyers was one of the attractively gowned ladies. She wore a creation which plainly showed that the winter styles would follow extremely long lines. Miss Margaret Boyd had a charming dress. Accompanying her was her grand-niece Snookums Strassel, who rode in a perambulator of the latest make, known as the wandering wheel. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn Brown were there with their large family, who were all dressed in the latest fashion.

It would be impossible to even begin describing the costumes. All the furbelows, hoop-skirts, Mother Hubbards, varied hued party dresses, house dresses, and all the rest of the fashions of by-gone days were there, including the milk maid and Maud Muller furnishings. There were the broad-brimmed straw hats, jumpers, overalls, Sunday go-to-meeting, tight-fitting, high water hand-me-downs, roll-rimmed stiff katie, gorgeous vests with the omnipresent big gold charm, the six-cylinder, ninety horsepower heavy gold Waterburys, the big diamond stud, round celluloid cuffs, the ever-shining, red-wrought necktie, and the multi-figured bandanna.

Miss Jay's seminary were allowed to come out on this special occasion seeing that they would be well chaperoned by Miss Jay herself and her assistant.







LEADERS

OF

ACTIVITIES



WILLIAM H. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



MARY E. BROWN



WILLIAM H. BROWN



Organizations

THIS year has probably been the most successful one in the history of the organizations of the Rockford High School. Although two, the Comus and the German clubs, failed to come back, several new organizations have arisen to replace them. These newly founded societies are the Delphic Literary Society, the Golf Club, and the Girls' Athletic Club. All of them have started with zest and give promise of long duration with great success.

Upon the opposite page are the bright and intelligent faces of the heads of Rockford High School's various organizations. These representatives of their respective societies are:

Clare Hinkley	Owl
Gladys Strassel	Annual
Mabel Glynn	Philippic
Edgar Wilson	Philomathean
Vincent Cox	Delphic Society
Mildred Swenson	Girls' Glee Club
Borden Ells	Boys' Glee Club
Lester Blewfield	Band
Bauer Radcliffe	Camera Club
Lawrence Crosby	Wireless Club
Gladys Pacey	Biology Club
Orlyn McLeish	Golf Club
Arden W. Mortensen	Engineering Society
Helen Marks	G. A. C.



"OWL" WORKER DROPS STUDIES FOR NAVAL LIFE

PHILLIPIC IS VICTIM OF RIVAL EXTEMPOISTS

Oscar Fenne Leaves School
for Four Years' Enlist-
ment on Water.

Philo Awarded Victory in Spirited Encounter by Narrow Margin

BRINY DEEP IS APPEALING

ATTENDANCE IS VERY GOOD



C. Hinkley

L. Cummings

A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a suit jacket, white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera.

H. Schabacker



H. Hodgson

Hops to Better It
Last year Rockford
four dual meets win-
ning two. Rockford vs.
East Aurora in the 8
season by a score of
was beaten by Rockfor
meet 104-27. Elgin v
ford at Elgin 57-63.
trimmed Lane on the 1
This was a fair record
surpassed this year with
the school.

Some of our rivals are East and West Am in training for seven they have a good six ford squad in just one

A black and white portrait of a young man with short, dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light color.

R. T. Little

DAY SPEAK HERE

overs Training System Known

is developing slowly in northern Illinois. Young men of the same age. Lieutenant Steevington, D. C., spoke of sending military training to High School authorities so good that they speak in Elgin. Rock are invited to attend by Lieutenant Steevington. Not able to do so.

However, Principal Briggs wrote to Lieutenant Steever asking him if he would not in the future come to Rockford for a reasonable price and small



Mr. H. Anderson

Then Mr. A. V. Essington, Sr., who despite the prevalence of all-shattering shot and shell held a chair near the center of the platform, announced the entrance into the realm of extemporaneous articulation, and introduced at the same moment Myrtle Glynn, the first Philippine long-buster, Miss Glynn, warming up to "High School Athletics" had particular emphasis upon the value of the honesty and



G. Bradley

At least part of the credit for Phil's triumph should be delivered at the feet of Percie Hopkins, who delained concerning "Perseverance."

With an excellent delivery and a mighty array of conclusive examples, we proved very satisfactory that "per-
everence spells success."
Extempo Laurels to Wilson.
But among the raven lacks of Ednae

(Continued on page 4.)

V. Alberstett

The senior class met in the Auditorium, Tuesday afternoon to discuss the advisability of having caps and gowns for the Commencement Day exercises. Before proceeding directly with the special business of the meeting, the committee for the rest of the year were appointed. Ellsworth Martin heads the body which is to arrange for the senior class play, aided by Isabelle Hynn and Wilma Anderson. They will have their first meeting Thursday afternoon, so as to get the plans for the senior stunt immediately under way. The committee on announcements consists of Arthur Carlson, chairman, Helen Waterman, Perry Hopkins. Class Day this year will



I. Carlson

known to him that if we
it, we should be following
steps of a multitude of
no one had courage enough



H. Anderson

(Continued on Page 4)



The Achievement of the 1916 Weekly Owl

WE have finished this, our first year as a weekly newspaper, in a manner which is highly gratifying to us. We started upon an entirely new proposition, entered into merely as an experiment—for better or for worse; we were inexperienced, and yet, from this handicapped beginning, we have built up slowly, but just as surely, an institution of which the school may be justly proud. Not content with merely insuring that the paper be issued weekly, we have striven for its advancement, until at the present time we feel that it cannot be surpassed by any like publication in the state.

As a weekly paper, there were certain functions which were necessary for us to perform. We have endeavored to carry out our part in this to the utmost of our ability. There have been faults to which we ourselves have not been altogether oblivious, but these faults we have tried hard to remedy. In short, we have given unto the paper of the best that was in us.

Personally, I wish to thank the members of the staff for their splendid support, for the way in which they have taken their share of the burdens thrust upon them, and those members of the faculty and the student body who have been interestedly helpful in promoting the welfare of the organization. Wishing my successors even better support, and hoping that the steady advancement of the institution may continue, permit me to remain

Sincerely,

F. CLARE HINKLEY, '16.

OWL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Clare Hinkley
Managing Editor	R. L. Kittle
Day Editor	Lucille Cumming
Night Editor	Horace Hodgson
Exchange Editor	Harold Schabacker

Business Staff

Business Manager	Vernon Alberstett
Advertising Manager	George Bradley
Assistant Advertising Manager	Inar Carlson
Circulation Manager	Howard Anderson

Reporters

Clemewell Hinchliff	Vincent Cox
Arthur Keister	Walter McCleneghan
William Franklin	De Witt Bennett



GLADYS M. STRASSEL



MR. D.C. SPRAGUE

1916



FREDERICH MUECKE



ARTHUR THORSELL



BRUCE HENDERSON



ORLYN McLEISH



Annual Staff

Gladys Strassel	Editor-in-Chief
Mr. D. C. Sprague.....	Faculty Manager
Orlyn McLeish	General Manager
Arthur Thorsell, Bruce Henderson.....	Assistant Managers
Frederick Muecke	Assistant Editor

Athletics:

Football	Floyd Swanson
Track	Harold Cadwell
Basketball	Wilfred Baker
Art and Illustration	

Ruth Vander Bogart, Helen Waterman, Helen Randall
 Alumni.....Clemewell Hinchliff, Dorothy Nelson, Glenora Scone
 Faculty

Gymnasium:

Girls	Agnes Agnew
Boys	William Eaton
Jokes	Georgia Thompson, Alba Spalding
Organizations	Harold Wessman, Edna Shrope
Summer School.....	Harold Williams, Ruth Lins
Seniors	Ruth Williams, Aldena Johnston
Juniors	Elizabeth Knapp
Sophomores	Mildred Purdy, Alan Brantingham
Freshmen	Moulton Needham, Dorothy Catlin
Occasionals	Kathryn Salisbury, Lea Gordon
Pageant	Vernon Alberstett



Annual Staff



Annual Staff



Editorial

THE past year has witnessed the increasing strength of previously organized societies and the introduction of new activities and courses in R. H. S. Among the recently established societies are the golf, tennis and Delphic literary clubs. The course lately offered in agriculture has met with decided favor among the student body, though principally with the boys, while the feminine portion reveled in the household management course. The library instruction proved a great aid to the students. The predominating characteristic of the year's work has been advancement along all lines, resulting in greater interest, coöperation, and show of school spirit among the students. This is, of course, as it should be.

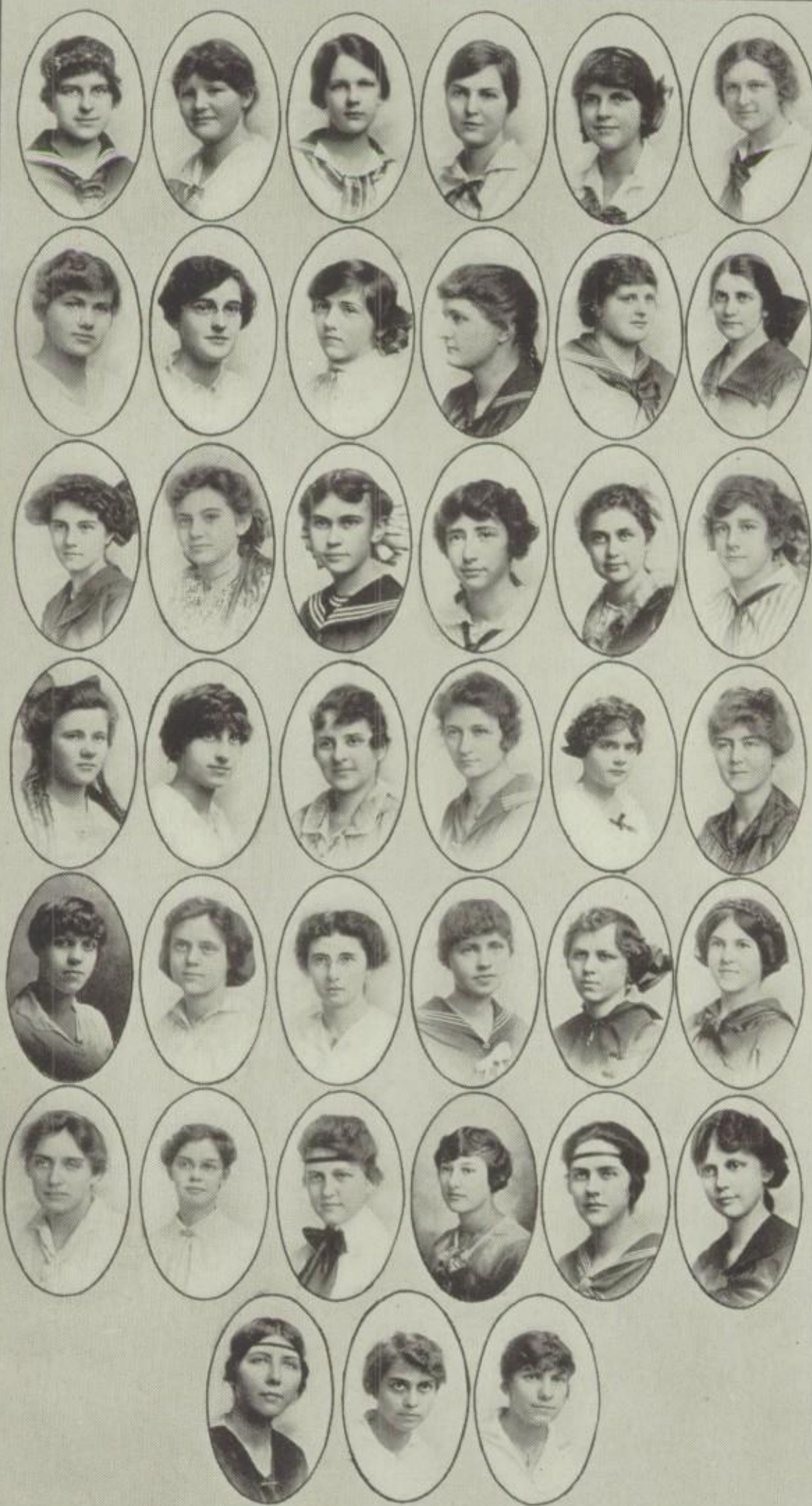
All true citizens are imbued with a feeling which is designated as patriotism, and we as students ought to regard our school in the same light as citizens do their country, but in this connection the feeling becomes known as loyalty. Loyalty should be bestowed with care and should support only that which is worthy of esteem and respect. True loyalty involves the sacrifice of self, the putting forth of every effort to further that which will be beneficial to the school; certainly a loyal student will refrain from unjust criticism.

It is the earnest endeavor of the Steen to impress on every R. H. S. pupil what a really great institution you are privileged to lend support to, and to cause you individually to manifest the keenest interest in its welfare. Has it succeeded, or are you inclined to criticise adversely? Before criticising, ask yourself, first, did I make any suggestions, second, did I coöperate to the best of my ability, and lastly, did I assist in every way possible? If these questions can be answered affirmatively you are justified in commenting. Of course, some would-be booster will say, "I subscribed." While money is a necessary requisite in any line, and undoubtedly in the publishing of a year book, it takes more than pecuniary assistance to put out an Annual of which your class will feel proud. Indeed it has been truly said, "Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden." You will find that appreciation furnishes a foundation upon which to build ideals and ambitions. The editorial staff of the Steen will take this opportunity to extend their thanks, in appreciation of the work of the staff, especially to Ruth Vander Bogart, Thelma Lee, and Edward Brolin for their art work, to the Camera Club, who assisted so faithfully, to Georgia Thompson and Alba Spaulding, and to all others who offered suggestions and assisted in any way with the publishing of the Steen.

The publication of the Steen marks the closing of the career of the class of '16, and the responsibility of maintaining the high standard already set will rest with others, but let each class in its turn learn the meaning of true loyalty.

Ed., '16.

PHOTOGRAPH





Annals of Philippic As Told By the Floor of the Lower Lunch Room

I AM a silent listener at every meeting of the Philippic Literary Society, although perhaps not all the members even realize that there is such a venerable person as myself in the room. To be sure, I sometimes get quite a jar. For instance, when President Glynn sounds the gavel to call the meeting to order, even I shake. Or when some excited member calls out, "Madam President, I call for a division of the House!" and the girls all rise upon me at once, it nearly means a division of *me*. I hear all discussions and arguments without a word, and I will tell you, confidentially, that though I am mature in experience, during the last nine months I have actually learned a few minute points in parliamentary law from this body of young girls.

The first social gathering of the year was a spooky Hallowe'en masquerade in the country. Then December 17 was a very important day to all Philippic girls—the day for the Open Meeting. I was very thankful that I did not have to support *that* crowd! During a conversation with my brother in Room 2, I learned that the program was an unquestioned success.

The next noteworthy performance was the Christmas program in Assembly. During my long residence at R. H. S., I have never heard that any other society has received the honor of giving the Christmas Assembly program. The most elaborate social event of which I heard was a Leap Year Valentine Party, which was held on the gymnasium floor, my nearest neighbor.

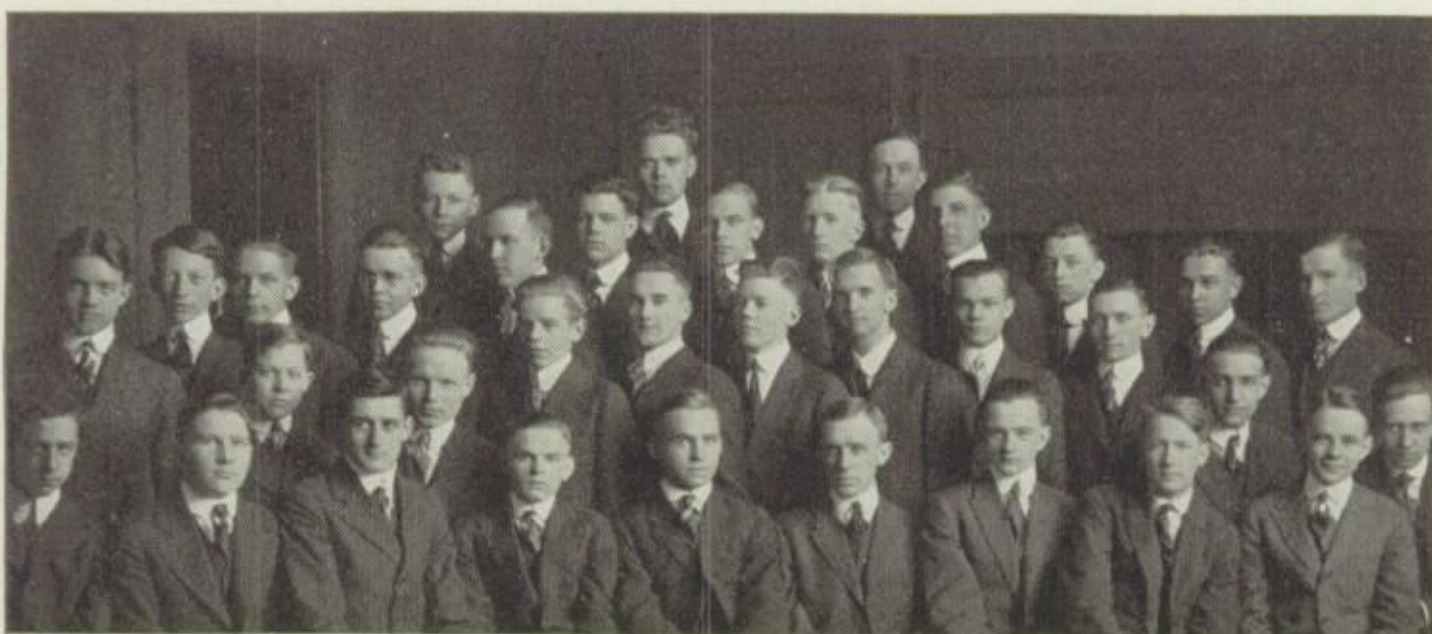
I also knew a great deal about the play, "Mrs. Willis's Will," before it was finally given in Assembly by the society. But the latest news I have heard is of a challenge to a contest between the Philippics and Philomatheans, and although the girls did not win, the contest was so close that even the boys trembled before the judges made their decisions. And so, although the year of '16 has been wearing on me, I believe it has been the most prosperous one in the history of the Philippic Literary Society.

D. JAMISON, '16.

ROCKFORD HIGH



SCHOOL STEEN



The Philomathean Society



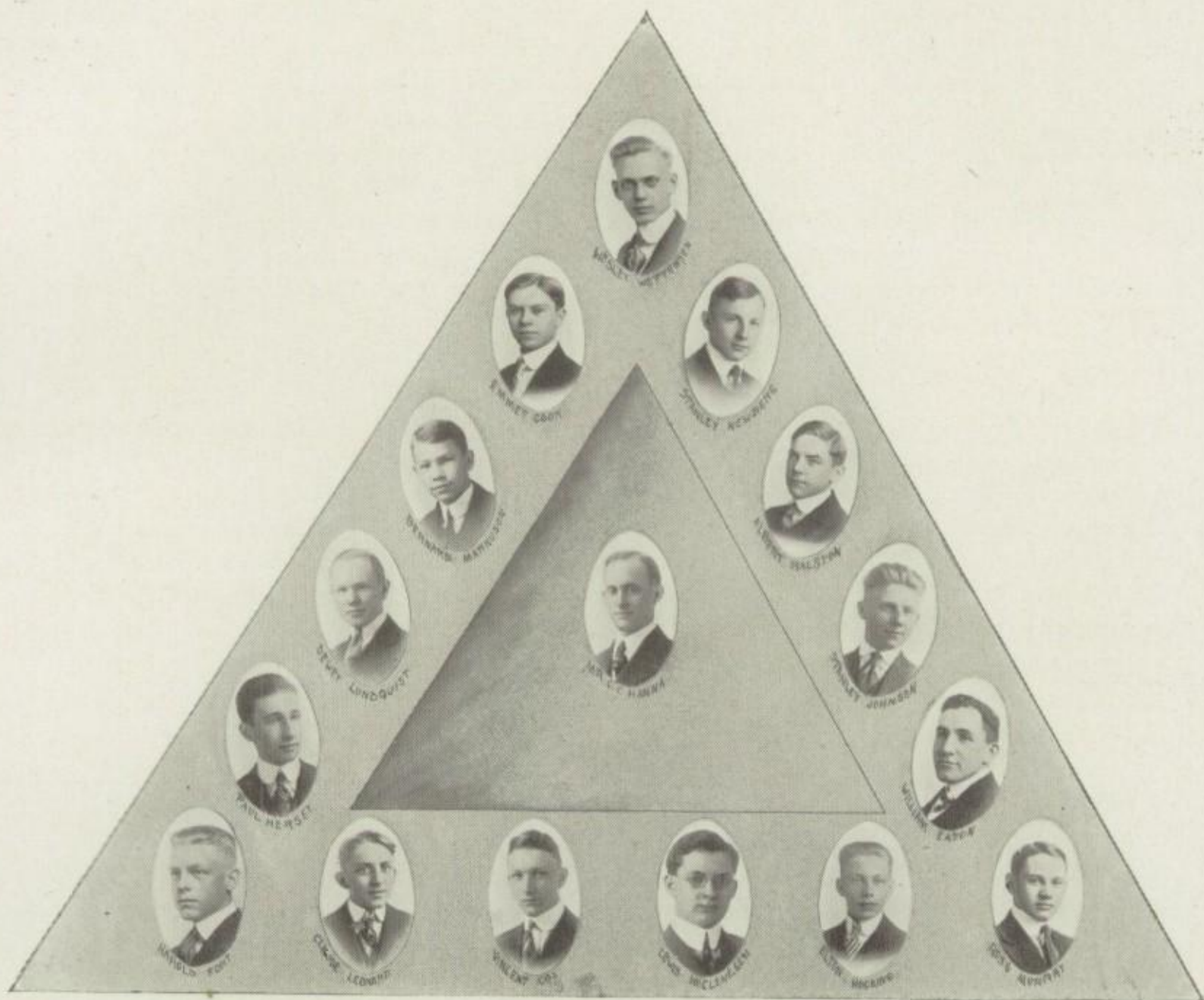
(NOTE—This manuscript was found among the personal effects of the late Mr. H—. It seems to deal with the activities of a certain organization, referred to in several places as "the Philos," this being possibly a contraction of "Philomatheon," a well known Greek letter society. It is in the hope that someone may identify it and discover its true meaning, that we are hereby taking the liberty of publishing the MS. as found.)

.....and is one of the most important. This has been undoubtedly one of the most successful years, the fifth since the organization was introduced. Marked development along all lines of..... (writing here indecipherable)..... and practically furnished the two debating squads which so well represented the school. One of the most pleasurable events was the Annu..... (writing obliterated)....., a goodly gathering of the club's alumni being present. Judging from their remarks, Philo is on a par with a good share of college organizations of like nature, making us feel the true importance of ou.....

The regular programs of the year were especially noteworthy, and gave ample opportunity for the speedy advancement of the members. A humoristic touch was added to the affair by a duet, Abie and Cohen entertaining in a series of dialogue sketches. Abie was portrayed by Edgar Wilson, who was added to the roll slightly prior to the last term, later developing into an excellent debater and serving right nobly and well as President Wilson during the concluding season. Our friend, Mr. Muecke, known probably as having the distinction of being the only president the Senior Class of '16 has had, took the part of Cohen.

Mr. Rider still has the distinction of being our most accomplished musical man. He can play something on pretty nearly everything except a Jew's Harp, which, he pathetically states, "tickles his tongue terribly." His rendition of the Battle of Bull Run, with the machine guns in the distance is nothing short of wonderful.

Near the end of the year, a contest with the Philippics (undecipherable)—— but the Philos won by a narrow margin, due possibly to the invaluable assistance rendered by Mr. Essington in..... (The rest of MS. lost).



Preamble of the Delphic Literary Society

FIRMLY convinced that a general culture and a considerable knowledge of oratory, debate and parliamentary usage are highly essential to a broad education and of great value in bettering conditions in the High School, we, as young men of the Rockford High School do hereby organize a society for their advancement.

The Delphic Literary Society consists of a group of men who conceived the idea that since in other schools of less than half the size of Rockford High School there are often as many as six or eight organizations of this nature compared with our two, the field here was not crowded. It was observed that although many stellar lights scintillated in the Philomathean Society, there were many diamonds in the rough among our fellow students who, if properly trained in a literary club, might be fitted to become better citizens and incidentally fulfill the expectations of some of the assembly speakers who "see before them the bright faces of future governors and presidents."

So with the consent of Principal Briggs, fourteen fellows met with Mr. C. C. Hanna and signed the constitution of the Delphic Literary Society of the Rockford High School as charter members. Officers were elected and committees were appointed at the same time. Evening meetings began promptly and regular programs have been given from the start. Faculty members, through speeches and musical selections, have added much to the enjoyment and instruction of the programs. New members have been added to the society, so that its membership is almost up to the limit, which is thirty-five members. A grand initiation was also held, during which new members were subjected to the high and mighty rule of the Oracle of Delphi.

There has been one innovation which has proved of great interest, namely, the court system by which unexcused absences and charges of indecorum are tried by a jury and court. Some very exciting contests have resulted and the parliamentary and legal knowledge therein gained is of inestimable value.

The society hopes to hold a picnic this spring at which, perhaps, its friends of the gentler sex and faculty may be present. Next year it is hoped that a series of triangular debates and other contests with the Philos and Philippics may be staged, for it is certain that aside from their instructive value, they would draw crowds and interest many more people in forensic activities.

The officers elected for the first term of the Delphic Literary Society are as follows:

President	Vincent Cox
Vice-President	Lewis McCleneghan
Secretary	Claude Leonard
Treasurer	Elton Hocking
Press Agent	Ross Murray
Student Critic	Wesley Wettergren
Faculty Critic	Mr. C. C. Hanna



The Class Play

THE class play of the Senior class of 1916 was "A Midsummer Night's Dream, given at the Grand Opera House on June 14.

A play of Shakespeare was chosen because the entire world is celebrating the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. It was only fitting that the Rockford High School Senior Class should do its part in remembrance of the greatest poet of the English language. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" lends itself most admirably to high school production because of its simple, beautiful lines, and also because of the opportunity to make it a spectacle. In staging the play the main idea was to have the settings simple, and especially suggestive of Greek interiors and of the forest, the latter being entirely imaginative, fantastic, and beautiful.

The tryout of the play brought forth great multitudes, anxious to take part in such a play as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and it took a great deal of careful consideration before the final cast of the play was selected. The success of this play depends chiefly on the characters of Bottom and Puck, and the class was fortunate in having such excellent comedians as Frederick Muecke and Vivian Goldman to take these parts. The part of Lysander was taken by Floyd Swanson, and that of Demetrius, by Lloyd Wahlgren. These two noblemen were the suitors of Hermia, played by Wilma Anderson; Edna Shrope played the part of Helena, the fourth member of the quartet of youthful lovers. Arthur Carlson impersonated Egeus, the father of Hermia. The Duke of Athens was presented by James Cannell in a very dignified manner. Vernon Alberstett took the part of Philostrate, master of revels to the Duke. In addition to Bottom, the weaver, the artisans were impersonated as follows: Quince, a carpenter, by Edgar Wilson; Flute, a bellows mender, by Claude Leonard; Snout, a tinker, by Arthur Thorsell; Starveling, a tailor, by Walter Wessman. These Grecian artisans supplied the comedy for the play. Hippolyta, the betrothed of Duke Theseus, was played by Helen Waterman. Titania, queen of the fairies, was impersonated by Gladys Strassel, and the king of the fairies, Oberon, was played by Kenneth Breckenridge. The company of fairies was presented by the following: Lea Gordon, Aldena Johnston, Helen Wickwire, Glenora Scone, Elizabeth Stuckey, Julia Lind, Annette Hogland, Mary Clemmer, Helen Porter, Anna Forsberg. The dwarfs of Oberon were: Moulton Needham, Joe Muller, Manley Hult.



Class Day

THE class of 1916 decided to hold their class day exercises at the home of F. G. Hogland in North Second street. The affair was in the form of a lawn party. The lawn, which is a most beautiful thing, was decorated with Japanese lanterns. On the tennis court were three tables, and on the center of each was a bunch of red roses, the class flower. Later on these tables were used for serving refreshments. Upon entering the grounds each pupil was given a small paper cap, in which was the name of some prominent man.

In previous years the significance of Class Day has been dropped. However, the class of '16 has renewed the old form of Class Day. Class Day is practically a day when the whole class is together, perhaps for the last time. So the '16 class decided to have the prophecy read, and the history of the class acted out by some pupil. The prophecy was read by Frederick Muecke, and the history acted out by Edgar Wilson. Then a contest was held. Each person was given a slip of paper on which was written, the most popular girl; the most popular boy; the wittiest person; the biggest "bluffer." The people voted for these different ones, and it indeed was a most interesting thing, for every one was interested and didn't feel the least bit shy.

The band furnished the music. It was indeed, quite a treat for the class of '16 to have the band on their Class Day. Just before the refreshments were served the class song was sung, with much "pep," too. Every one seemed to have much spirit.

After the program was over, the Hogland residence was opened for dancing. About 10 o'clock refreshments were served. On one table was the salad in lettuce leaves, which were found in a cup shape; on another were the sandwiches. Yes! Ham. The salad was a combination salad. On the last table, but not far from the rest, was the ice cream and cake. The ice cream was brick, green with a little strip of red. Very "fetching," one would say. The cake is beyond mentioning. "Perfectly delicious," are the two words to express how it looked and tasted. There also was one more thing in the "eats" department—Frappe. Vurr, vurr good to some whom the heat (?) of the evening had effected. After the "eats" there was a general hand shaking and much formal "etiquette," and really on the whole, every one acted "beautifully."

About half past eleven every one had departed. After enjoying a most delightful evening every one seemed happy and contented, also congenial. There are two words which every one in the Senior class used to express their opinion about Class Day, and they are, "fine time."

C. G.



GIRL'S GLEE CLUB



MRS. PIERCE DIRECTOR



Girls' Glee Club

THE club was organized the first of the year under the direction of Mrs. Edward M. Pierce. When the first call for membership came, about thirty responded. A great many of these had had no former training, but were willing to try. At the beginning of the second semester about a dozen more joined them.

The Club furnished music for the Illinois Teachers' Association October 21, 1915. The club promises to be much stronger next year, most of the members being underclassmen.

PROGRAM OF THE ANNUAL CONCERT

By Rockford High School Girls' Glee Club

Accompanist, Irene Reid

1. Water Lilies Linders
Glee Club
2. Violin Solo—Mazur de Concert Musin
Gertrude Gartlandt
3. Vocal Duet—Aloha Oe Hawaiian
Frances Buckbee, Mildred Swenson
4. (a) Dance Song from William Tell.....Rossini
(b) From the Land of the Sky Blue WaterCadman
(c) Barcarolle Denza
(Incidental solos by Henrietta Schlesinger and Ruth Williams)
Glee Club
5. Vocal Solo—A Little Bit of HeavenBall
Mildred Swenson
6. Carmena Wilson-Root
Glee Club
7. Piano Solo—Valse Mystique Wachs
Maxine Kaufman
8. (a) Psyche
(b) Rose Dance
Irene Reid
9. Clarinet Solo—Love's Greeting Elgar
Beulah Evans
10. (a) Swing Song Tufts
(b) Venetian Song Tosti
(c) Within a Little Wood Root
Glee Club

High School Auditorium

April twenty-first, nineteen hundred and sixteen, at eight o'clock



Members of Boys' Glee Club

First Tenor

Milo Haley
Ross Hunt
Walter Morgan
Kenneth Sechler
Harold Houser
Harold Williams
Vilas Johnson
Olaf Anderson

Second Tenor

Carl Engberg
Ross Murray
Merle Rider
Clare Hinkley
Warren Smith
Howard Wright

Second Bass

Maynard Alcock
Vincent Cox
Rothwell Gregg
Walter Holmes
Ross Logan
Arthur Parlee
Harry Stockwell

First Bass

La Verne Bertsch
E. Johnson
Harold Klint
Berthal Vaughn
Harry Hitt
Lewis McCleneghan

Pianist, Borden Ells



Boys' Glee Club

ALTHOUGH the Boys' Glee Club became a prominent factor in school while it was still in its swaddling clothes, the successes of the two years following have proved that it is here to stay. We are now a grown-up organization with a history. We sang "Go, Rockford, Go!" at our second home concert and the whole school has been singing it ever since.

The third year has been especially successful. We had hardly a chance to get the club machinery in running order after the long vacation before being called upon to sing for the Northern Illinois Teachers' Association. The Club's neat appearance and finished productions won it many warm friends among the teachers. Winnebago was so pleased with the two concerts given there last year that they issued another invitation. There is every reason to believe that the suburbanites' opinion of the club was not changed by this year's performance. The concert given before the Woman's Club by the Glee Club and band reflected credit upon each of the organizations and gave evidence of long and painstaking preparation.

On May 5th we gave our annual home concert, of which we may truly say "bigger and better than ever before"—bigger with respect to the audience and better in every way. "Night in May" was one of those smooth-flowing, dreamy waltzes that is better appreciated when sung than when talked about. In marked contrast to this was the "Red Man's Death Chant," with its striking tom-tom effect. The bubbling negro melody, "Swing Along," the weird Saxon "Winter Song," and the beautiful Spanish love song, "Tulita," were all bright spots in the program. The octet came in for its share of praise with "Now is the Month of Maying," an old English dance written in 1545 by Morley, which they danced and sang. Lewis McCleneghan with his Harry Lauder songs rolled his R's until we were firmly convinced of his Scotch descent. The whole concert was considered the best ever given by the club, although the others were by no means inferior productions. This, with the Argyle concert, concluded our engagements for the season.

Throughout the entire year the quality of the work has shown steady improvement. Mr. Zook has insisted that each member keep one eye on the little brown stick, and has also drilled the members on sight reading. His attention to little points accounts for much of the careful work displayed. With a continuation of this year's steady improvement, next year's club will surely enhance the musical reputation of Rockford High School.

Boys' Glee Club Concert

PART I

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----------|
| (a) | Winter Song | Bullard |
| (b) | The Bill of Fare | Zoellner |
| | The Glee Club | |
| (a) | Bourree (from 2nd Violin Sonata) | Bach |
| | Karl Noble | |
| (a) | Up From Somerset | Weatherly |
| (b) | Banjo Song | Homer |
| | Le Roy Weil, Dorothy Vogel, accompanying | |
| (a) | Now Is the Month of Maying—(Old English Dance, 1545) | Morley |
| (b) | The Shandon Bells | Nevin |
| | Octet | |
| (a) | Mary Jane | Clark |
| (b) | Maytime | Cowdell |
| | Vilas Johnson | |
| (a) | Swing Along | Cook |
| (b) | Carry Me Back to Old Virginny | Bland |
| | The Glee Club | |
| | Selections from Harry Lauder: (a) Bonnie Maggie Tamson; (b) Ta! Ta! Ma Bonnie Maggie Darlin'; (c) Roamin' in the Gloamin'. | |
| | Lewis McCleneghan. | |
| (a) | Preludes Op. 28, 7 and 20 | Chopin |
| | Borden Ells | |
| (a) | A Night in May | Silver |
| (b) | Tulita | Stevenson |
| | The Glee Club | |
| (a) | Juanita | Parks |
| (b) | Sweet and Low | Parks |
| (c) | He Died on His Wedding Day | Burt |
| | Octet | |
| (a) | Red Man's Death Chant | Bliss |
| (b) | We Rock Away | Emerson |
| | The Glee Club | |

PART II

"Dad"—A Musical Farce

Words by C. C. Hanna

Music by S. E. Zook

CAST

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Anthony Elder, the father | H. Stockwell |
| (Dad) Leonard Elder, his son | A. Parlee |
| Chick Steffey, his roommate | V. Cox |
| Skinny Wygant, his classmate | M. Rider |
| Dr. Wm. Hibbs, fellow sufferer | C. Engberg |
| Tubby Sheek, Dad's chum | H. Klint |
| Prof. Crowell, dean of college | W. Holmes |
| Adonia, Dad's beloved | C. Hinkley |
| Helen, her chum | H. Williams |
| Messenger | W. Morgan |
| Newsboy | R. Hunt |

A Host of Admirers.

Setting—Fraternity Reception Room.

Time—5:30 to 10:00 p. m.



Members of Band

John T. Haight, Director

Henry Reitsch, Drum Major

Basses

C. Wilson
A. Ingrassia
J. Sweeney

Snare Drums

F. Stenholm
H. Dannenberg
J. Floberg

Bass Drum

K. Ballou

Soprano

Saxaphone
L. Regan

Alto Saxaphone

D. Bennett

Tenor Saxaphone

C. Carlson

Bassoon

Saxaphone

H. McCausland

B Flat Cornets

H. Lewis
G. Buchanan
H. Mitchell
D. Rinedollar
N. Brasure
J. Sproul

Altos

R. Wilcox
E. Cook
M. Thayer
E. McAssey
Trombones
N. Nelson
W. Lyons
W. Michaelson

Oboe

Piccolo

C. Carlson
R. Cummings

Oboe

B Flat Clarinets

R. McNeany
J. Johns
H. Schabacker
N. Lillis
K. Norberg
H. Heffran
R. Hering
(Died Jan. 8, '16)

Baritones

L. Blewfield
R. Eastman



R. H. S. Band 1915-17

FROM every standpoint the band has experienced a most successful year. The music has been good on the great majority of occasions and the financial returns have been most gratifying. The boys have played, as usual, at all athletic contests, their music at times being a feature, as at the tournament, where they, as well as our team, won many laurels. At rallies the band was usually heard. The merchants of Seventh Street enjoyed their music at the Seventh Street Fair last fall. The Exposition in May has always depended upon the band to help out, and this year was no exception. On April 18 they played at the Woman's Club meeting and with the Glee Clubs came in for a good share of credit.

The Annual Concert is always a looked-for event and this year turned out to the most successful, both musically and financially, that the band has ever enjoyed. The total receipts were \$445. The first band numbered between 33 and 37 for the year. About one-fifth of the boys graduate this year and it leaves a gap to be filled before the band can appear next fall. But, with loyal, hard-working recruits, the vacancies will be filled in soon. The band expects to come back next fall "Bigger, Better and Busier than Ever." Give the band boys credit for loyalty to all the interests of the school, for they are always ready and willing to serve.

Reserves

Oboe
W. Snively
B Flat Clarinets
S. Sowle
H. Beckstrom
E. Hocking
G. Seleen

B Flat Cornets
H. Sheldon
K. Williams
E. Carter
A. Wolfe
Soprano Sax.
S. Stewart

Alto Saxophone
A. Brantingham
Alto
G. Purtz
Baritone
E. Mead
R. Mott



The Debating Teams



Debating

THE first debate of the year was held on December 17 in a triangular meet with East Aurora and La Grange. The affirmative in each case debated at home, while the negative team traveled. The affirmative won from East Aurora, while La Grange defeated the negative team. The following men represented the school:

Affirmative—Edgar Wilson, Harold Wessman, Frederick Muecke.

Negative—Percie Hopkins, Harry Stockwell, Bruce Henderson.

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should subsidize her merchant marine engaged in the foreign trade." This subject is a very important one to the people and aroused much interest, a large crowd hearing the debate at home.

On April 13 Rockford engaged in a dual debate with Beloit on the same question, both the affirmative and negative teams being defeated. In this contest McCleneghan and Alberstett replaced Henderson and Stockwell of the negative team. The teams this year have accomplished good work and the try-outs showed many other debaters of no mean ability. It is hoped that next year Rockford will organize a league in the school and hold practice debates. This will give the debaters a chance to show their ability and in this way our representatives in the interscholastic debates may be picked. With the training received from our able coach, Mr. Essington, and with the aid of loyal spirit from every member of the student body, the outlook for next year is surely one of great promise.

E. W., '16.



Oratory and Extempore Work

ROCKFORD'S representatives in extemporaneous speaking failed to place in the District Contest held at DeKalb. Merle Rider represented the school in the oratorical contest with his oration entitled, "The Price of Indifference." A negro student from Freeport secured first place in this contest with an oration on "The Future of the American Negro." He was a most powerful speaker, and a second Booker T. Washington. However, Merle easily secured second place over a number of contestants. At the Interscholastic Contest at Beloit, Rothwell Gregg carried off second honors, with Robert Ingersoll's "Vision of War." Freeport's man again took first place.

Rider and Gregg are both Juniors, and so will be in the ring again next year. We wish them luck and expect much from them. William Eaton and Percie Hopkins were the school's representatives in extempore work at DeKalb. They received fourth and fifth places, respectively. It was an exceedingly close contest, as first place and fifth place were only ten points apart. Hopkins, who was fifth, had a rating of 260, and the man who won first place had a rating of 270. Neither Eaton or Hopkins have been seen on the platform until this year, but as both are Seniors, and graduate with the class of '16, the school will not have the benefit next year of the experience they have just gained.

The most serious blow to the school next year will come through the resignation of Mr. A. V. Essington. Mr. Essington, as a member of the R. H. S. Faculty, has been coach of dramatics, oratory, debate, and extemporaneous speaking for the past two years. He has, however, announced his intention of practising law in Rockford. He won an enviable record for himself, both at Grand Prairie Seminary, and at the University of Illinois, in all lines of public speaking. No doubt the old lust for battle is returning; so he will enter new fields of contest and victory.



BJ



FS



GB



CP



FB



WW



AB



MB



RL



EL



AA



HH



CO



AM

The Camera Club

Presidents

Edward Lind

Bauer Radcliffe

Vice-Presidents

Elizabeth Knapp

Anna Ogburn

Secretaries

Frances Buckbee

Wesley Wettergren

Treasurers

Bauer Radcliffe

Charles Olson

Critic

Miss McEvoy

Miss McEvoy

Corresponding Secretaries

Bruce Johnson

Paul Barber

Under the direction of Miss McEvoy, Edward Lind, and Bauer Radcliffe, the Camera Club has had a very prosperous year. This year the Club attempted a new line of work, namely, the printing and developing of pictures of school events. Seniors have availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the Club, and invested liberally in



BB



BT



MK



HW



HJ



WF



FVF



FC



BR



Who?



TW



GL



RH



MW



MS



EK



FK



ES



FG



WJ



MJ



AS

pictures to adorn the pages of their memory books. An automatic printing machine has been installed in Room 53 for the Club to use. Up to the month of May over seventy dozen pictures have been sold. The Club has also furnished a large proportion of the pictures used in the Steen.

However, Camera Club is not all work and no play. The weather man's fancies fail to annoy the members of the Club. Winter snowstorms, April showers, or blustering Spring winds do not daunt them or interfere with their plans. The most enjoyable hike of the season was taken to Blackhawk Park on a cold winter's day, when the members plodded through six inches of snow.

The pins of the Club, a Roman Gold camera bearing the names of the club and school, are being proudly worn by the members. The Club intends to broaden the scope of its work next year along the line of pictures, and to be in a position to accomplish more work for the school.

Maxine Julian



Wireless Club

THE Rockford High School Wireless Club has firmly established itself as a strong organization of the High School. Starting but two years ago as a new organization, it has done many things of value and has not yet reached the height of its accomplishments.

The members of the club meet every Wednesday afternoon in Room 52, where the business is transacted and the meeting conducted according to parliamentary law. After the business meeting, a program consisting of short talks treating on the different subjects relating to wireless is given by several of the members. A complete wireless course published by the Electro Importing Company of New York City is also taught, lesson by lesson, at each meeting.

During the Basket Ball Tournament, the scores were sent out at the end of each half of every game. Many stations picked these scores up and communication was established with Polo. Arlington, Key West, and other large commercial and amateur stations have been heard during the past year.

By gradually perfecting the apparatus and by adding more members to the club, the Rockford High School Wireless Club will become one of the best clubs of its kind in this part of the state.

C. A. B., '18.

*G. Pacey**L. Dildine**G. Thompson**E. Mead*

Biology Club

THE Biology Club was formed in 1908 under the name of the Outing Club. Later the name was changed to Biology Club. Originally only those taking botany or zoology were eligible to active membership, but this autumn a new constitution was adopted, which provided that any pupil of Rockford High School might join.

At the indoor meetings which are held once a month we do not delve exclusively into science, but vary our program with stories, humor, music, and occasionally we have refreshments or an initiation. During the winter we have one field trip each month and oftener in the spring and fall. On these trips we are as informal as a party of





tramps, but unlike tramps, we are never without refreshments. Twice a year we have a weiner roast, at which we not only get all we want to eat, but get better acquainted with each other.

Each active member is required to engage in some biological work. If he takes botany or zoology this is sufficient, but if not, he may take data on birds or plants, or he may write an essay on some topic connected with biology, as for instance, one member this year wrote a thirty-page theme on "The Inheritance of Color in Animals."

The club is compiling a list of herbaceous plants found in the vicinity of Rockford. In the autumn of 1914, a total of 386 species had been identified by club members. Fifteen new species were discovered in the spring of 1915, and twenty-two during the summer and fall, making a total of 423. Usually the club members engage in some sort of work collectively, such as the naming of trees and shrubs in city parks and school-yards, or making a tree census, but this year, outside of the flower calendar work, which is never finished, only individual work has been done.

G. L. G., '17.

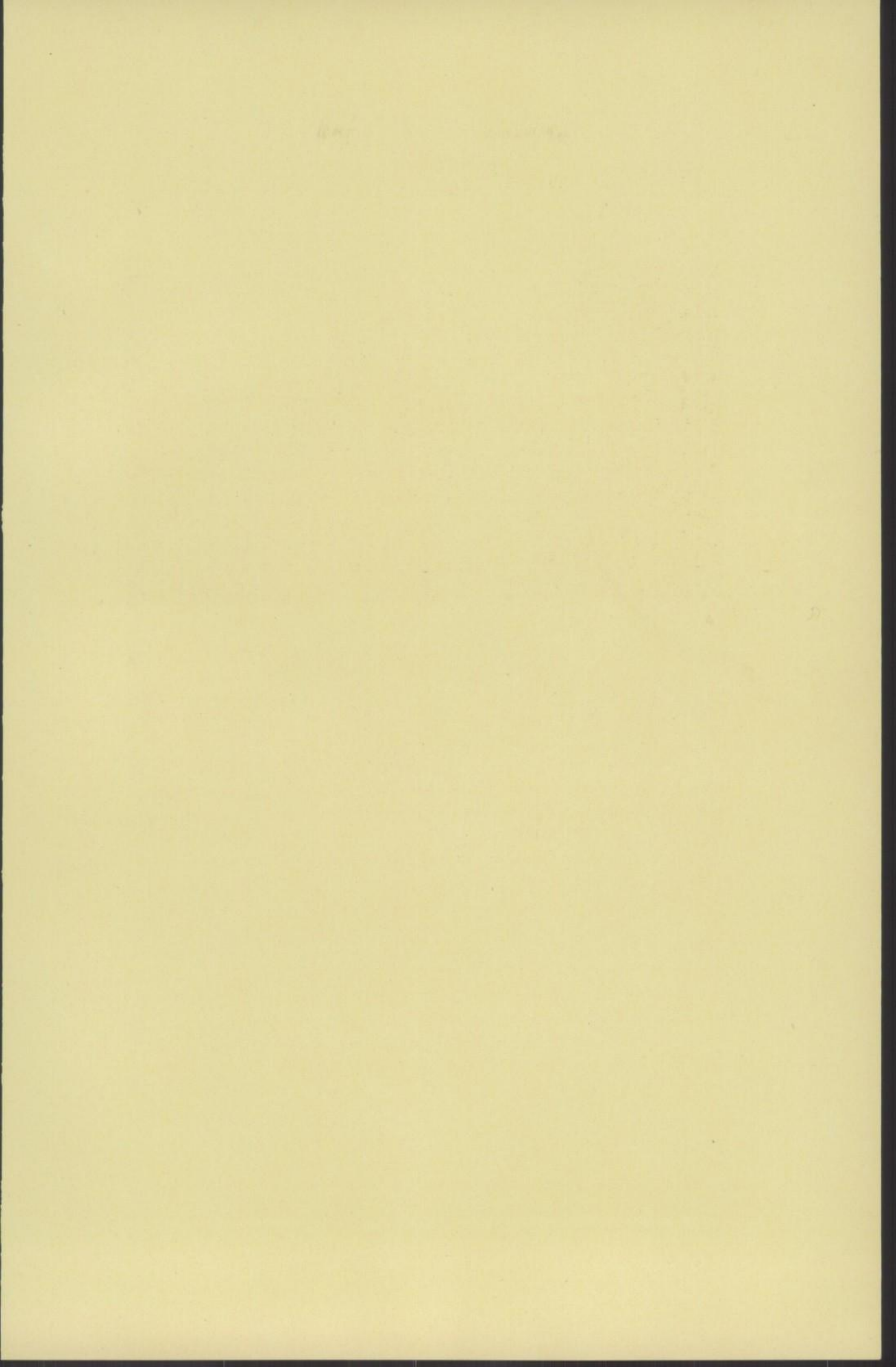




Engineering Society

THE Rockford High School Engineering Society has lived up to its past record this year by coming back stronger than ever. The first thing that occupied the attention of the members when school opened last September, was the adoption of a revised constitution. When this matter had been satisfactorily disposed of, the members proceeded to improve their engineering ability by the purchase of a mechano set for model building. In December the members celebrated the close of a successful half year by a feed in the upper lunch room.

During the second semester the boys continued their successful work of the first semester, besides visiting several industrial plants of the city for inspection. However, the crowning social event of the year was the first annual banquet at the East Side Inn on March 24, when several of the alumni graced the occasion with their presence. Taken all in all, the results of the year's work show that the R. H. S. E. S. is bound to come back stronger next year than ever before.





The Football Team



It was the great work of Captain Cotta that really was the cause of last season's success. From his position at center he was in on every play, setting an example that inspired the fellows to do or die. Crust outplayed every center he ran against last fall, and as a proof of that, he was chosen All State Pivot. The player who attempts to fill Morrey's shoes when the football again rolls around, will find it mighty hard, for with Captain Cotta at center that position was impregnable.

The first part of the season found captain-elect Olander at tackle and guard, but later he was shifted to fullback where he proved to be a demon. This is where he probably will be found in 1916. Milt is a hard, earnest worker of Cotta's type, full of "pep" and doesn't talk a whole lot. Everything points to a hard coming season, but Olander will teach the "rookies" to fight and then we'll have another good season. Good luck to you, Captain!



In the early part of the season Yoy had the misfortune to dislocate his knee during a scrimmage and this kept him out of the game off and on throughout the year. But when he was on his feet George demonstrated that he was one of Rockford's best guards. Backed by a year's experience, he would have been a whirlwind; so it was Rockford's hard luck that he was kept from play.



When the team lined up before a game Dick was usually found at tackle. The size of the opponent didn't matter much to him, for he usually played circles around whatever bulk he was put up against. Richard wasn't the kind that play to the grandstand, but he was steady in every game. Johnson's trump was his ability to break up plays, which he often did before they had time to get under way.

Morgan was the find of the season. Although he had never been heard of before he developed into one of the shiftiest players of the year. Porky was also great at the kick-off, but when Tom's boot was well he wasn't needed. Because of his speed, "Fat" was the main figure in several trick plays and it was not seldom that he left the crowd behind and planted the ball behind the posts.



Muecke, our all-around man, played equally well at any place he was put. He was usually found at a half or at full-back, but sometimes he held down an end; and he acquitted himself well, although his regular position was at center. Fritz had the advantage of the several positions; so when the final score was taken it found him the greatest point getter of the team. Muecke was a contender for All State honors.

Rhodes, our end and quarter-back, was perhaps the cleverest man on the team to pull down forward passes. It was a mighty poor pass that he couldn't get under and when his hands found the ball it wasn't often that it got away. A pass to "Dope" many a time resulted in a good, substantial gain. Dusty will be mighty valuable next year, as he is the only veteran back with the exception of Olander.





Of at least half a dozen worthy contenders for the quarter-back position, Caddie was the only one to survive. He strengthened his hold on the place by brilliant runs, some over half the length of the field, for touchdowns. Harold was one of the best tacklers on the team and many a time did he bring down a runner headed for our goal posts. Caddie's runs and long punts are sure to be missed next fall.

When Swarthy first reported for practice few believed that he'd make good, but he developed marvelously and became a steady and consistent guard. Knocking the opponent out was his favorite recreation and when his raw-boned hands found home—he needed a new opponent. He isn't naturally rough, just big and strong. He and Cotta formed a combination that was very seldom penetrated.



Louie, our veteran half-back, was right there when it came to backing up the ends. Men got past the end, but they never went much further. Louis always pulled them down. That south foot of his was a valuable asset to the team, for with him and Caddie alternating, we seldom lost ground in exchange of punts. Danforth's being laid up at the end of the season crippled the team considerably.

Elmer Johnson and Cotta, both with three years' experience, formed the backbone of the team. Tom made his side of the line a stone wall. The enemy made the fewest gains there and when Caddie called a play through Elmer T. there was a hole big enough for an elephant to pass through. Tom's consistency as a goal kicker demands recognition as he missed only two or three during the entire season.





When Spalding hit the line he threw the human beings aside as though he were a high-powered snow-plow. John never failed to gain, whether there was a hole or not. It was he who shattered Elgin's line. This event directly led to victory. Jack was undoubtedly one of the greatest full-backs that R. H. S. has ever known and in the fall there is going to be a vacant place behind the line where Old Man Pete used to camp.

Our right end was held down by Swan. He was in the game every minute and he was just where he should be just when he was most needed. A good many quarterbacks wondered why no plays ever got around our end, but when they tried one they found out. It was no uncommon thing to smell burnt shoe leather when Swan tore up the field. If Captain Olander had two ends like Swan he could lick the whole slate next year.

Frederick Muecke.



Things looked mighty black for Art at the beginning of the season. He held himself back, and as a result he was overlooked for several weeks. But one night he got a chance with the scrubs and he showed up a few of the regulars. From that time on he was on the first string and played a sterling game at tackle. Thissel was a demon in the Peoria game when he was practically the whole team.

Wahlgren, a veteran lineman, was the biggest and heaviest man on the squad. He played a good game at guard throughout the season and was a big factor in the Rockford "stone wall." Horse had the charge down pat. It wasn't seldom that he straddled the opposing line and crushed an attempted play in its infancy. Lud and Swarthy were mountainous guards, whom few of the enemy ever succeeded in climbing.





The '14 season should have been Walt's last football year, as he was a senior, but he was determined not to leave R. H. S. without an "R". By hook or crook he kept down his credits so that in '15 he was still an undergrad. Gimp made good. He held down an end in great style. Walt deserves a great deal of credit for the way he bore his uphill fight which ended happily, and finally gave him his coveted "R."

Although not exactly a veteran, Wilcox knew every angle of the game. He was undoubtedly the steadiest half on the team, as it was very seldom that his number wouldn't result in a material gain. Fritz's specialty was off-tackle plays; so not long after the beginning of a game that point was watched closely by our opponents. We don't wish Fred any hard luck, but we hope he is unable to make up his lacking credits and will be with the team again next year.



LINE-UP OF FOOTBALL TEAM

Name	For Short	R's Won	Weight	Position	Class
Morrey Cotta	"Crust"	3	155	Center	'16
Elmer Johnson	"Tom"	3	165	R. Tackle	'16
George Ackerson ..	"Yoy"	2	150	L. Guard	'16
Lloyd Wahlgren ...	"Lud"	2	164	R. Guard	'16
Louis Danforth	"Louie"	2	138	R. Half Back	'16
Milton Olander	"Milt"	1	160	R. Guard	'18
Harold Cadwell	"Caddie"	1	138	Quarterback	'16
Floyd Swanson	"Swan"	1	140	R. End	'16
John Spalding	"Dick"	1	150	L. Tackle	'16
Richard Johnson ...	"Swarthy"	1	155	L. Guard	'16
Arthur Carlson	Pete	1	155	Full Back	'16
Arthur Thorsell ...	"Art"	1	140	L. Tackle	'16
Fred Muecke	"Ole"	1	155	Full Back	'16
Walter Wessman ..	"Gimp"	1	145	L. End	'16
Fred Wilcox	"Fritz"	1	150	L. Half Back	'16
Earl Rhodes	"Dope"	1	145	L. End	'17
Paul Morgan	"Fat"	1	138	R. Half Back	'16



The First Team

FIRSTS' SCHEDULE FOR 1915

	Played At	Score	Won By
Sterling.....	Rockford	55—0	Rockford
Lane.....	Rockford	20—0	Rockford
Crane.....	Rockford	39—0	Rockford
Rock Island.....	Rock Island	34—0	Rockford
Elgin.....	Elgin	21—0	Rockford
Peoria Manual.....	Rockford	26—0	Rockford
Moline.....	Rockford	20—0	Rockford
West Aurora.....	Rockford	7—7	
Oshkosh.....	Rockford	0—3	Oshkosh



The Second Team

SECONDS' SCHEDULE FOR 1915

Opponents	Played At	Score	Won By
Marengo.....	Rockford	33—0	Rockford
Woodstock.....	Rockford	0—0	Rockford
McHenry.....	Rockford	6—0	Delavan
Delavan.....	Rockford	16—0	Rockford
South Rockford.....	Rockford	7—6	Rockford
Marengo.....	Marengo	35—0	



The Second Football Team

WHEN you come to think about it, it isn't the most pleasant and enjoyable thing to play on a second team. When you're always pitted against heavier and more experienced men, who take keen delight in scattering you to the four corners of the field, and when the first team takes all the glory and leaves none for you, who have worked just as hard and who have got hurt a whole lot more, you'll admit it takes a great deal of ambition and tenacity to stick with the scrubs the entire season.

But still a good rookie squad is essential to a successful eleven. Without a second team the firsts would have no one to practice on so they would undoubtedly fall down in the games. The '15 eleven was blessed by having a good, strong reserve squad which remained loyal to the Turkey Day. Although the seconds didn't actually win the games for R. H. S., they were a strong factor in the season's success.

There was a lot of good material in the second squad this season which is bound to be heard from in the next few years. Fellows like Gee, Redin, Smith, Somers, Blomberg, Revells, Williams, Burr, and several others are comers, and will form the backbone of the firsts some day. Sabine deserves considerable credit for sticking out the entire season. As this was his senior year, Bill surely had school spirit.

The seconds had a schedule of their own which was very successful, only one game being lost by the Rockford youngsters, and that to the husky deaf-mutes from Delavan.



Our Coach

THIS is the second year for Mr. Frank Winters as coach in R. H. S., and records show that athletics are feeling the strength of his influence.

During the past season Mr. Winters demonstrated that he was in no way a small town coach. In an incredibly short time he whipped a bunch of raw rookies into an almost unscored-upon machine. Through his magnetism he gave the fellows the spirit to fight as long as they had feet to stand upon, and through this the team made up what it lacked in cleverness, experience, and weight.

Our coach isn't of the kind that knocks. When difficulties arose or when a player made some mistake in a game, Mr. Winters didn't throw salt into an already open wound by telling the fellow that he was putting up a poor game, but he demonstrated the correct thing to do if such and such an occasion should arise. Instead of a feeling of reproof the player always felt as if a favor was being done him.

We have never before had a coach that knew the game as thoroughly or had the ability to handle men that Coach Winters has. He coached for several years before he came to R. H. S., and what he doesn't know about football is not worth knowing.

Out of the entire school, the memory that will be the most lasting and most firmly impressed on the Steen "R" men, will be that of Coach F. J. Winters, whom they hold in the deepest respect and admiration for the square way he treated them on the field.



Football Season 1916

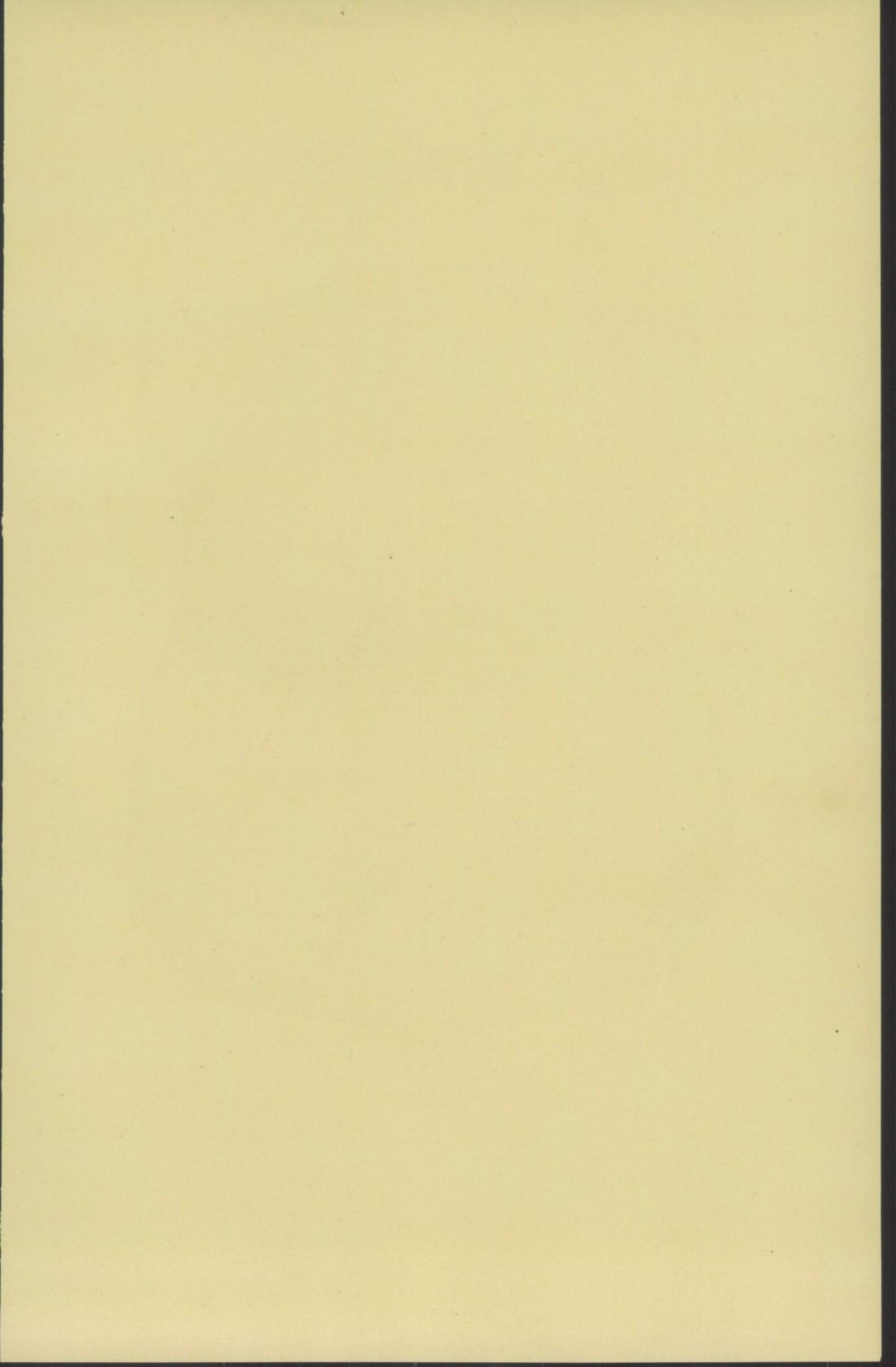
THE season was a successful and an unsuccessful one. Scoring a large total of points and having its goal line crossed but once, the team, under the leadership of its valiant captain, "Crust" Cotta, made a showing that will compare favorably with the records of the best teams of the school. And yet the season ought to be ranked as a poor one, and the team as a failure.

Starting out in the fall with a large squad of men, only a few of whom had had first team experience, the outlook was anything but bright. However, competition was keen and a good spirit pervaded the camp in the preliminary work. The first few games showed that the material was better than had been anticipated, and we won game after game without being scored on. The Elgin game, at Elgin, was a real test, and the team stood up well under fire. It looked now as if nothing could stop the march to the state championship, and the papers and rooters clamored for a game with East Aurora. But fortunately for us, no game was arranged. West Aurora tied us in a loosely played game, and on Thanksgiving Day, Oshkosh, a team of no rating in its own state, disgraced us with a 3 to 0 defeat.

Several causes helped to bring about this downfall. The most powerful influence was the spirit of the school. Smoking, parties, and factional strife were the immediate causes of the poor condition and lack of harmony that finally ruined our chances, but all of these would have been impossible if the attitude of the student body were different. Should the individual be blamed for smoking in football season, if his offense is smiled at rather than frowned upon by the school? Of course, the man who does it is weak, but he is encouraged to do it rather than helped to keep from doing it. Factional strife is nothing more than the expression of the clique spirit in the school, which is tearing our school spirit to pieces and building up in its place loyalty to various groups within the school.

It was only the indomitable spirit of "Crust" Cotta, and the unselfishness and loyalty of some others on the squad that made the season seem to be a successful one in spite of these conditions. It will require a remarkable change in the attitude of the school toward athletics if Rockford is ever to have a really successful season in any branch of athletics.

An Impartial, but Non-Neutral Expert.

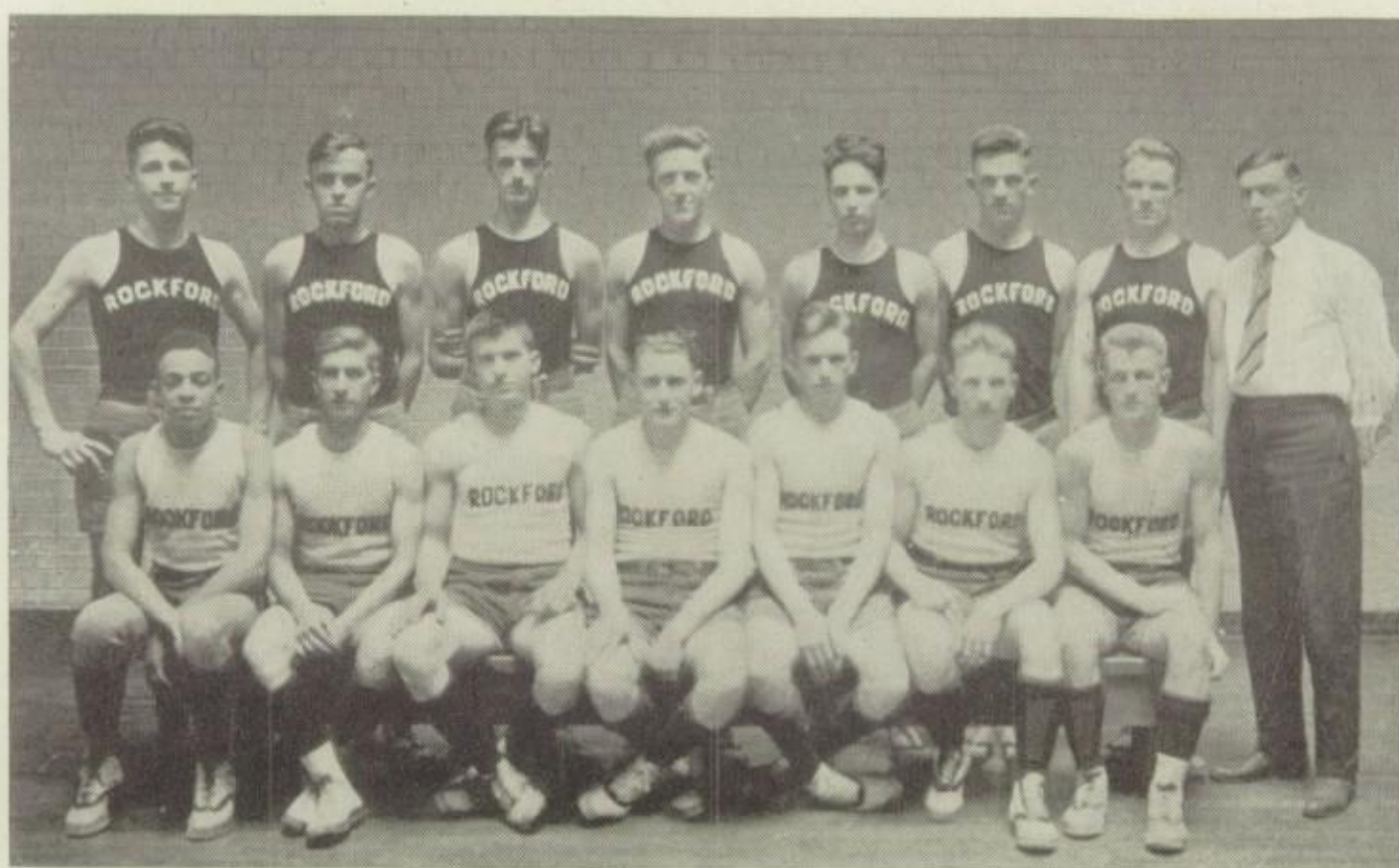




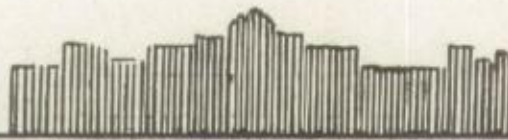
ROCKFORD HIGH



SCHOOL STEEN



First Basket Ball Team



Basketball

THE 1915-16 basketball season will long be remembered as one of the greatest during the School's history. The team did not lack experience as is generally the case, because there were six of the seven last year's "R" men back. Several lower classmen were added to this squad and they received valuable experience which ought to be helpful in future years.

The first game of the season was with the Alumni on New Year's Eve. It was an easy victory for the High School five. The score was 34 to 23, almost a direct reversal of the score a year ago when the Alumni won, 33 to 24. During the game twelve players were used by the High School; this game gave the whole squad a chance to play.

On January 7, Englewood of Chicago went down in defeat by the topheavy score of 38 to 5. Rockford showed much improvement, displaying clever team work and passing. The visitors could not get through the defense of the Rockford team, making only two baskets during the entire game.

The next week, the first team met the Batavia five at Batavia. Rockford started out at top speed and, when the first half ended, the score was 24 to 5. The end of the game the score was R. H. S., 46, and B. H. S., 12. Captain Tom Johnson was very much in the limelight. Aside from playing a clever game at guard, he did splendid work at the basket, leading his team with seven baskets.

January 21, the Rockford High gained an easy victory over West Aurora. The final score of the combat was 34 to 6. Rockford played ragged ball much of the time, showing good form in spurts only. The locals outclassed the Red and Blue in every department of the game, keeping the ball in their own territory most of the time. Marsh was the leading point-maker of the fray, with eight baskets.

Next week the team defeated their old rival, Elgin, by a score of 27 to 11. The Red and Black was handicapped by the absence of Marsh and Ackerson. The features of the game were the clever defense work of Johnson and Cotta, while Wilcox was the offensive star, having six baskets to his credit.

On February 4, the gymnasium was crowded to its capacity with excited fans to see the Belvidere and Rockford High Schools battle. The Rockford team was slowed up by injuries and sickness, but Capt. Johnson and his mates gave a good account of themselves. The fea-



ture of the game was the gameness displayed by the Red and Black. At the beginning of the second half Rockford was behind 16 to 11, but during the last fifteen minutes they obtained an eight-point lead. The final score was 26 to 18.

On February 4, Rockford journeyed to Sterling, where they met their first defeat of the season. The score was 22 to 14. Rockford gave Sterling a hard battle in the first period, at the end of which the Sterling boys led 9 to 8. In the second period the Sterling quintet scored 13 points to Rockford's 6.

On February 11, Wheaton was easily defeated. Although the Wheaton boys were much larger and heavier, Rockford downed them in a fairly easy manner. The score was 25 to 13. Twelve players were used, this being the last chance they had to show what they could do before the tournament squad was picked.

There was one game between the District Tournament and the State Tournament. This was with Byron, a team that was quite prominent in the District Tournament. The game was slow and listless, Rockford still feeling the effects of the tournament grind a week before. However, Rockford took the big end of the score, 23 to 19.

SEASON OF 1915-16

R. H. S.		Opponent		Won By	Played At
R. H. S.	34	Alumni	23	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	38	Englewood	5	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	46	Batavia	12	Rockford	Batavia
R. H. S.	34	West Aurora	6	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	27	Elgin	11	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	26	Belvidere	18	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	14	Sterling	22	Sterling	Sterling
R. H. S.	25	Wheaton	12	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	41	Woodstock	17	Rockford	Tournament
R. H. S.	31	De Kalb	21	Rockford	Tournament
R. H. S.	25	Sterling	21	Rockford	Tournament
R. H. S.	26	Freeport	23	Rockford	Tournament
R. H. S.	23	Byron	19	Rockford	Tournament
R. H. S.	11	Springfield	18	Springfield	Tournament



The Second Team

THE second team had one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school. They won all but the last game, in which they were defeated in an over-time period. On January 7 the seconds met the Swamp Angels, a picked-up team. The seconds were easy victors, winning by the score of 20 to 3. The next week the team went to Beloit and defeated the Beloit High School seconds 27 to 9. At the end of the first half Rockford had scored 11 points to Beloit's nothing. On January 21 the Red and Black seconds were too much for Harlem. It was an easy victory, the score being 21 to 9. The team had a close call with the Elgin High School's seconds, but Rockford finally won out by a score of 9 to 0. The game was close and exciting all the way through. The score at the end of the first half was 3 to 3. In the second half Rockford got a good start, but Elgin crawled up and came within a point of tying the score when the whistle blew. On February 4, the Belvidere seconds pitted their strength against that of the Rockford seconds. The game was a thriller, Rockford winning in the over-time. In the second half Belvidere hit a fast pace and the outcome seemed hopeless for Rockford. They got busy and rolled in enough to tie the score. In the over-time Belvidere made a free throw and Rockford made a basket. The final score was thus 20 to 19 in favor of Rockford. The next week the team went to Beloit, and met the Beloit Industrial School of that suburb. It was an easy victory for our men. The score was 39 to 18. The next week Beloit Industrial played us a curtain-raiser game for the Wheaton game. The features of the game were Burr's basket shooting and Wahlquist's guarding and floor work. The score was, Rockford 30, Beloit 9. On March 3 the seconds met their first defeat at the hands of Harlem in a slow game. The score was 22 to 20.

SECOND TEAM SEASON 1915-16

R. H. S.		Opponent		Won By	Played At
R. H. S.	20	Swamp Angels	3	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	27	Beloit High	9	Rockford	Beloit
R. H. S.	21	Harlem	9	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	9	Elgin High	8	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	20	Belvidere High	19	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	39	Beloit Industrial	18	Rockford	Beloit
R. H. S.	30	Beloit Industrial	9	Rockford	Rockford
R. H. S.	20	Harlem	22	Harlem	Rockford



Tournament Games

THE District Tournament held in the Armory February 24-25-26 was a big success. Eighteen teams from northern Illinois were represented there. Rockford played its first game with Woodstock on Friday afternoon. The second team played the first half, but was replaced by the first team in the second half. On Saturday morning Rockford played De Kalb. The second team held them down until the last six minutes, when Rockford's first team was put in. The score was Rockford 31, De Kalb 21. In the afternoon Rockford met Sterling in the semi-finals. Here was the chance for revenge on the Sterling team, for the small margin of the score which they had handed Rockford two weeks before. The first half and all but ten minutes of the second half were played by the Rockford seconds, the firsts playing but the last ten minutes. The game was close, Rockford winning by a four-point margin.

In the finals Rockford met its old rival, Freeport. This was probably the best high school game ever seen in Rockford. The game was close and exciting from start to finish. The Armory was crowded to the limit with excited fans and several hundred were turned away.



There was no question in the minds of the spectators by the end of the first half as to whether Rockford would overcome the two-point lead of Freeport or not. Captain Tom Johnson, Morry Cotta, Keith Marsh, Ray Ostrom, and Fred Wilcox certainly deserved the outburst of enthusiastic celebration which greeted them as the victors over the state champions of the past year.

The State Tournament was held at Decatur on March 9-10-11. On Friday afternoon Rockford met defeat in the first game with Springfield. The game was evidently played by the officials, for the actual playing was very slow, being retarded by the calling of 36 fouls, which number exceeded the total scoring of both teams by 7 points. The score was Springfield 18, Rockford 11.

The District Tournament Score:

Woodstock	17	}	Rockford	31	}	Rockford	25	}	Rockford	26
Rockford	41									
Sycamore	24	}	De Kalb	21	}	Rockford	25	}	Rockford	26
De Kalb	31									
Mt. Morris	22	}	Sterling	40	}	Sterling	21	}	Rockford	26
Sterling	24									
McHenry	23	}	Byron	24	}	Sterling	21	}	Rockford	26
Byron	33-29									
Elizabeth	25									
Belvidere	46-56	}	Belvidere	15	}	Freeport	34	}	Freeport	23
Huntley	17									
Mt. Carroll	15									
Freeport	27	}	Freeport	25	}	Freeport	34	}	Freeport	23
Harlem	16									
Polo	30	}	Polo	18	}	Waukegan	16	}	Freeport	23
Dixon	22									
Warren	11	}	Waukegan	43	}	Waukegan	16	}	Freeport	23
Waukegan	69									



The Inter-Class League Champs

THE Inter-Class League, which was formed by Coach F. J. Winters, for the purpose of developing promising material for the future, was a marked success during the past season. Many players left the ranks of the league teams to take a place on the squad.

The Greens grabbed the league pennant by defeating the Purple team in a post-season game, played for that honor. The Greens were led by Capt. F. Muecke, who showed skill in playing his men, and always played a good guarding game. L. Wahlgren at center played a stellar game, and H. Englund at forward was the main basket tosser. The other members of the team were Bird and Erickson at forward, Bacon and Edman at guard. The Greens had a good record, winning eleven games and losing but one, with the Purples a close second with ten victories and two defeats. Other strong teams of the league were the Whites and Blacks, who were well up in the race. We hope for a promising year in 1917.

R. W. E., '16.



Rockford High School Golf Club



The R. H. S. Golf Club

FOR enthusiastic participation by the members in its activity the Rockford High School Golf Club, organized late in the fall of 1915, easily ranks first among the new clubs of the High School. The officers of the first term were: President, Douglas Craine; Secretary, Charles Beach; Treasurer, DeWitt C. Sprague; Captain, Kenneth Barnes. These officers, together with Mr. A. C. Beyer, Mr. Rex Dunn, and Mr. Harold Lund, were elected to act as a Board of Directors.

A Fall Tournament was begun November 5, and completed by Thanksgiving Day. The club is to be congratulated on the promptness with which the event was carried through. Many of the contestants developed good golf during the event, and several matches were carried to the last green for settlement, while in some cases many extra holes had to be played. This evidenced the close calculation of the Handicap Committee. H. H. Cutting Company, of the Golf Shop, generously donated a fine Paragon Brassie Spoon as a prize for the winner, and the Sinnissippi Golf Shop gave two "Colonel 31's" to the runner-up. Arthur Twardock won the balls, Mr. D. C. Sprague won the club.

Officers were elected for the Spring term as follows: President, Orlyn McLeish; Vice-President, Raymond Purinton; Secretary, Charles Beach; Treasurer, Mr. D. C. Sprague; Captain, Douglas Craine. During the week of April 12—18, a scratch medal play competition was played. Charles Beach, Hurley Carlson, and Douglas Craine were tied for low score at 93. On the play-off Charles Beach won first prize, two golf balls, and Douglas Craine, took second, one ball.

The Club staged three tournaments during the Spring of 1916. The first was the Spring Handicap Match Play Tournament. Prizes in this tournament were: an Ivory-faced Driver for the winner; this prize was donated by The Sinnissippi Golf Shop; a Gold Medal Brassey for the runner-up; this was donated by the Golf Shop of H. H. Cutting; prizes for the semi-finalists were two golf balls each. The second tournament was the Championship Match Play event. The following prizes were given: The Anger Jewelry Company's Cup for the school champion; a Paragon Brassey Spoon for the runner-up; Iron Clubs for the semi-finalists. The third tournament was the H. H. Cutting Handicap Tournament, played after May 30. Play in this event consisted of a round of medal play, open to all club members who failed to reach the semi-finals in either of the other events. The best eight net scores qualified for pairings in match play. The results in these tourneys can be seen on a later page.

C. BEACH, Secretary.



Fall Handicap Tournament

H. H. Cutting Prize to the Winner

Sinnissippi Golf Shop Prize to the Runner-Up

Nov. 5 to Nov. 26, 1915. 12 Hole Matches. Match Play

9	Mr. W. Wuesthoff	}	Mr. Floden,	}	Barnes, 2 up.	}	Barnes, 6 and 4.
14	Mr. T. J. Floden		2 up.				
6	Dave Shoudy	}	K. Barnes	}		}	
6	Kenneth S. Barnes						
14	Mr. C. P. Briggs	}	Mr. Snyder,	}	Finnegan,	}	
10	Mr. H. E. Snyder		By default.		3 and 2.		
3	Raymond Purinton	}	Mr. Finegan	}		}	
6	Mr. C. E. Finegan		2 up.				
6	Quinton Horner	}	W. Beach,	}	Beach, 1 up.	}	Sprague, 5 and 4.
3	Willard Beach		5 and 4.				
5	Franklin Barnes	}	F. Barnes,	}		}	
6	Mr. C. Bergman		1 up.				
5	Mr. Rex Dunn	}	Mr. Beery	}	Sprague,	}	
5	Mr. C. E. Beery				4 and 3.		
5	Harold Lund	}	Mr. Sprague,	}		}	
3	Mr. D. C. Sprague		1 up.				
11	Mr. C. C. Hanna	}	C. Carlson,	}	Beach,	}	Twardock, 2 up.
6	Clarence Carlson		By default.		By default.		
3	Charles Beach	}	C. Beach	}		}	
5	Wesley Wettergren						
4	Harold Williams	}	H. Williams,	}	Twardock,	}	
11	Emory Paulson		4 and 3.		4 and 3		
12	Roland Riddell	}	A. Twardock,	}		}	
4	Arthur Twardock		5 and 4.				
6	Mr. M. D. Jones	}	O. McLeish,	}	Craine,	}	Craine, 4 and 3.
6	Orlyn McLeish		2 up.		4 and 2.		
0	Douglas Craine	}	Tie D. Craine,	}		}	
10	Mr. A. J. Loos		Won Toss.				
6	Mr. R. G. Jones	}	Mr. Jones	}	Jones, 1 up.	}	
5	Glyn Goodwin		2 up.				
6	Mr. R. Brightup	}	Mr. Brightup,	}		}	
3	Frank North		3 and 1.				

Sprague and Twardock won their matches in the semi-finals, and Sprague defeated Twardock 5 up and 4 to play in the 18 holes finals.



The Spring Golf Tournaments

THE Spring Handicap Tournament of the R. H. S. Golf Club was played from May 10 to June 8. At the time of going to press the following matches had been played: First Round—Wessman defeated Barnes, 2 and 1; Lund, Anderson, 4 and 3; Bowman, Mr. Finegan, 8 and 7; Williams, H. Carlson, 3 and 2; Catlin, Redin, by default; Mr. Brightup, Ballou, by default; North, Mr. Wuesthoff, 2 up; Danforth, Shoudy, 8 and 6; Swenson, Weldon, 1 up; Twardock, Wahlgren, by default; Beach, Golden, 2 and 1; Mr. Beyer, Horner, 7 and 5; McLeish, C. Carlson, 1 up; Mr. Sprague, Craine, 2 and 1; Purinton, Johnson, 9 and 8; Mr. Bergman, Needham, 6 and 5.

Second Round—Lund defeated Wessman, 3 and 2; Bowman Williams, 5 and 3; Brightup, Catlin, 5 and 3; Danforth, North, 2 and 1; Twardock, Swenson, 4 and 2; Beach, Beyer, 6 and 4; Sprague, McLeish, 6 and 5; Purinton, Bergman, 7 and 6.

Third Round—Lund defeated Bowman, 2 and 1; Purinton defeated Sprague, 2 up in 36 holes. This left Lund to play in the semi-finals against the winner of the Brightup-Danforth match, and Purinton to play in the semi-finals against Beach, who won from Twardock 7 and 6. All of these men play strong games, and so it would be rash to prophesy who the winner will be.

The Championship Scratch Tournament was begun on May 24, and like the handicap event, is not yet finished. The play has been as follows:

First Round—Horner forfeited to Swenson; Redin to Sprague; Ballou to Weldon; Wahlgren to Johnson; Purinton defeated Williams, 7 and 5; Lund, Catlin, 7 and 6; Twardock, Wuesthoff; Barnes forfeited to H. Carlson; Danforth had to go 19 holes to defeat Beach 1 up; C. Carlson forfeited to North; McLeish defeated Shoudy 2 and 1; Beyer, Bowman; Golden, Finegan, 4 and 3; Brightup, Anderson, by default; Craine, Needham; Wessman, Bergman, 2 and 1.

Second Round—Sprague defeated Swenson, 3 and 2; Johnson, Weldon, 1 up, Carlson, Twardock, 7 and 5; Purinton, Lund, 4 and 3; H. Carlson, Twardock, 7 and 5; Danforth, North, 4 and 3. The following matches are yet to play in the second round: McLeish-Beyer; Golden-Brightup; Craine-Wessman. Sprague and Johnson will fight for position in the semi-finals; and H. Carlson will play Purinton to decide entrance to the semi-finals. As in the Handicap Tournament, so many strong players are left in that it is almost idle to speculate, but Sprague says, "Keep your eye on Purinton." Every one knows that Danforth, Craine, H. Carlson and Beyer are strong contenders, while Mr. Brightup, Golden, Johnson, Wessman and McLeish are likely to prove dark horses and upset all prophecy.



Girls' Gymnasium

THE regular gymnasium work this year was similar to that of former years—chiefly folk dances and drills. The girls began early in the spring to practice on the drills for the May Festival, and, as usual, made a beautiful showing. The number of girls taking advantage of gymnasium work this year has been immensely increased because of the wider interest of the girls in this line of work, and also because of the state law recently passed which requires at least one year of gymnasium for graduation. This law shows the importance gymnastic work for girls has assumed in the public mind. Perhaps the most dreaded piece of apparatus is the Swedish horse. To clear this in perfect style is considered an enviable accomplishment.



Through these various exercises Miss Hill strives to develop graceful, well developed Seniors from the crude, gawky, awkward material which comes to her every school year.

BASKETBALL

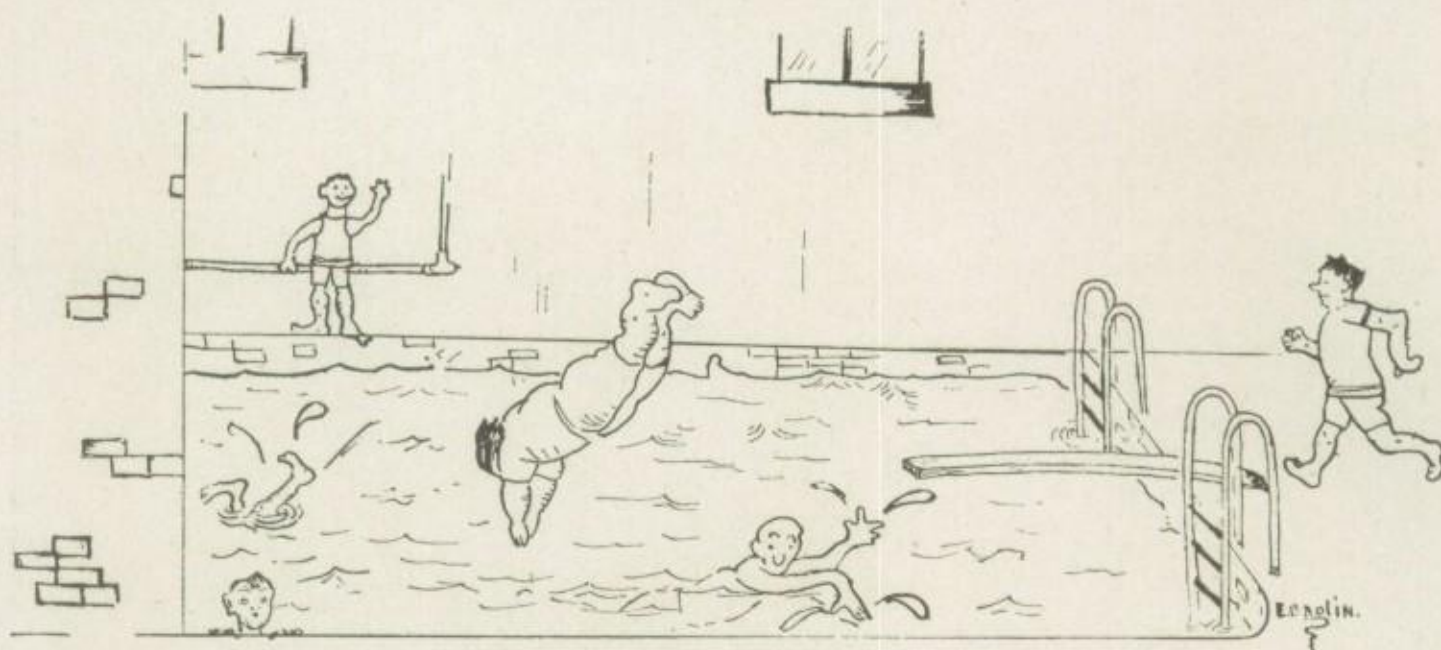
Interest in this activity reached its climax in a miniature tournament which proved a near rival to the Northern Illinois District Tournament held in the Armory, for several of the games proved nearly as exciting as the Rockford and Freeport game, and even larger crowds desiring admission were denied entrance.



Girls' Athletic Club Officers



Girls' Athletic Club



The Swimming Team.

The Boys' Gym.

AT the beginning of the year there were about four hundred boys taking gym work under the watchful eye of Mr. Winters, the athletic instructor. The classes were unfortunately so arranged that boys who had had one, two, or even three semesters of physical instruction were taking the work in company with boys who had just begun the work. The boy who had had any previous work never got anywhere, but took the now monotonous course all over again. With the new semester Mr. Winters was at last able to change the pupils under his charge to classes graded somewhat according to the amount of work done previously. A hundred and twenty new freshmen were as far as possible kept in classes by themselves.

By an act of the legislature all boys in the state are required to take two years of gymnasium work in order to graduate; so, many juniors who otherwise would not have taken up this course until next year were required to join the classes.

With the change in the arrangement of the classes the work became less monotonous to those who were part way through the course. The drills, in marching, the work with the mats, and the games played all keep a man busy and the invigorating shower afterwards, followed by a brisk rub-down put so much vigor into a man that he is able to do better work in his studies.



The Swimming Team

AN important adjunct to the gym is the swimming pool. This is always swarming with boys, and is extremely popular. At the beginning of the year Mr. Loos had charge of the pool for two seventh periods a week, but as soon as Mr. Moore announced that he was going to organize a swimming team, Mr. Loos handed the job over to him. The pool forms an excellent practice ground for the swimming team and there will always be plenty of material to pick from, as probably two-thirds of the boys in school are swimmers of greater or less ability. All boys taking up swimming are required to have a slip from some doctor stating that they are physically able to swim and have strong hearts.

Mr. Moore took the swimming squad up to the interscholastic meet at Beloit, where Harry Danenburgh took the third prize in the 100-yard race, and Thomas Kennedy won third in the one hundred yards breast stroke. Although this does not seem like a very good showing, yet, considering the fact that this was the first meet in which Rockford had ever taken part, it is a good record.

*R. H. S. Alumni*

1866—1916

THERE is popularly supposed to be a suggestion of something golden about a fiftieth anniversary. Possibly to a graduate of 1916 it may seem that the graduates of 1866 must now be reflecting the golden rays of the setting sun of life; that if there was anything golden about those early school years, that gold is now old gold, better fitted for the melting pot than to be burnished anew and held up for inspection. Or they might remind us that the memories of a far-away time, like an old attic, may hold much of the commonplace, even of rubbish, fit rather for obscurity than to be brought to light.

We must confess that even to ourselves, who, in '66, winged our flight out into life from the top story of the West Side High School, the events we can recall are of small importance. Looking back at them is like looking at a stage through an inverted opera glass. Yet, we do feel a tenderness for that past.

It matters not that you smile because in our young years we were studying Mental and Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity, as part of a course purely cultural,—the vocational course not having then appeared above the horizon. Our library, consisting of a set of encyclopaedias and a very few other books on a corner table, needed no librarian. We have a very distinct remembrance that those very few books were the ones which enabled us to put into practice on a small scale the novelty of gathering facts to supplement the facts given in the text books for the exercise of our memories. That was the germ of the present extensive use of libraries in the schools.

As to the lighter side of school life, that play,—we are quite conscious of the derisive smile that would meet us, should we challenge the present day athlete of the R. H. S. to argue the question of the comparative merits of "Crack the Whip" in the West Side Park in the '60's and Basketball. And yet the muscular development from those mild and seemingly tame exercises has stood us in good stead for a half century and we are ready for a challenge to prove it.

It is hard, at this distant time, to so accurately analyze the influences that have made us what we are, that we can say that this or that lifelong impulse originated before we left the High School, or that some worthy aim that we might not otherwise have had, had its birth there. But we are distinctly conscious that the ideals of culture and character that we found in our own homes, were strengthened by our leaders at school. Mr. Blodgett, now of Washington, D. C., and Miss Townsend, now Mrs. Bidwell, of Freeport, are still living illustrations of the ideals for which they stood fifty years ago. We associate them not only with our pleasure in study but with our respect for that thorough-going accuracy and honesty in work which were characteristic of the scholar and of the New England character.

Of the class of '66, which numbered eight, Death has taken toll of



only one. Of the other seven, three are still citizens of Rockford. None of us are looking down from the top round of the ladder of fame, notwithstanding the fact that the orator of our day gave the flattering opinion that we were destined for great things. A backward look shows these predictions scantily realized. All of us have lived lives of moderate success, happiness and usefulness.

We are proud of the inheritance our children and grandchildren have in the schools. We are still responsive ourselves to the impulses to progress which inspire those in charge to a constant effort to adjust them to the changing need of the times.

When we stand on the street on Children's Day and see the thousands go by, memory takes us back to 1856, when our school days were beginning in the basement of the Baptist church, and then to the day in September, 1857, when we stood in childish awe before that imposing West Side School, waiting for its doors to be opened for the first time.

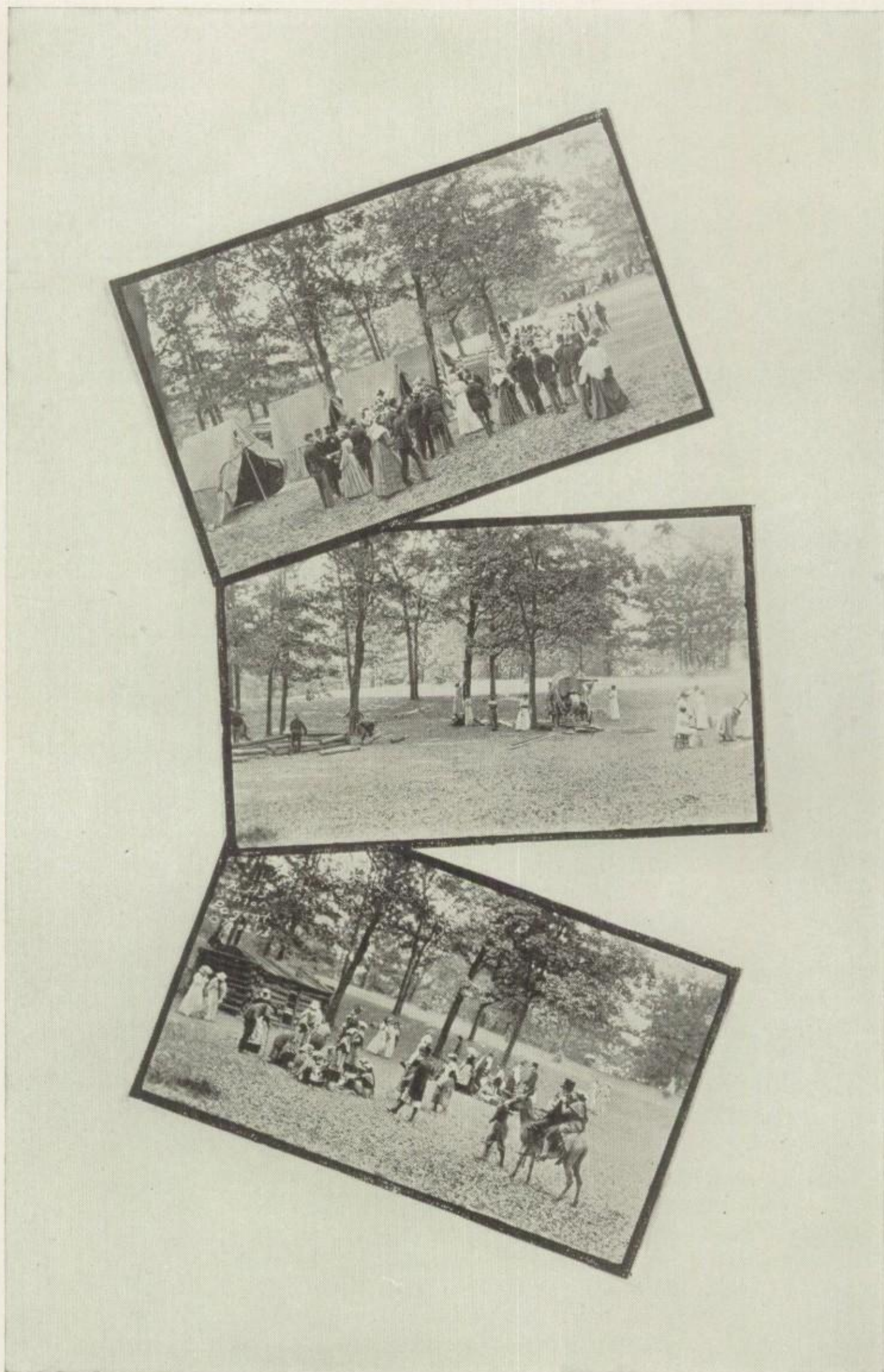
To have been in at the beginning of things; to have belonged to a family that furnished four graduates in the 60's and 70's, nine of the next generation and has now started the third generation in the grades; to have had part in more than a half century of progress, is to have enjoyed a rare pleasure and an increasing gratefulness that fate cast our lot in Rockford.

MRS. ANNA H. VINCENT,
One of the Class of '66,
Rockford, Ill.

1896—1916

THE request for a history of the class of 1896 brought many happy remembrances of High School days to our minds. Some one has described the architecture of the present R. H. S. as Ancient, Medieval and Modern. The class of 1896 graduated from the Ancient building of the present group and we thought our class of sixty-six members the largest and finest that would ever graduate. The school at that time was crowded, classes being held in basement and attic in addition to the regular rooms. Of course there was no lunch room in those days, the boys eating their lunches on the lumber piles along the railroad and the girls going to the Y. W. or eating in the schoolroom.

As we visit the High School today Miss Morse and Miss Waldo are the only familiar faces we see among the faculty. We had a debating and literary society and athletics were beginning to play a prominent part in our school life. The only time the R. H. S. has held the State championship for track and field meet was during our senior year, and three of our boys were stars on the Northwestern football team the following year. A number of our girls are teaching in the city schools and the boys are making a name for themselves all over the great U. S. A.



Pageant of 1915



We cherish a loyal memory for our High School days, and hope the R. H. S. will continue to be an inspiration to the future citizens of Rockford.

H. D. COUNTRYMAN,
Rockford, Ill.

1906—1916

WHEN the class of 1906 entered Rockford High School it was greeted by a reception committee of three hundred upper-classmen formed in a double line, each swinging a heavy lath. The scene on that bright September morning remains as a vivid picture in the minds of every member of the class. Nevertheless, we showed our metal and true spirit by having four members of the first eleven that fall. The school in which we were to pursue our studies consisted of the two center buildings of the present edifice, and not until we were seniors was its size increased, the advantages of which improvement we were never able to enjoy. Instead of a modern cafeteria we had an open air lunch room, on the wood piles along the railroad track. Our principal's office was a glass cage inserted in the main hall, to guard the old north door, the scene of many a class battle.

The high school did not have a basketball team until our Junior year, and practice was confined to the Y. M. C. A. gym, on whose team we had a majority of the members. Our Senior year the team was captained by Howard Swits, and with such stars as "Shorty" Thomas and "Tony" Haines, we captured the championship of northern Illinois, only bowing to defeats by the giant team from Oak Park, Austin, and once by Freeport by the margin of one point. Basketball trips were quite worth while inasmuch as the team was generally accompanied by the girls' team, organized five years before, and on which the class was well represented by Captain Fannie Stowell, "Tat" O'Connor, and Ethel Jardine.

The football team our senior year, with "Hat" Milne, "Tony" Haines, "Al" Robinson, Leslie King, "Bob" Hunter, and Harry Sullivan in the line-up, brought much credit to the school with six victories, two scoreless ties, and one defeat. Holding Beloit College to a tie, and getting the scalps of DeKalb, East and West Aurora, Crane, Freeport and Evanston will never be forgotten.

In Track, "Bob" Hunter was our pride and joy; "Bob" brought home two medals from the State meet at Champaign, his victories having been won in the quarter and half mile.

We had a regular baseball team, too, boys who later made the main league teams,—including Harry Sullivan and Shorty Thomas, not to mention Captain "Tony" Haines, the four "R" man, and Leslie King.

Organizations such as the band, glee clubs, literary and debating societies, had yet to make a start and the girls never went to domestic science or cooking classes.



Literature received a marked impetus from our editor, Ed Snyder, and Ethel Barrymore's only rival could be found in our genial president, Gert Schmauss. The class always enjoyed a thrill when our social leader and Beau Brummel, Lucien Green, appeared in his new Spring suit. The girls always enjoyed Senior English under the tutelage of our handsome Louis Cooper.

We, too, had Math. in old Room 19 under Miss Morse, who, when we were in school, celebrated her twentieth year of teaching.

After a glorious class day at Harlem Park, sweltering commencement exercises in our Grand Opera House, we marched out 102 strong to make our marks in the cold world, and most of us believe it has become much colder in the ten years we have been away from our Alma Mater.

ARTHUR J. KNIGHT, '06,
Rockford, Ill.

1916

SEPTEMBER 9, 1912. A date never to be forgotten, for on that day an army of three hundred wisdom-seekers entered the Iron Portals, which brought us in close proximity to Room 2.

It was only a matter of a few weeks before the upper classmen realized that they had a worthy competitor, for we, the Freshies, began by breaking a record, namely, that of going through the first semester without officers.

We again distinguished ourselves by choosing Apple Green and Red for our class colors. As yet I have been unable to find a similar class color in R. H. S. history. The second semester we organized, choosing Charles Weldon for our president. Chuck was a big man those days (and still continues to be). With his aid we were given a good send-off toward upholding the honor of old '16.

The boys naturally turned toward athletics, thinking that in this way they could push our name to the front.

In football we gave five men to the first squad during our Junior year and came back stronger our Senior year with fifteen men upholding the honor of our class and school under the captaincy of Morry Cotta. The season was a success from both the sporting and financial point of view. We won seven battles, among which were included our old time rival, Elgin; Rock Island, and Moline. West Aurora tied us, and we bowed down to our only defeat of the season to Oshkosh, Wis.

In basketball we again showed our strength. Having five men left over from our Junior year, it did not take long to show the school what Capt. Johnson's team was after. Every opponent was quickly brushed aside with the exception of Sterling, but old scores were not forgotten, for when the district tournament approached, Sterling's scalp was added to the rest of the string. The finals brought Rockford and Free-



port together in the best game of the season. Our team was in true form and many hearts were gladdened when the timer's gun announced the end of the game and greater still, announced Rockford the Northern Illinois District Champion.

Capt. Cadwell brought the track team well to the front, making the year a most successful one. In this he was helped by "Tom" Johnson, Keith Marsh, and "Fritz" Muecke, all from '16, along with the other classes.

The Girls' Athletic Club, under the leadership of Helen Marks, greatly increased the efficiency of all girl athletes and is at the time of writing furthering its cause with increasing vigor.

But athletics was not our only strong point, for we had the majority of the members of the debating teams belonging to our class, including our wide-awake president, Fred Muecke. As in everything else, our reputation still soared high.

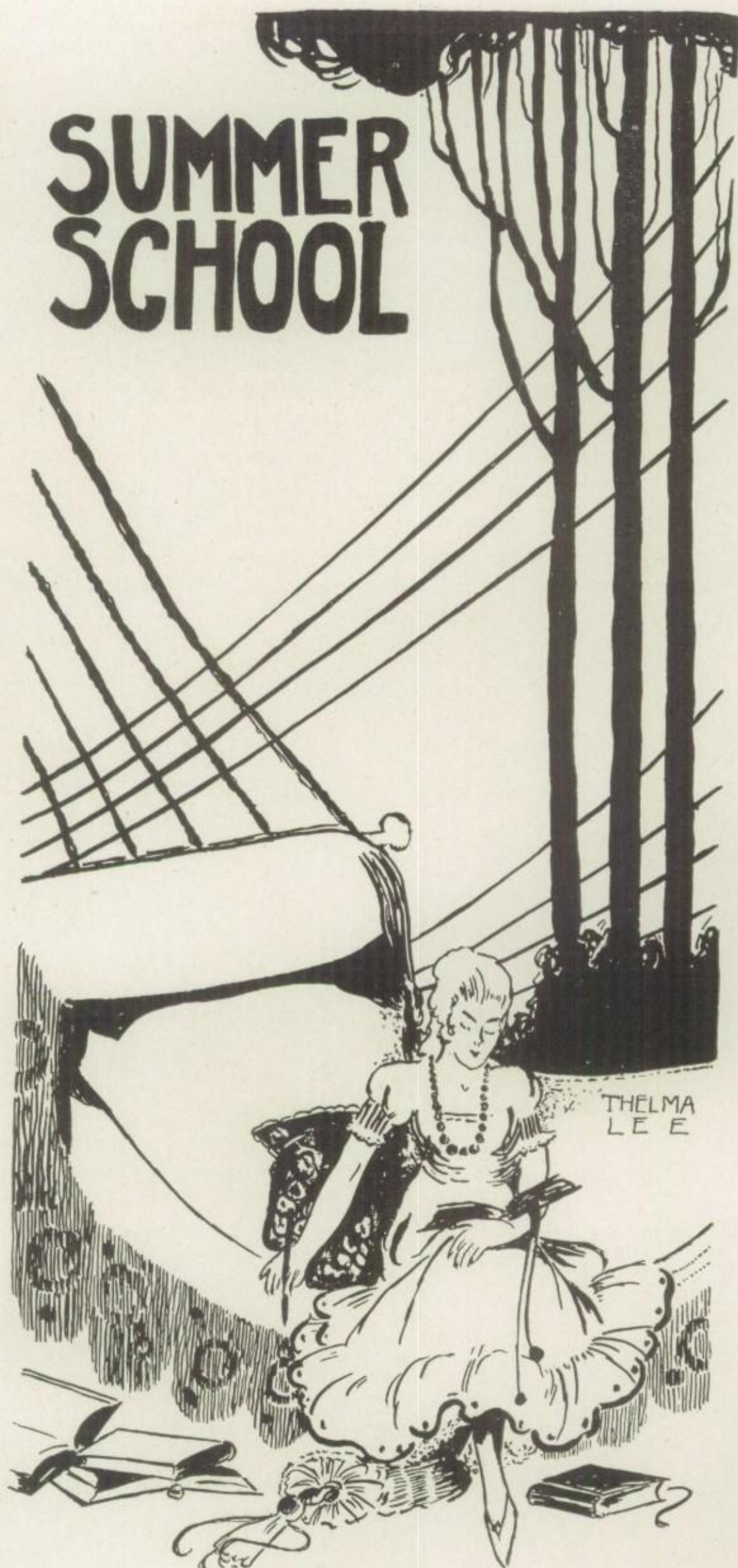
As the end of our school days draws near, we look back with grand reminiscences, feeling a great pride for the many achievements and enterprises with which we were connected.

So, entering with a distinction, we feel it only proper to leave with one, which will be the distinction of having the largest graduating class of R. H. S.

A. A. THORSELL, '16.



SUMMER SCHOOL





THE summer school of 1915 had an enrollment which far outnumbered those of the four preceding years. The work was carried on under the direction of Mr. Kittle, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Remsburg. The studies which were offered were English, Greek, and Roman History.



The student at the summer school did not merely devote himself to hard work, but assemblies and parties were a part of the interesting





routine. One of the most enjoyable parties was a Stunt Party, which was held in the Girls' Gym. Originality was the prevailing element of this occasion.

Every other Friday an assembly was held, the classes alternating in preparing the program, and each class endeavored to excel its predecessor. The Freshmen were to prepare the first program, but were bashful in displaying their dramatic ability; so the assembly period was devoted to the election of officers. The following were elected presidents of their respective classes:

Senior President	Homer Anderson
Junior President	Normie Nelson
Sophomore President	Arnold Sellgren
Freshman President	Jean Floberg

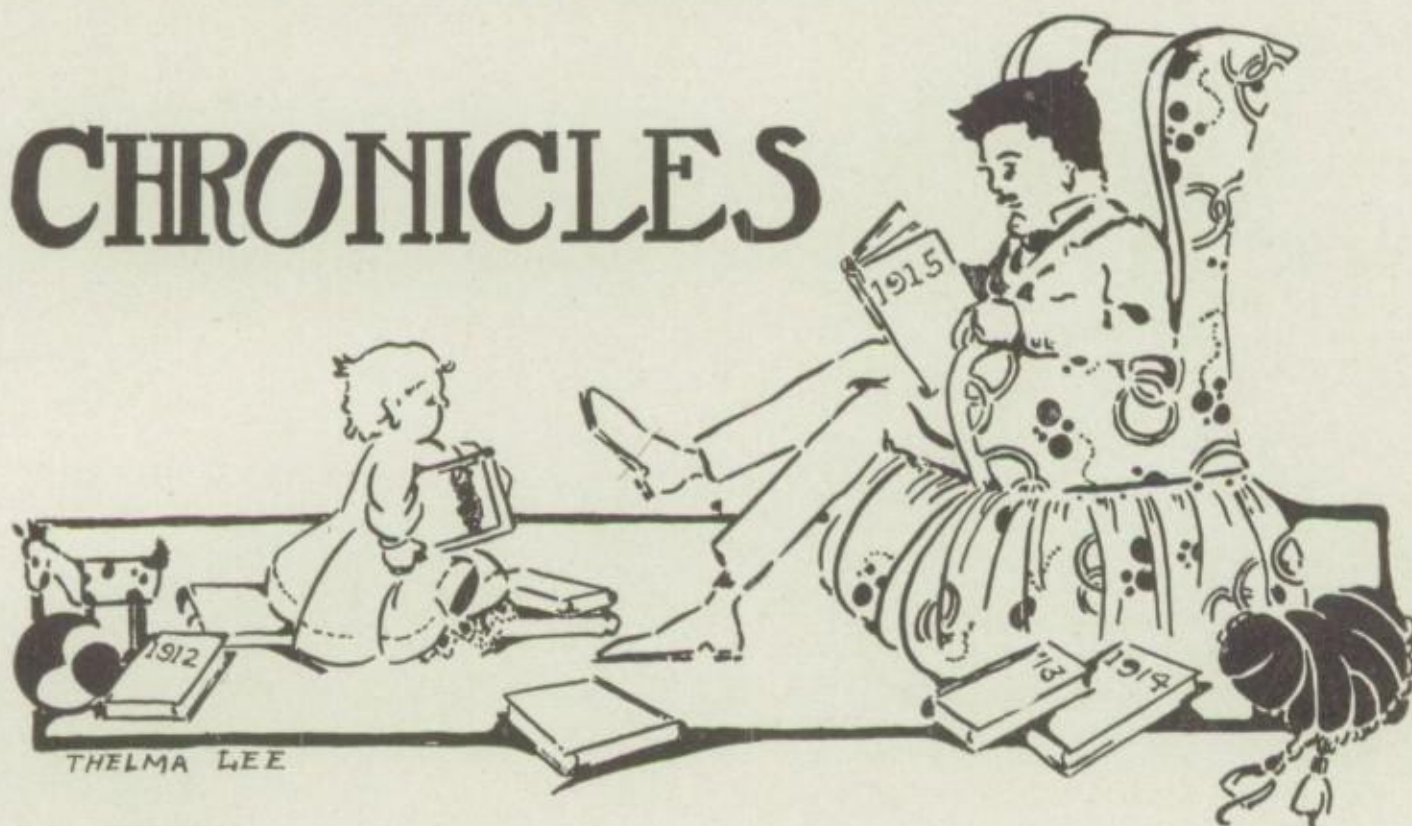
The following Friday the Sophomores gave with great success a sketch of a country school. Normie Nelson made an excellent district school teacher, and Harold Williams as the dunce created much amusement.

The Junior program consisted of readings, orations on John Bunny, jokes, and singing of popular songs. Every one deemed it an entertaining assembly.

The last day of summer school was the occasion for the Senior assembly. Their entertainment consisted of parodies on the leading serials of the movies. A large number of visitors was in attendance and one and all termed the assembly interesting and original. With the closing of summer school, every one looked back on it as a most profitable and enjoyable way of spending one's vacation.



CHRONICLES



Illustrations by Thelma Lee.

Sept. 8. We start upon our Senior year at R. H. S.

Sept. 9. The teachers show no mercy. Regular lessons today, and longer ones for tomorrow.

Sept. 20. First assembly today. A talk on Turkey.

Sept. 24. The first edition of the Owl Weekly proves a great success.

Sept. 25. The first football game. Rockford wins victory from Sterling.

Sept. 28. Class elections.

Oct. 1. Another victory. Rockford vs Lane.

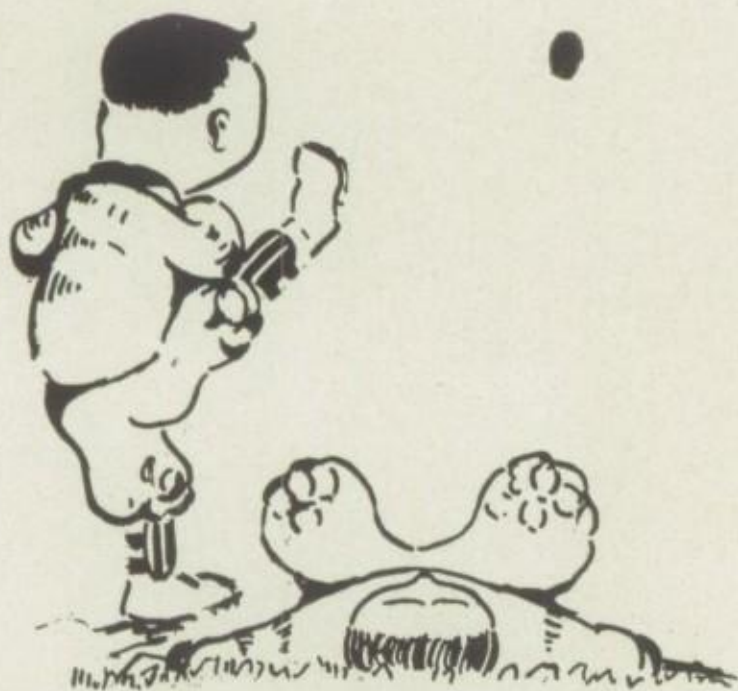
Oct. 9. Rockford, 39; Crane, 0.

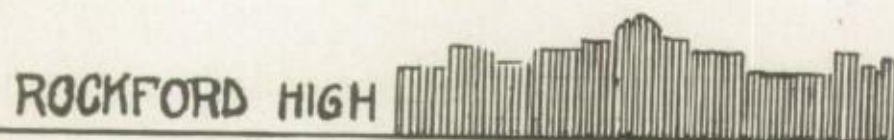
Oct. 12. A new band is organized. Agricultural course proves popular under Mr. Mathews.

Oct. 22. A vacation because of Teachers' Institute.

Oct. 23. Band went to Elgin with many rooters, and Rockford defeats old rivals.

Oct. 29. The first Rally. Football songs prove popular.





Nov. 5. Golf Tournament planned.
Nov. 6. Football! Same old story.
Rockford vs Moline.
Nov. 10. Louie Danforth, football star,
is laid up in the hospital. Many tears shed!

Nov. 8. The Faculty ladies entertain the gentlemen.

Nov. 16. Most exciting game of the season. Rockford ties Aurora.

Nov. 18. Philos hold an open meeting.



Nov. 25. Thanksgiving! Oshkosh defeats Rockford in last game of the season.

Nov. 28. Debates begin.

Dec. 1. Social life starts. Band and Philos entertain at banquets.

Dec. 2. Juniors and Seniors work hard for the County Fair.

Dec. 4. All farmers visit the Beanville County Fair which proved a great success.





Dec. 5. The Honor Roll is increasing. Seniors in the lead.

Dec. 7. First Gym Party given by the girls, as usual.

Dec. 10. Basketball season opens.

Dec. 11. Philippias hold open meeting.

Dec. 12. An assembly. Debaters address student body.



Dec. 14. Family circle of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs was enlarged by the arrival of a daughter, Barbara.

Dec. 17. Rockford wins the affirmative debate.

Dec. 25. Hooray! A vacation.

Jan. 1. Back to school with strong resolutions to put the Owl out of business by all being on the Honor Roll.

Jan. 3. Youngsters trim Alumni.

Jan. 7. Rockford wins from Englewood.





Jan. 12. Annual Staff is chosen, and are now hard at work.

Jan. 14. Basketball. Aurora is beaten.

Jan. 23. Faculty has big increase.

Jan. 25. The halls become too crowded. New locker system is planned.

Jan. 30. Exams! Thanks to the Freshmen, we have a one-day vacation.

Feb. 2. First fire drill. The building is emptied in 1 minute and 28 seconds.



Feb. 9. It was proved this morning that R. H. S. can give just as interesting lectures as any traveller, when Ellsworth Martin gave us an illustrated talk on California.

Feb. 11. First basketball rally.

Feb. 18. A new club is launched, namely, the G. A. C.

Feb. 24. Extra! The tournament is to be held in Rockford. An I. H. S. A. A. shield goes to the victor.

Feb. 25. Rockford Wins Upper State Tournament.

Feb. 28. Shield is presented in Assembly.





Mar. 1. All the world is Dickens, and all the people are Nicholas Nickleby's.

Mar. 3. Beloit Glee Club warbles for assembly.

Mar. 5. Election of officers. Seniors start on their last run.

Mar. 15. Mr. Spaight makes Nicholas Nickleby vivid.

Mar. 16. Mr. Essington returned to school with a smiling face, announcing that he was not the only A. V. now.



Mar. 17. The first Women's Owl.

Mar. 17—25. Spring Vacation.

Mar. 28. Senior meeting, and caps and gowns were chosen as class garb.

Apr. 4. Assembly! A lecture on Norway.
Apr. 7. Seniors ask for Baccalaureate Sermon.
Rev. John Gordon is chosen to give the address.
Apr. 8. Seniors have their pictures taken.
Apr. 10. Track!





Apr. 12. A French and German table was started in the lunch room, but English still proves popular.

Apr. 13. Tennis Club organized.

Apr. 14. The F. A. C. beats the G. A. C. in basketball.

Apr. 16. The cast is chosen for the Senior play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Apr. 19. Valedictorian chosen. Class orator chosen.

Apr. 21. Girls' Glee Club concert.

Apr. 27. Student control in library.

Apr. 30. Rockford Track Team wins from Beloit.

May 5. Boys' Glee Club Concert.

May 7. Physics Assembly. Seniors ousted to Room 10.

May 26. Exposition parade!

June 2. Junior—Senior picnic.

June 5. Seniors give assembly. Best ever!

June 11. The Baccalaureate was given in the Aud. this morning to an interested audience.

June 12. Class Day! One Wonderful Time!

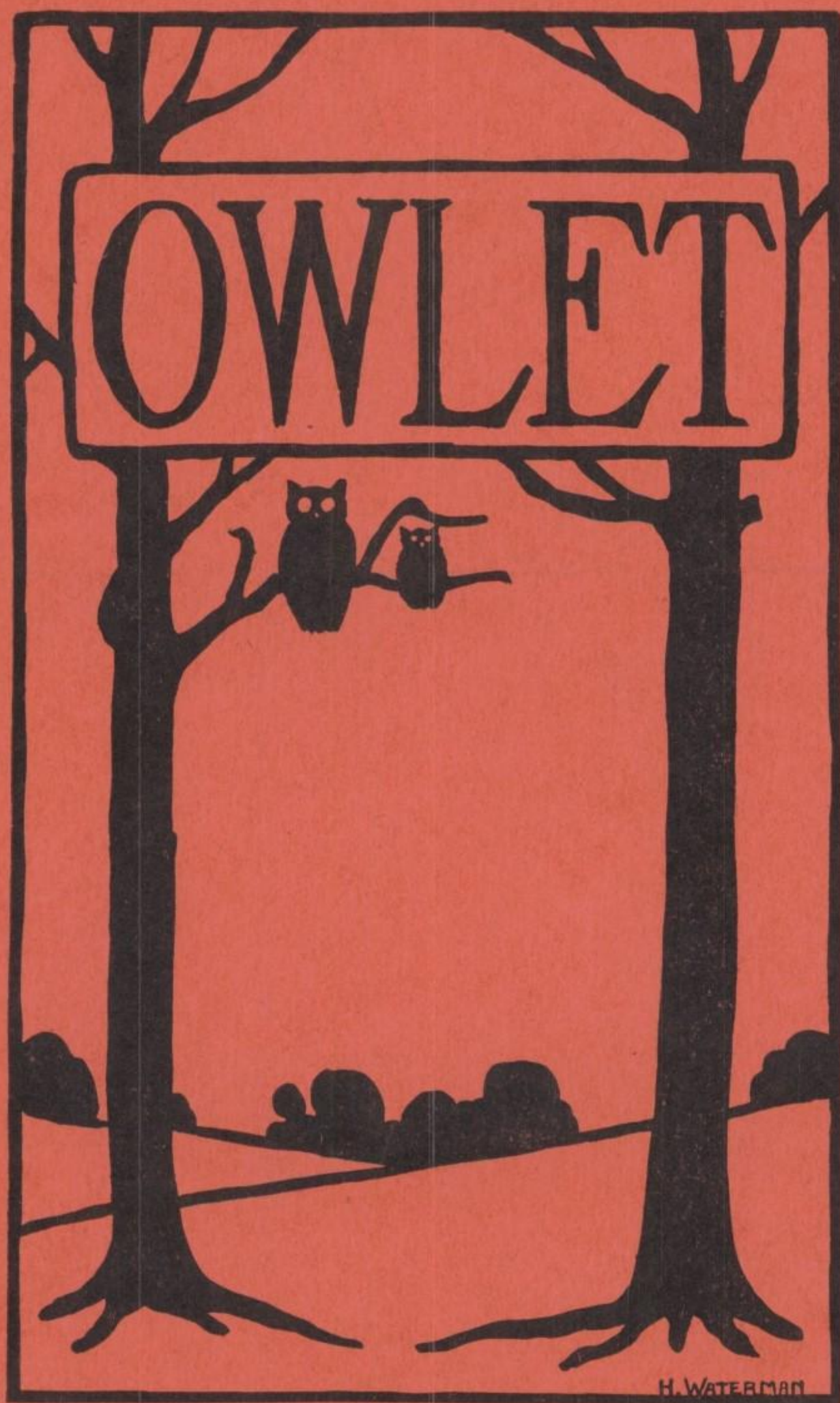
June 14. Class Play a huge success. Credit due instructors.



June 15. A proud company of 225 Seniors received their diplomas on this, their commencement night. The exercises were held in the new Masonic Temple.

June 16. Alumni and Graduating Class celebrate together.

"The time has come for us to part,
From dear old Rockford High,
We leave you now to others' care,
And say our last Good-bye."



Home Theatre

"After All There's No Place Like the Home"

Reels 5---Always---5 Cents

Except on Mon., Fri., Sun., Thurs., Tues., Sat., Wed.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

"The Sponge Diver"

In two absorbing reels, featuring

H. SNYDER

in beautiful aquatics

"Where There's a Will There's Betty"

featuring

MICHAEL SPINDELSON

And the fourth Episode of the serial

"THE CLUTCHING MITT"

two reels of a gripping drama

All This for 5c as Above

No admission of light vegetables, bricks
will be furnished by the ushers

MGR. PERCY HOPKINS



Dedication

To the faculty who are jolly---to the students who make High School life more than a monotony---to Tuvie---to Monk---to K---to Ann---to Fat---to Ikey---to A. C.---to these and their like, this volume of the Owlet is irreverently dedicated.



AS day follows night, as spring follows winter, as remorse is the successor of examination week * * * just so this portion of our volume supplements what has gone before. And as day outshines night, as spring outclasses winter, and as remorse is preferable to exams, just so does that which now follows surpass the earlier sections of our book. Nothing herein is meant personally, the allusions excepted. So, to you who would read this sanctified structure of Spencerian architecture we declare malice toward none and charity for all.



Our Policy

OUR readers have for a long time been fed on a sherbet-and-kisses diet—so long, that we dread putting over an issue of a beefsteak number. Some are well done, others are rare, and some are pretty raw. However, we need a change and we take it (not the change, but change). Take it with a grain of salt. We have progressed somewhat since we started (this is our first issue) and we realize it. But we have progressed alone! We asked one student what he had contributed to our magazine. “Hang it, a dollar!” he replied. We thanked him.

“What’s in a name?” Lots. *Howlyette* is the German word for steadfastness; being neutral, we dropped the *H* because the English don’t, the *y* because it sounds Frenchy, and the *te* because it has the air of noodles. *Owlet* is left. Its meaning is, “let the Owl talk.” We talked to a very young and foolish one.

We stand for everything but nothing in particular. Others stand on their reputation, we stand on our feet, and defy the world to show us a better High School life than our own.

Editors of the Owlet.



The Rave-on



I.

Once upon a week night dreary,
While I studied, cold and weary,
As a student, I wasn't cheery, but
instead was rather sore,
Reviews tomorrow, could I be nap-
ping?
Suddenly I heard a rapping,
Heard a low and gentle tapping,
'Twas a spirit out for gore,
Surely coming to my door.

II.

What can be its vile intention?
What, its plans too low to mention?
Full I am of apprehension
Lest it be some crabbed teacher
come to make me pay a score.
Nearer came the steps and nearer,
Clearer clanked the sword and clear-
er,
Queerer rang the tread and queerer,
'Twas a teacher at my door,
Shedding marks and marks galore!





The Rave-on



III.

Swiftly hastening from my station
 With o'ermuch precipitation, just
 one mark did I implore.
 Twixt my lips the words a-placing,
 Down the hall I started pacing,
 Turned the corner—I was facing
 Him, whom I had feared before.
 Oh, that spirit out for gore!

IV.

Was it Corcoran, Burt, or Geyer?
 Was it Thomas, Haupt, or Beyer?
 What shade was it of the corps,
 That stood there and looked me
 o'er?
 Never mind! I'd not been studying,
 Reviews tomorrow, my mind was
 muddying
 With thoughts of marks I would be
 getting
 Of at least seventy and four.
 Passing? Ah, alas no! Nevermore!





Information Bureau



If you want to know about—
 Men,
 What to wear,
 How to get your card signed,
 How to flunk,
 How to be a shark,
 How to be happy, though not married,
 How to get ill at a convenient time,
 Everything,
 How to catch THE man,
 How to learn things,

Ask Rachel Foltz.
 Ask Annette Hogland.
 Ask Keith Marsh.
 Ask Blondy Wessman.
 Ask Dorothy Jamison.

Ask Kenneth Clark.
 Ask Margaret Ells
 Ask Bruce Henderson.
 Ask Ruby McEachran.
 Ask Clyde Oliver.





BABY



SHOW.



E. Brölin

INTRODUCTION

Come with us to the Baby Show!
 Fat, or delicatissimo,
 Whichever they are, you'll admit they're sweet
 As ever in toyland you'd chance to meet.
 The wonder of this peerless infant show
 Is that these babies of long ago
 Are the teachers in classrooms we daily meet!
Some, you will grant, remain as sweet!



Little Miss Foster! Some one has crossed her.
 What is the trouble today?
 "Some one has played hookey,
 And stolen my cookie,
 And taken my dolly away."

C. C. Hanna takes the banner,
 And marches proudly along!
 Who'd think that some day
 The Delphics he'd sway
 'Neath the spell of his eloquent tongue?





Look at us squarely, sly politician;
Shure! Spake out the b-l-larney, me darlint. I'll
listen!

Or, if yure desirous to finish thot wink,
Do so, fair colleen, at me, I'll not blink!

If life were always golfing, or reading wonderful
books,
If the sun were always shining, if smiles were life's
only looks,
I'd like to be your caddy, or even the book where
you score;
But sometimes there's work to be doing, themes to
write and revise,
Some weather is bad, my wee bit lad, and I some-
what meanly surmise
That once in a while, even you do not smile, so I
think I will say,
"Au revoir!"



Virginia the lovable, Virginia the fair,
You toil not now with dress stuffs, you've trouble
nought nor care
What the styles of women's gowns are, nor what
head-gear they wear.
Some day it will be different, in the late year of
Sixteen,
Virginia, Virginia, our little dolled-up queen.

Bessie, demure one, your fair face and curls
Are not often combined in the most lovely of girls,
But when plus these charms, the mind's beauty we
view,
Sweet Bessie De Bord, our hats off to you!





Airy, fairy Lillian,
Smiling, starey Lillian,
Come out with me and play!
Says Lilly, "I would, but I must be good
For mama has gone away."

Even now her chin is tilted,
Her eyes are roguish, too,
This tiny Comstock lady,
Ready to charm U 2.



Wondering at earth's beauty?
Wondering at numbers small?
Wondering what is your duty?
Wondering at nothing at all?
I can't do this sum.

Immaculate charmer, give me a kiss, I'm sure
You will never miss it, and I will be richer
By just that happiness more.
Little Coggeshall maiden, do kiss me, I implore.
"My mama says, 'No!' and I mustn't do which her
Says I may not," says this girlie demure.





How much do you tip the scales, son?
What do you weigh today?
Some day you'll play great games, and run
The tennis tournament play.

Little boy from the Hawkeye State,
You're up early, and you're up late;
The former, when the alarm-bells sound,
You're up late as oft as the night comes round.



Baby Lillian, sweet little vrouw,
What holds the gaze of those bright eyes now?
I know it's useless for a pupil to guess,
If she can't see your pupil—that's too bright, I
guess.

Did they take away your cake?
Did your dolly's cradle break?
Please look up with cheerful face,
Darling, dimpled, lovely Grace.





Dreat bid dirl, fair Edna A.
What makes you so lightsome and happy to play?
'Tis the light in your hair, and the blue in your eye,
Naught else, dear, can match, save the sun and the
sky.

Little Red Riding Hood,
You surely are a scream!
You look as sweet as Helen could
In a Summer Midnight's Dream.



How many eyes have you, Bubbie Du Frain?
"I can't see," says Bubbie, "but I dot two little
foots."
What lore are you hiding within your sly brain?
"YOU can't see," he replies, "but I'll tell—it's cube
roots."

Little Anne Kjellgren, rare little book,
Edition de luxe, limited to one!
Where is your catalogue? Quick! and we shall run
To look you up, and find you, rare little book.





Athletic little maiden, sweet as your picture still,
Surely you'd have me remember, Gertrude Ione
Hill,
In the days of festive dancing, of the Girls' Athletic Club,
Your pink little gingham apron, when I played with
you as "Bub".

Curly, little darling, a young sage you appear.
Is your mind on the wars of Cæsar, or thinking up
questions queer
To spring on the Rockford Seniors in the Spring
of the Sixteen year?
Curly, little darling, Curly, you're surely a dear!



Agnes, be not so crool,
Turn thy disfavor away!
Smile on us once, and our days at school
Will be sunny and brightened alway.

Ethel, little witch-girl, with dusky tresses and eyes,
I'm sure such a dangerous maiden can bewitch who-
ever she tries
Her spell upon; so please have mercy
On me. Alas! — too late—love curse me!





Elizabeth Corcoran, you're a dainty little miss,
Your eyes are like the rainbow,
Your mouth was made to kiss.
In future years when you've become a school marm
prim, and this
Verse meets your gaze, remember me, dear, dainty
little miss.

Whence came that wild and startled look?
Who frightened you, young sir?
"It wath a girl, in a thtory-book;
She wath wrapped in a bearthkin fur."



When my eyes met yours, sweet damsel,
And I see my own picture there,
In those sky-blue eyes so truthful,
I some of their beauty share.
So, let me look, sweet Isabelle!

Little girl of long ago, bright and happy and fair,
Though the years may pass,
Your truthful glass
Will show your face the same as of old, bright and
happy and fair.





If you were still a baby, and I were a baby, too,
I'd sit all day on the floor with you, and pat your
cheeks and coo.
But I'm a great big Senior girl, and I have so much
to do,
Because you're no longer a baby, and I go to school
to you.



Gallant little swimmer, hunter and trapper and
guide!
Where is your friend Leatherstocking? Where do
the Injuns ride?
Boy, though you live to a hundred, never let care
or let wife
Steal you away from the forest and lake, filch from
you your simple life.

Little dame, come tell us, be fair,
How mama can find you anywhere.
"Thee ith like God, I gueth,
Cauth thee can thee through the walth,
And then when I think I am lost, I bawlth."



J. T. Haight, you're a whole army division,
A military band when you yell your decision
That you won't eat your pancakes without maple
sugar
Melted in butter; you're a fierce little moocher.



Ducky little brownie, round as a butter ball,
I wonder whenever I see you
How you can stand up at all!
Though years may come, and years may go,
May you have never a frown,
But let them smile on you, sweet girl,
Ducky and round and brown.

Ah, little Haupt boy,
You break many a toy
With a careless grace and joy;
But the day will come round, as others have found,
That you will have to employ
In making many a toy,
The same careless grace and joy.



Winsome lass, with face of joy,
Never let cares that faith destroy
Whose beauty shines forth through your counte-
nance rare.
Ah, Etta, we've seldom seen maid half so fair.

Hazel Putnam, who is he?
Who makes you dream by day?
"Never you mind," replieth she,
"Run along, and play."





Young Leon with your sweet brown eyes,
You must have been a model child;
Surely the kids in your classes are wise,
For your glances are ever sweet and mild.

Demure little Quakeress,
You look as true as steel,
And true you are, for Rockford
Claims you through woe and weal.



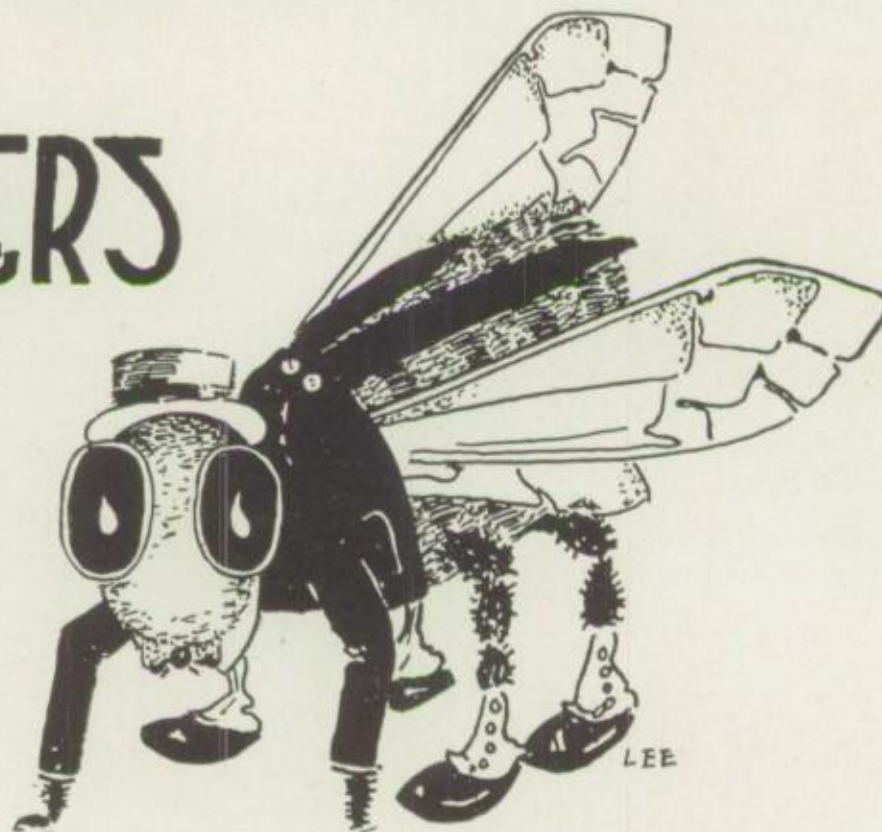
A. C. N. was a normal boy,
He was surely never under-sized
That was because his baby-food
Was always analyzed.

Hazel, Hazel, you little witch!
Who taught you all those wily tricks?
With which to ensnare and beguile unaware
Any poor man off his guard, little minx.





STINGERS



Student: "Don't you think it is pretty cold in here?"

Teacher: "Yes, but we will start to recite right away."

Weeks may come, and weeks may go,
But the assemblies we have SELDOM.

"What would you do if I should die, dear?"

"I should go mad, darling!"

"Would you marry again?"

"Well, I would not be quite so mad as that!"

Two men were fishing, when one got a bite which pulled him into the water.

"I can't swim!" he shouted and sank. "I can't swim!" and sank again.

"I can't swim! I can't swim!" and sank for the third time.

"Well," said the man on shore, "that's a queer thing to be bragging about."

The kind old gent entered the drug store and addressed the clerk leaning against the counter, "Haven't you any ambition?" Absently he said, "No, but I've got something just as good."

The rain had poured down all evening. Consequently the attendants at the lecture by P. Hopkins was slim. He ended, "Now I want to thank you who came out tonight, etc." "Never mind," came a voice from the rear, "go on, it's still raining out."



Horace sallied forth one pleasant eve,
To call upon a miss,
And when he reached the residence
this.

like
steps
the
up
ran
He
Annette's papa met him at the door,
He did not see the miss.
He'll never go there any more,
He

went
down
like
this.



A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a street car—bing! bing!
The con turned his head,
To the passengers said,
“The car's lost a washer,” ding! ding!!

Passenger: “Why are we so late?”

Conductor: “Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this one was behind before, besides.”

Mr. Kittle (assigning reports for 4 English I): “And there's the Black Death, who wants to take that?”

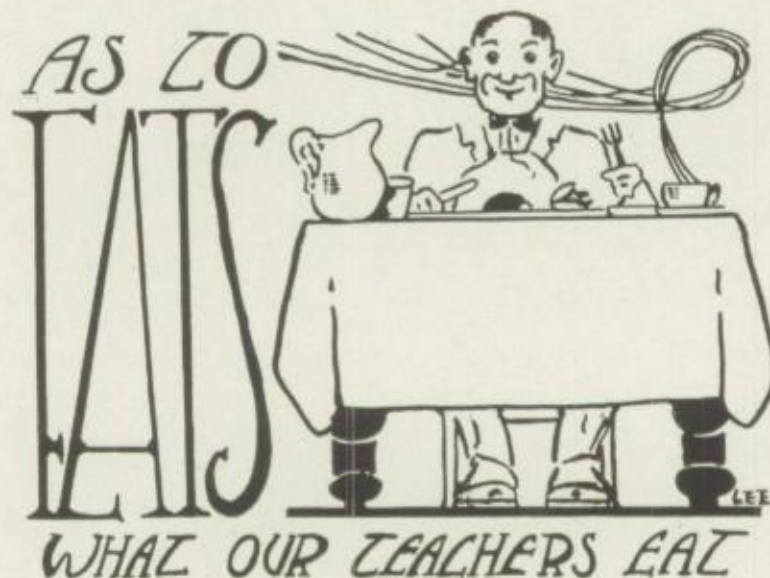
Franklin Lang is going to get married after he graduates, because he will be out of work anyway.

“Dick says he will give me one of his pictures.”
“Never mind, he might forget!”

“What in the world became of that gold case watch you used to have?”
“Why, you know circumstances alter cases a good deal sometimes.”

Teacher: “Name the lower animals beginning with Moulton Needham.”

Mr. Norris says that when he was a boy he never cut any wood, for what was the use, you only cut a tree down to cut it up.



Baked Potatoes—Miss Hill and Miss Hunter.
Coffee—Miss Corcoran.
Sandwiches—Miss Bull.
Pie—Mr. Haight.
Pink Ice Cream—Mr. Finegan.
Graham Crackers—Mr. Kelley.
Cocoa—Miss Waldo.
Pickles—Mr. Dunn.
Baked Beans—"Tuve."
Hot Dogs—Mr. Beyer.
Ice Cream (any color)—Miss Wolcott.
Hershey Bars—Miss Remsburg and Miss Kjellgren.
Salad (it's artistic)—Miss Boyd.
Tomatoes—Mr. Briggs.
Soup—Miss Coggeshall.
Milk—Miss Stella Peterson.
Water—Miss McEvoy.
Toothpicks—Mr. Hanna.



Heroes and Heroines of the Books of the Hour

The Lady in Red	Edna Shrope
The Hoosier Schoolmaster	Mr. Hanna
A Country Doctor	George Ray
The Lady at the Wheel	Miss Foster
The Children's Hour	8:30 to 9 in Room 2
In the Valley of the Dead	Below 75%
Silas Marner	George Gardner
Ichabod Crane (Legend of Sleepy Hollow)	"Sod" Stater
Molly Make-Believe	Margaret Shockley
Daddy Longlegs	"Gus" Blewfield
The Call of the Wild	Borden Ells
The Rivals	Horace and Paul
The Maelstrom	The Senior Finals
The Right of Way	"Where is your admit?"
A Certain Rich Man	Horace Wortham





Girl-Broke

A FRESHMAN is a callow youth we endure, pity, and finally embrace. Harold Saunders, after a prolonged stay in the eighth grade proudly appropriated this title and blossomed forth in a variety of little mannerisms that were a delight and a revelation to his younger brother. For now, instead of advertising its neglected condition, his hair stood up in surprise at unaccustomed acquaintance with a brush. Sister, who now and then stirred up the contents of the dresser drawers and seized anything of use to her that rose to the surface, confiscated a jar of cold cream. His hands, the reflection from which had once darkened the room, grew pale with their proximity to soap and water. High School alone without the assistance of a girl could never have accomplished this transformation. One day, soon after his introduction to High School, he met this remarkable creature. Now the name of the marvel was Gwendolyn. No other title could have been more appropriate to this creature, for she vaunted the peroxide curls of a movie heroine and had the perpetual smile of a toothpaste advertisement. Don't gain the impression that Gwendolyn was light and frivolous. Far from it, for she lived on Marie Corelli and Alexandre Dumas.

Harold was wise to the different methods of shaking off the girls of his sister's type, but this new species found him an easy mark. Impressed by the knowledge that this paragon of wisdom condescended only to boys who were in some way above the ordinary, the Freshman formed as great an attachment for her as sister had formed for gum. His red tie was not in tune with Gwendolyn's temperament, and so sister was able to appropriate it without a fight. Mr. Saunders received the shock of his life, when he inspected his son's semester report and discovered that Harold had not flunked in Latin. Harold was not studying from desire of knowledge, nor did he love his teacher, but his greatest ambition was to remain in the same Latin class as Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn often reiterated the fact that mental accomplishments were more to be desired than physical prowess. So between trying to comprehend "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "Le Tulip Noir," which books she forced on him at every opportunity, Harold had no time to devote to athletic stunts. Fortunately for the honor of the family, she did not request him to wear a wrist watch. There is no doubt but that he would have done it, for Harold was thoroughly girl-broke. Regardless of his mental achievements, she had lately been somewhat cool to him. What was worse, Gwendolyn flaunted a new friendship link, which, despite his maneuverings, he was unable to decipher.

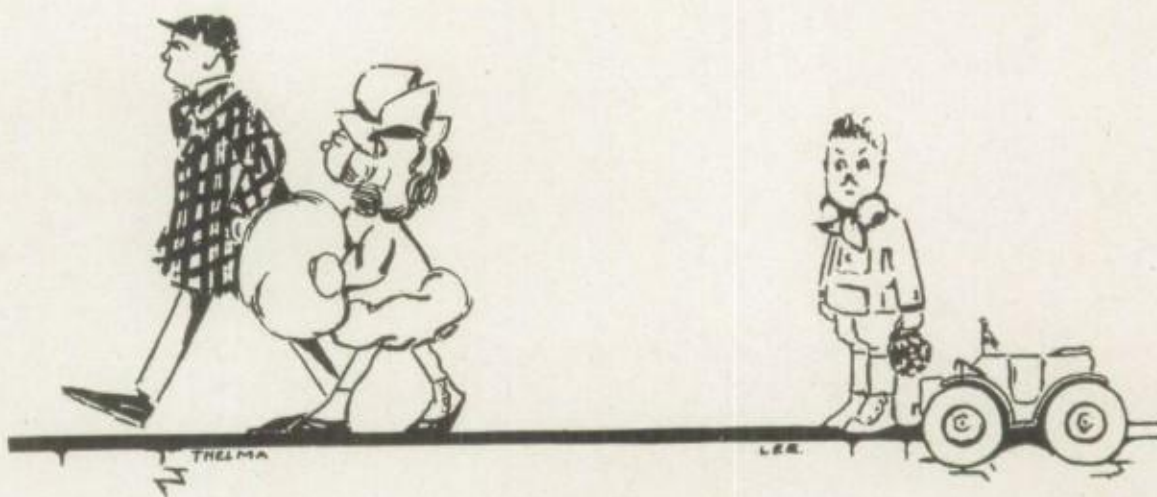
At each meal sister reported the latest idiosyncracies of her brother but on this day her gleeful narrative was interrupted by a miniature tornado that rushed into the room and demanded, "Who's

used my hair brush? There's long brown hairs in it. If you're going to let that grinning idiot sneak into my room every day, I'm going to move."

But sister's reply was lost on Harold for he had made a remarkable discovery. Little brother's hair was brushed back and smeared with something that smelled suspiciously like the cold cream which had formerly reposed in a certain dresser drawer. With a dexterous twist, little brother dove under the table and reappeared on the other side to remark, "It makes my hair look lots nicer than yours." As the enemy had out-manuevered him and had found refuge behind mother's chair, Harold retired to complete preparations for the basketball game that evening. Now, although this love-sick Freshman was no Warren Kerrigan, he was rather a nice looking kid. But tonight when he entered the dining room again, he looked like an Adonis to his little brother. Is it any wonder that sister fled for her life as she remarked, "By the way, I've just remembered that Gwendolyn said she couldn't go with you tonight. Go to the game and you'll see why."

We read of the rides of Sheridan and Paul Revere, but no hero of history ever equalled the desperate ride of Harold Saunders and his trusty Ford to the home of the faithless Gwendolyn. He arrived just in time to see the temperamental Gwendolyn, who preferred mental accomplishments to physical prowess, leaving home with the captain of the basketball team, a boy who was accomplished in the art of bluffing and didn't know whether Marie Corelli was a movie actress or a new kind of shaving soap.

Minerva Lander.





Imaginations

Imagine—

Crust getting to school on time.

Dorothy Jamison wasting her time.



Vivian Goldman if she were tall.

The classes in sewing eating peanuts.

Floyd Swanson with red hair.

Clyde Oliver looking worried with care.

Harold Lund in a derby.

Clare Hinkley without a blush.



Louis Danforth rising early.

Ruth Williams using slang.

The Bush League in a barber shop.



Fred Wilcox without a girl.

Vernon Alberstett crocheting lace.



Peculiarities of R. H. S.

1. Mr. Norris's jokes.
2. Kathryn Salisbury's giggle.
3. Harriet Sheaff's plaid hosiery.
4. Harold Wessman's recitations.
5. Harold Cadwell's sneeze.
6. Marion North's floating locks of hair.



7. Louis Danforth's laugh.
8. Beatrice Morley's gestures.
9. Kathryn Porter's curiosity.
10. Mr. Wuesthoff's "As a matter of fact."
11. Paul Morgan's walk.
12. King Dunn's, "Beg pardon?"
13. Glenny Scone's evil eyes.



A Cheerful Letter From Our Pinnock Correspondent

Pinnock, December 23, 1915.

DEAR JUDGE—I wuz a goin to try an write a little peece, hopin to git to hev it published in your Crismus number, but I hev ben so bizzy with trouble here at Pinnock to do anything ov the kind.

I would ov been verry glad to ov contributed sumthin fer the Crismus number ov the Judge, but thare haint a funnie thing happened around hear fer so long a time I got clene outen the notion ov writin a tall.

An thin, agin, the wether wuz so kold fer a month, er so, that nobuddy couldn't hardly do nuthin, nohow. The kold spell cum whoopin on sudden as lightnin late in November arter a fine warm fall and tuck evvery one turribly by surprize, an it looks ez ef it wuz a goin to stay all winter.

Hank Bates, the ice man, is busted over the wether, fer he tuck a job of gettin out about a thousand dollars worth ov ice, from Lake Marthy, an she up an froze thirteen feet deep down into the watter an no man kaint git no ice outen a freeze like that, he's done throwed up his contract, an is busted higher ner a kite. Lemmand Cannady hed a tramp workin fer him fer five dollars a month an his bord an the feller driv the cows down inter the medder lot one day to take a drink outen the big warm spring, an they wuz so dry and stood drinkin so long that the tramp, havin no fur cote, I guess, froze stiff as a stun post an is a standin thare yet, fer over three weeks now, waitin fer the coroner to git threw the snow drifts to kum and set on him fer an inquest.

Thare is nineteen prary chickens, seven crows, and three wild ducks froze tight into the top of the big ellum tree on the Moody hill, an nobody kaint clime the tree to get em outen, ner no gun kaint shute no bullets hard enuft to break em loose an drop em down. The fellers has peppered away at em till most ov the feathers is shot offen lowest down, but that thare don't do no good a tall. They absolively won't budge.

Then right on top ov the cold spell we had a horribul storm with the heaviest snow ever seen ennywhere around in these riggins, an a wind blowin like a harrykane the hull time for moren three days on a stretch, an when it wuz all over an quieted down, Pinnock wuz clene gone offen the map. You see we lay in sort of a valley, runnin abowt north an south an on the west ov us a levvel prary stretchin out goshwards towards the Rocky Mountains, an the storm it kum from the west the hull time an drifted the snow offul to behold over the prary an then down over the hill on the top of Pinnock.

You nevver seen no sech drifts nowhare ez thare wuz evverywhare in Pinnock the next morning. The hull valley wuz purty near



levvel full frum sidet o side, half a mile wide, an the little crick—Minnie crick we call it—hed a snow bridge over it fer moren a mile up an down stream, an the drifts evverywhare wuz packed so mighty hard thet a man, or even a horse, could walk ovver them purty neer enny place.

People had begun makin paths around the verry fust day an throwin the snow up on both sides ov the paths, so when it kep on growin higher an higher most ov the paths got covvered in on top, an by night on the seckond day Pinnock wuz a cave taown, with most evverybody going abowt like a mole, an nevver somin nowhare neer the top. I live neer the west bluff an I wuz woke abowt midnite ov the seckond day by Mr. James W. Miller, a farmer livin west of town, who started to kum into town on bizness an got off the rode an drove out on to the snow drifts an fell down through em an through my roof in to my kichen with his teams an waggin. I nevver in my life heerd a wuss racket in a dwellin house.

The hosses wuz both standin on thare head, with the waggin on top ov em an them a squealin an kicken to beat four ov a kind, an Mr. Miller an his hired man an a feller as wuz ridin with em wuz all a hollerin bloody murder an prayin fer help at the same time. It seemed like we'd nevver git the muss straightened outen an git settled down agin.

The school marm that bords to widder Martins is a fresh air enthoosiast an she left her winder open all the time, an in the middle ov the third nite three cows kum into her room through the winder an skairt her into all kinds ov fits, an the widder don't seem able to git the cows outen agin.

Thares a mewl in the belfry ov the Mennonite Church in our town and it won't try to jump down an they don't know what to do about it, an Mr. Williams's oldest boy hez turned crazy an is tunnelin north through the drifts like mad, throwin snow behind him, an it is verry doubtful if the three men as hez gone arter him will be able to ketch up with him an git him before he gits all froozin up.

A rescue party ov farmers wuz over to give aid an they dug down an happened to strike square on top of the big, seven foot wide town well, an they kep a diggin an a diggin till they hed gone clene down to the bottom ov the forty foot well. Its a offul time an haint gettin verry much better yit. About our only way out is up an down the leetle frozen crick, in a little tiny bote I am lettin town people use.

Abowt the only funnie thing wat happened wuz, you all know we had a skunk round wat we couldnt kitch altho some one seed him evvery day. Wel, he froze stiff out side Spinster Ward's door an she declares now she is goin to hev a beootiful muff made frum the skin.

I'm clene discouraged, but I'll keep snoopin round an ef enny funnie things happens, I will write you abowt them.

Yours fer literachure,

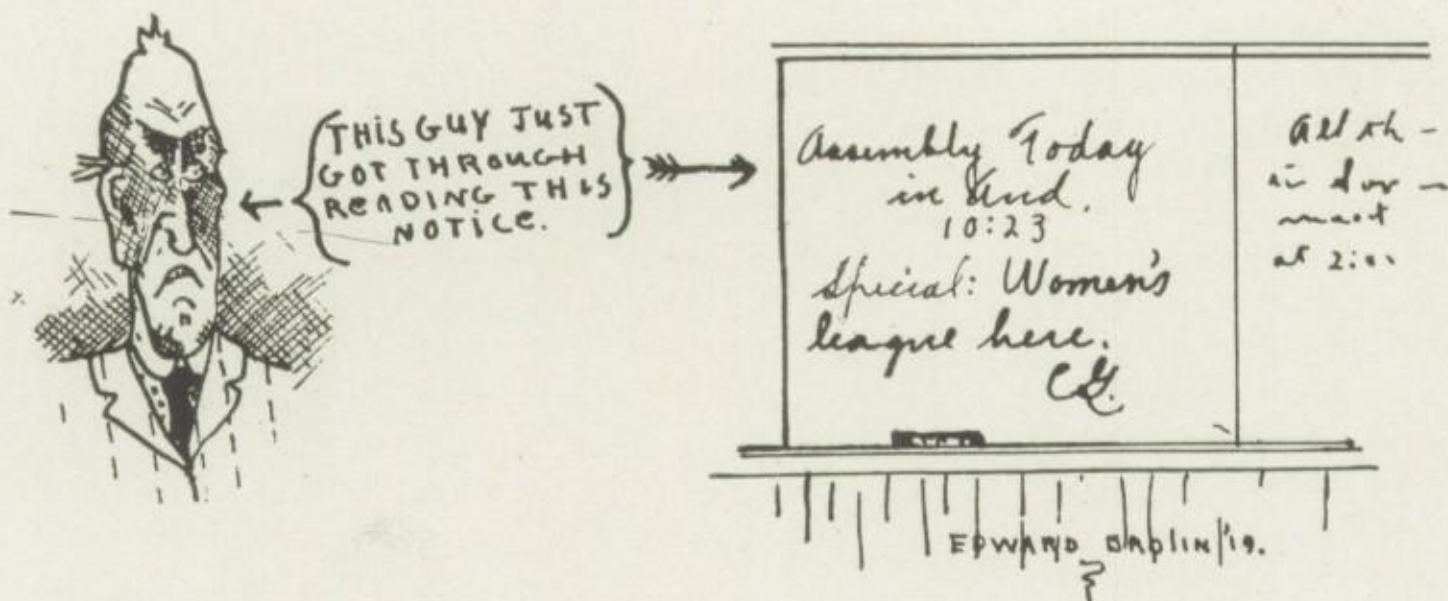
Gay Syre.
(Rachel Folz.)



Motto: "If we must, we must; but we don't."

Flower: Pillsbury's XXX.

Chief-hair-on-the-faceEd. Wilson
 Capt. BristlesRalph Jackson
 BushrangersF. Burr, P. Hopkins, M. Cotta
 BushwhackersM. Rider, H. Cadwell, W. Parson
 Lowly wiskeritesWalter Phillips





Sir Roger de Coverley at the Burn's Banquet

I WAS an honorary member of the Burns Club, appointed because of my good looks. So when the first January, 1916, came around, I received an invitation for myself and lady to attend the annual banquet on the first Monday of February. With scarce a thought, I accepted.

Who should have the pleasure of being my lady? Oh! this would be easy! There would be plenty of widows and old maids, at least, who would fall on their knees before me in order to attend this fifty cents a plate feed. I wrote six friends during the first six days, but I always received an answer such as, "I have a previous engagement for that evening." This just shows what popular and attractive ladies that I am acquainted with. Then followed a long struggle between me and myself as to who the seventh honored female would be. I drew lots, played cards, flipped coins, in fact, I did everything imaginable to ascertain who the lucky one would be, because I hated to slight any one. The day was rapidly approaching, only ten days being left before the banquet. The next eight winners of my cards had bids already, or else they had no time to make ample and adequate preparations on such short notice. Conditions were becoming serious. However, on the next day I received a beautiful white letter. At last some one had realized my importance. But, alas, on opening it, I found that it was from my poor country niece stating that she would pay me a visit and would arrive the next day. Oh! horrors! Now I should have to take her unless I could get some one before she came. I went out on the corner of State and Main Streets. Here I stood for five hours on my swollen feet waiting for some one to come. But it happened that there passed no women within my understanding or reasoning. Then a cold chill ran through me. What if a friend should come along? I should certainly have to gain enough courage to confront her, humbly ask, and then thank her. This was too much. I started off towards home on the run. Early the next day I met the K. D. train two miles north of the city. My niece was on it and she recognized me. So I started for the depot. There I had to endure a wait of forty minutes on my above-mentioned swollen feet for the train to arrive. On our way to my place we passed a popcorn stand. Ella, my niece, wanted some. So I stopped. The blamed humbug who sold the popcorn would not split a sack, so I would not get any. Then I played upon her good will to be my guest on Monday at the banquet. She tried making excuses, but I was too smart for her, because I answered them all. She finally consented. At last the fatal day arrived. Mother told us not to eat anything before we started, for we should have enough there.

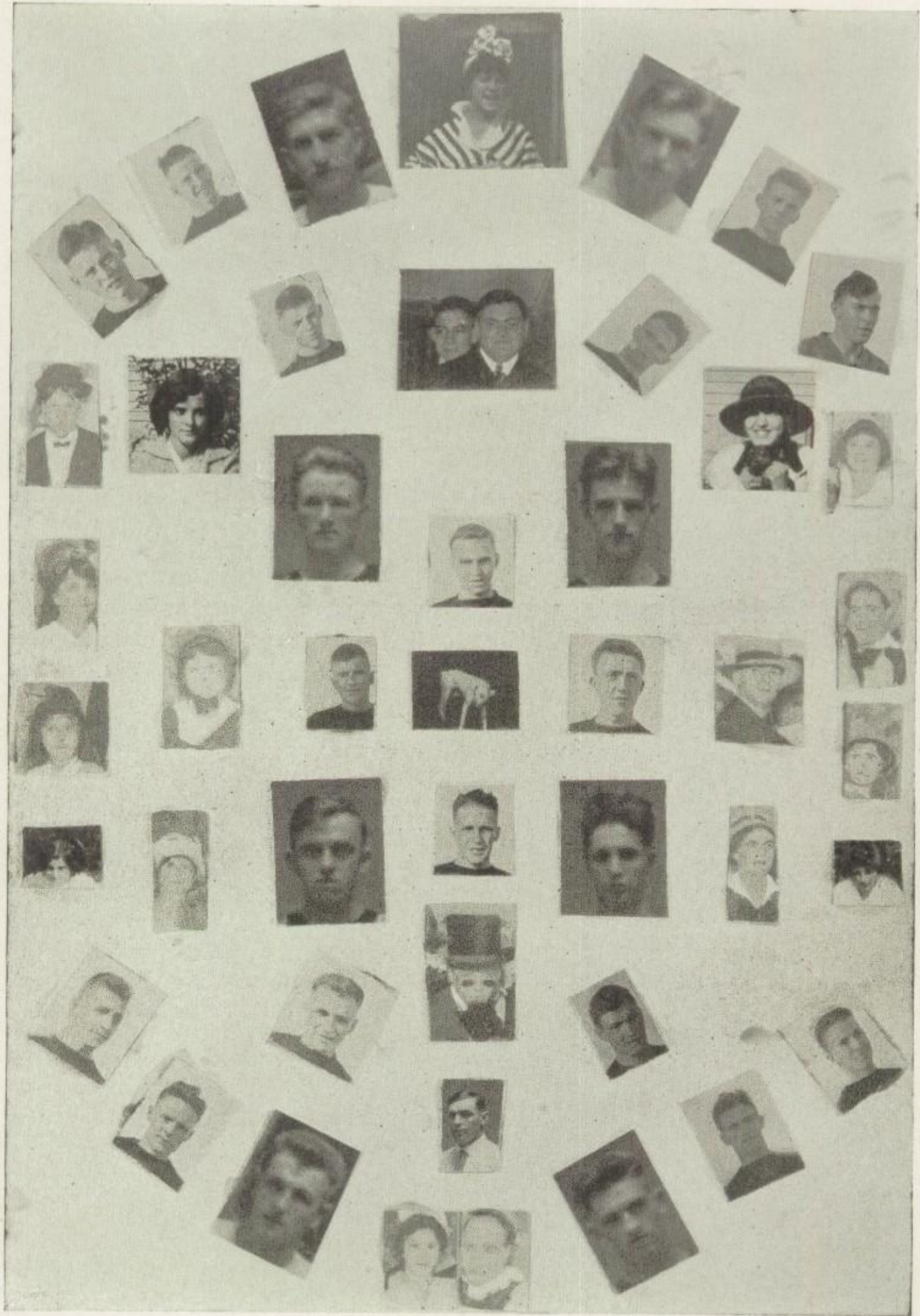
At the appointed time, eight o'clock, after a wait of an hour and a half, we sat down to eat. We had first a dish of white soup. I heard a couple across the table call it cream of celery soup, but I did not



believe them. Being used to eat supper at five o'clock I was nearly starved. Thinking, too, that this was all we were going to get, I asked three times for more. Then I thought it was funny why it was necessary to soil four spoons, two forks, and one knife for soup. I was beginning to feel fine after my siege of starvation, when my soup dish was taken away. I sat there trying to keep up conversation with the lady on my left, being somewhat ashamed of Ella. Suddenly a flock of waiters came out of the kitchen with big trays balanced on their heads, shoulders, and hands. To my astonishment one tray was set before me. It contained a large hunk of beef, roasted potatoes, etcetera. I had quite a task downing it all after the three dishes of soup, but I ate it in order to save throwing it away. Five more times was I astonished to see the flock of waiters swarm out of the kitchens with mountains of salads, cake, ice cream, and other dainties. But I got on the outside of them all. The only real great problem was to learn what spoon to use. However, I always asked the lady on my left; so I got along all right. After the late supper I was beginning to become sleepy. But the festivities were not yet all over. Each man at the center table, I believe there were fourteen of them, gave a few remarks about Burns, long and tediously, until I thought that I knew Burns's history better than my own. It was awful, in fact, I yawned out loud four times to the amusement of that couple across the table from me. Ella did not agree with me that it was then time to go, and so there I had to wait. I think she danced every dance with a handsome, smooth-appearing young man, whose friend, by the way, was the lady I tried visiting with at the table. He thought he was getting even with me by his action, but it did not worry me, although I tried several times to get her to give me one dance. Disgusted, I again asked her if she were not ready to go. She told me to run along and go to bed. Wasn't that a saucy remark for nothing but a country girl to make to an honored gentleman like me? That smooth fellow, I learned later, took his girl home and came back to dance with mine. I left.

The next morning I arose at the late hour of nine o'clock. That snip of a niece of mine did not get up at all, but made me send her ice water and bromo seltzer. I had to call a doctor for myself for my dyspepsia. This was my first and last Scotch banquet.

Orlyn McLeish.



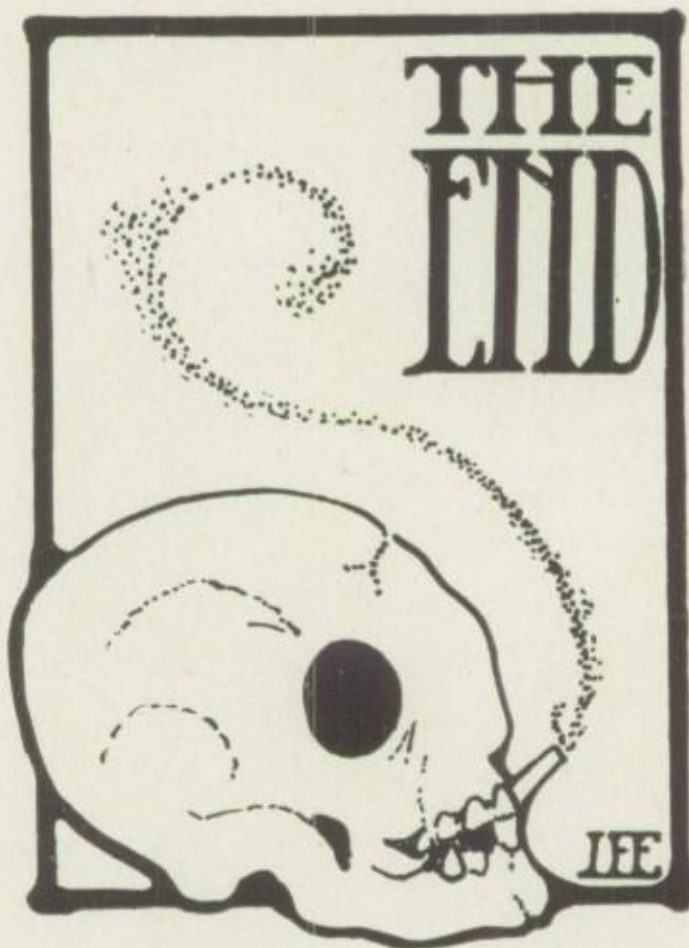


Ode of a Teacher

If I should die, as men do;
If as with folded arms in death I lie,
Some poor student whom I'd put through
Should bend over my resting corpse and sigh,
"Old boy, by me you surely were a great big mutt,
My line,—it worked just to a T,
I sat next to a good old grind, by luck,
My mark should have been 61 instead of 93."

If he should say that,
Although my soul was even then a spook,
I'd rise at once in my large, white cravat
To get one look at him—one final look;
I'd make him say it over word for word
Till I was sure that I had rightly heard;
Yes, I'd rise up within my shroud, and then—
I'd drop back dead again.

A. S.





Want Ads.

WANTED!

All dogs to enter by the south end of the building.

Janitors.

LISTEN!

If you have the con., come here, you will never go elsewhere.

SURE-CURE SANAT.!

Chas. Weldon, Mgr.

WANTED!

A job as night clerk on a Mississippi River ferry-boat.

Elmer T. Johnson.

DON'T TAKE

Imitations. Our German sausage is the best made. F. Swanson & M. Epstein.

FOR SALE—Sheet music song of "Glorious," good enough for assemblies or other mass meetings. H. Porter.

WANTED

A place for our shield.

Tom & Co.

BEFORE

Buying cabbages and other fruits, see me.

C. STATER.

WANTED TO TRADE:

A parlor lamp for a small settee.

Ruth Gallagher.

WANTED:

Position in some good family as a model husband.

K. Clark.

WANTED:

Small boy who is willing to work, to do daily lessons for me. No advancement, but good wages.

H. Wessman.

WANTED!

Agents for my hair invigorator.

Borden Ells.

TO RENT:

Good Gym. Suitable for parties or class elections.

Miss I. Hill.

Students' Book Store

Better Goods at Better
Prices

Nicholas, 12 Centuries, and
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We cheat you as best
we can

Co-Operative Store

We handle exclusively wheel-
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cils, coal-hods, men's clothing.

We defy competition.

"Time-Worn Sub- ject" Research Co.

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Dealers in

Assemblies and speakers for
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*Courses in Bug, Clog, Fire and Other Dancing under
direction of S. Stater from "The Washwoman's Rub."*

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er-Pianos under D. Jamison. Other courses to suit you.*

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In Our Classroom

This Space Reserved for

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CORNER MADISON and FIRST STREETS

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Every Room An Outside One

Roof Garden on the second story
from the top. Our hash is the
best. It will stand the strain for
it has been there.

Mgr. Elmer T. Johnson

Waiters

Ruth A.--Z. Johnson

Bouncers

Don “

Dick “

Blenda “

Helen “

Stanley “

SKANDIA HOTEL

CORNER MADISON AND FIRST STREETS



A Trip Through Rockford

The following are experiences of Jane Aerdel of San Francisco, while she was visiting in Rockford. The first place she visited was the C. F. Henry Clothing Co.

C. F. Henry Clothing Company is the oldest clothing store in Rockford, having been established since 1881—just thirty-five years ago—at the same location they occupy now.

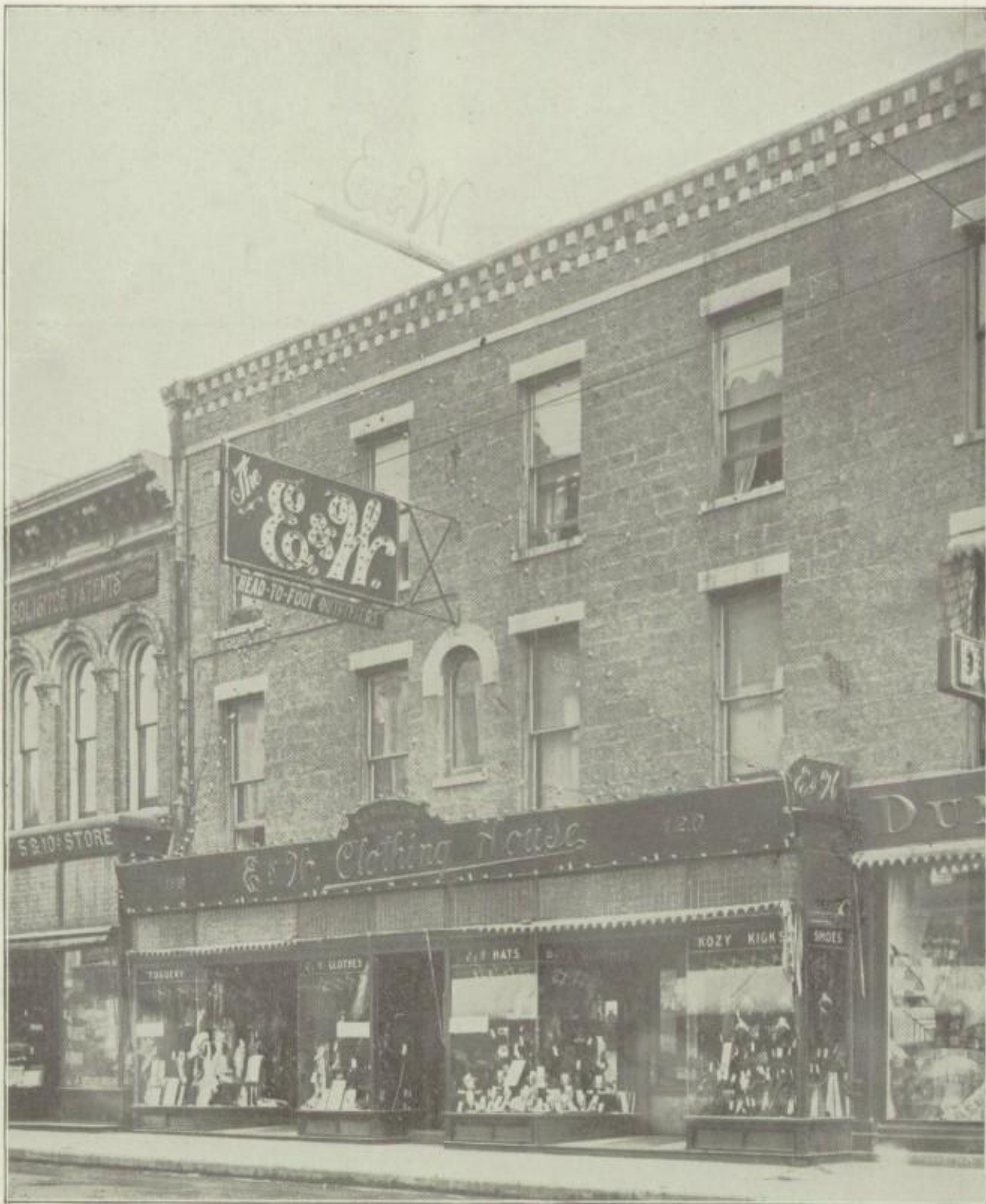
They occupy the three floors and basement of the building at the northeast corner of State and Main streets, and in addition to this a fifty-foot building on the north for their new Shoe Department on the first floor, and their offices on the second floor.

The basement is filled with the largest line of leather goods and trunks in Rockford. They handle several well known makes of goods, such as Hartmann's Trunks, which won first prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for wardrobe trunks—Likely Baggage, etc.

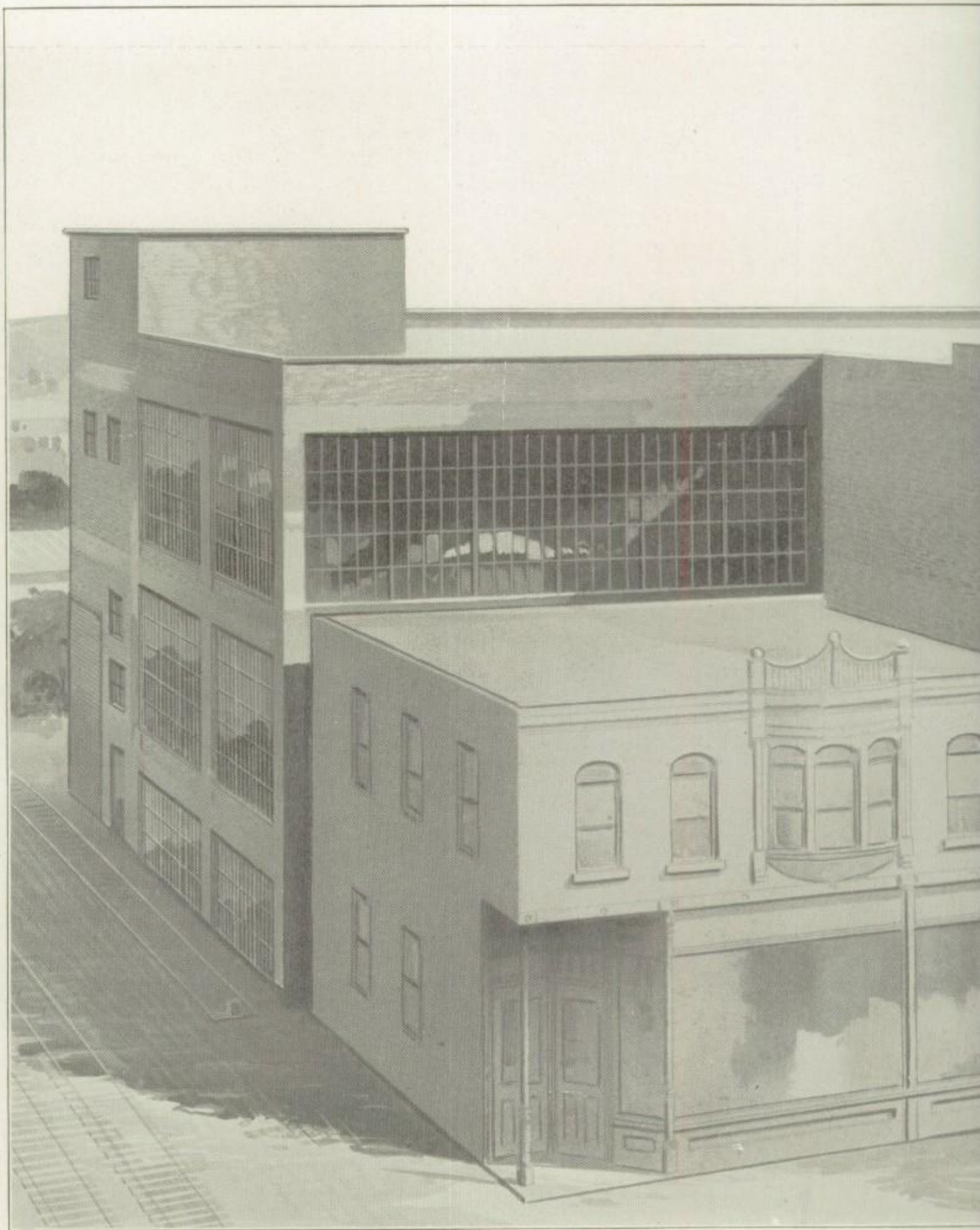
The first floor is occupied by men's suits and furnishings, including gloves, hats, shirts, ties, etc. Their clothing department consists of such well known makes as "Hart Schaffner & Marx," "Society Brand," and "Levy Brothers." Their exclusive shirt houses are: "Wilson Bros.," "Star," and "Kingly," giving a line of merchandise unexcelled by anyone. They also handle the "Arrow" brand Collars; Fownes Gloves; Knox, Trimble, and Borsalino Hats. Their shoe department, which occupies the first floor of the building north, handles exclusively "Hanan" and "Florsheim" Shoes. They are known the world over for their quality.

The entire second floor is occupied by their Boys' Department, which carries a larger and more complete stock of boys' things than any other store in Rockford. This department has fifteen outside windows which gives them perfect daylight to show goods.

On the third floor are located the wall cabinets for overcoats, raincoats, dress suits, etc. Here you can easily see everything in the size you want in one cabinet. They also have two big stockrooms for their reserve supply of merchandise, and a large, well ventilated tailor shop on this floor.



July 8 we visited the E. & W. Clothing store. There we were met by the most cordial gentlemanly-like clerks, each happy, as if he were glad to work for a standard firm selling the best of goods. One of the distinguishing features of this store is the large skylight in the roof. This gave us a good natural light from which to pick a color for James' suit. The clerk was very friendly. He told us that the E. & W. Company ran a chain of five stores in Illinois and Iowa, so it was able to give customers a larger and newer assortment of the best clothing for a reasonable price. Another thing that interested me was the necktie counter by the Main Street entrance. Here we purchased a number of ties for brother. They were just what he has been teasing for lately, large, wide silk ties, with checks and stripes. The general appearance was a light, tidy store with wide, clear aisles, shining counters and glass closets.



July 12. Next we visited the Rockford Printing Company. It was considerably different from that which we saw last year. They had moved one door to the west and were now occupying three floors with about six times as much floor space as they had before. On the first floor is the manager's office, in the rear of which are the general offices. Everything on the first floor was furnished in beautiful stained oak. With such office conveniences it makes it seem nearly a pleasure to work in them. But we could not stay here long, so went up stairs. The distinguishing feature of the building on all floors was the cement floors, making the building fireproof. Next we



came to the composing room. Here were about fifteen men working alone on setting up type. And by the way, I learned that one fellow looked after nothing but the composing of the Owl and Steen. From there we passed through into the printing room. The size of the machinery was the astonishing point of this room. Finally, we again entered the offices. There we stopped and looked over some of the work of the house. There were visiting cards, menus, programs, Annuals, Owls, and every other kind of work. I shall never forget that new building, its cleanliness, size, and its new facilities for handling large printing jobs.



July 13. We visited the Ashton Dry Goods Store. This is about the largest store in the city, having three floors and basement. In the basement there are novelties, dishes and gingham. On the main floor there are innumerable attractive articles in jewelry, candy and wearing materials, all for ladies and girls. On the second floor are ready-made apparels. The third floor is given up to curtains and rugs. All the articles were so attractive that we could hardly help purchasing. The clerks were all more willing to see us waited upon rather than gossip among themselves. The feature of the store was the long show windows on the Main and State Street sides.

July 20. Today it is raining, so I had to stay in. The forenoon was spent evenly between sleeping and eating. In the afternoon I looked over the 1916 Steen. That is the book published annually by the Rockford High School pupils. I remembered that the printing was done by the Rockford Printing Company, but yet I decided that the company must have had some good cuts to work upon, or else it could not have had such good success. So I revisited the printing house and was shown the cuts. The cuts for the Steen were all made by the Bureau of Engraving of Minneapolis, Minn. This company has been doing the greater share of the engraving in the United States. It makes a specialty of rush orders. Many of the cuts marked "rush" were received within one week.



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Rockford City Traction Co.

HARLEM PARK

—AND—

Hononegah Park

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For Further Information

Address C. C. Shockley, G. F. & P. A.
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The Rockford Interurban Railway Co.

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Our slogan is "Safety First"—Courtesy Always." Also to render good service at all times.

Hononegah Park, located on the Beloit Division, north of Rockford, is the most beautiful park in the state, scenically and historically. Mr. Goss, manager of Hononegah Park is doing everything possible to make this park the playground for picnic parties. The R. & I. Ry. Co. are glad to assist him in any way and will make special rates during the summer.

Harlem Park is located on the lines of the Rockford City Traction Co., is only a fifteen minute ride over the new double track line, and has all the amusements that are found in any up-to-date park. It has a roller skating rink which is the largest in the state, a fine dancing pavilion, roller skating afternoon and evening, dancing every night. In connection with the amusements found in the park, the management furnishes plenty of free entertainment, making this the ideal place for recreation.

The R. & I. Ry. Co. conducts a fast freight and express business. Freight is forwarded to all points on our line twice daily except Sundays. Express is handled on all passenger cars, which gives hourly service. For further information address any agent of the Company or C. C. Shockley, General Freight & Passenger Agent.

Advertisements

THE generosity of the advertisers in the *Steen* has made the publication of this book possible, and one evidence of loyalty to the High School and to the *Annual* will be patronage extended to the business firms whose advertisements appear in the following pages.

Business Manager.

Carty-Dever Co. FOUR MARKETS

321 West State Street 418 East State Street
1055 West State Street 1018 South Main Street

Packing House, corner Auburn St. and Central Ave.

Our Meats Will Please You.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK AT

Hickey's
CHOCOLATES
& BON BONS

We make everything we serve.

Question for debate for the G. A. C.—Resolved, That married men make the best husbands.

Son: "Papa, who was Shylock?"

Papa: "Shame on you, son, go study your Bible."

Sophomore: "Is the store full?"

Freshman: "I don't know; it was out all night."

(G. A. C. Marks, confiding to G. A. C. Chapman): "My hair won't stay up when I wear it down."

(Overheard in the lunch-room): "Just look at that hair in the honey!"

"Sure enough, it must have got caught in the comb."

Junior: "My sister got a pearl from a clam."

Freshman: "That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from a lobster."

THERE'S a lot of satisfaction in being a style leader, in being the first to show what is sure to be the popular thing. As a store we've enjoyed this distinction for a good many years, and we extend the opportunity to you to enjoy this sort of leadership in

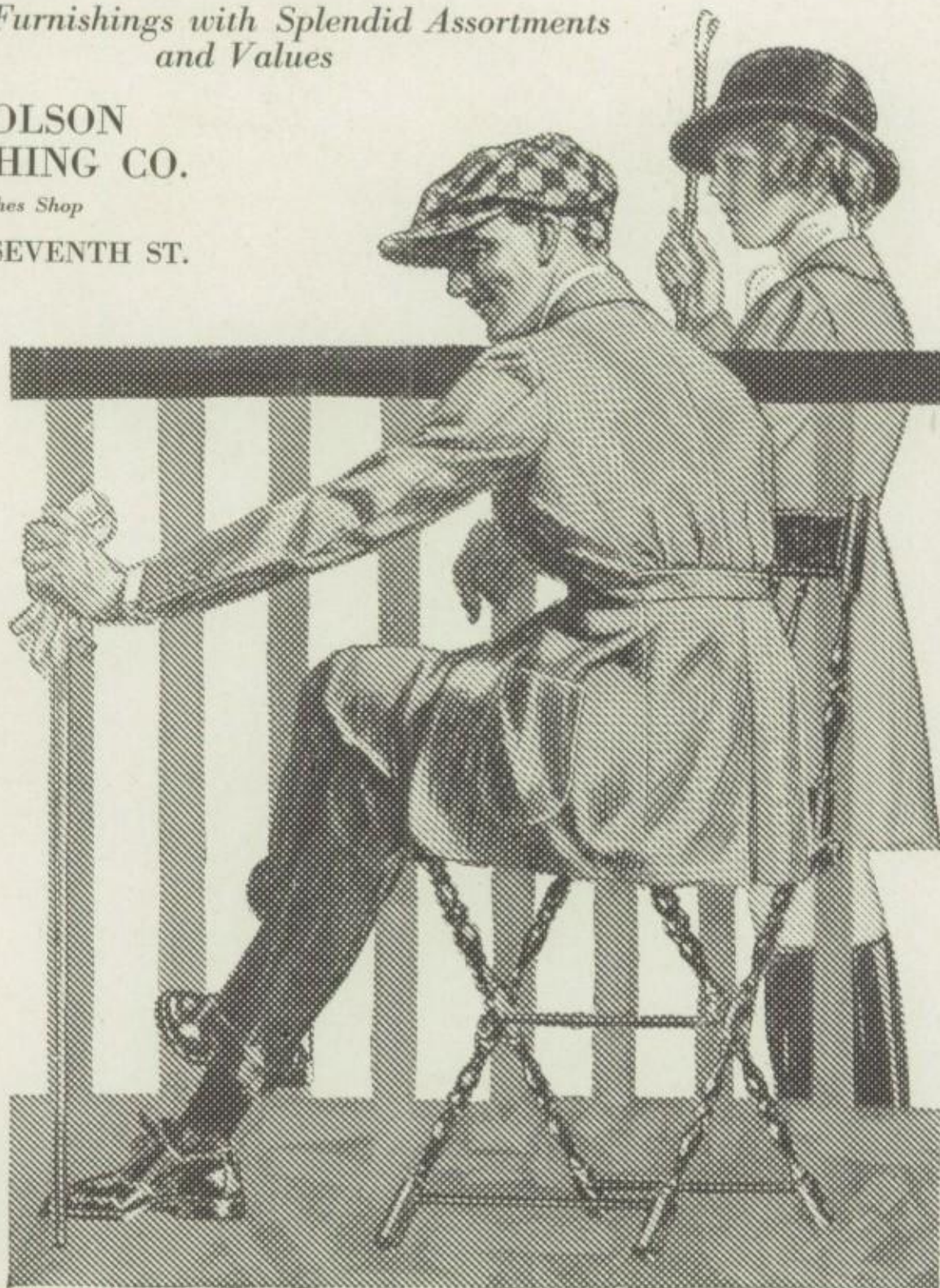
The New Summer Styles in
Kuppenheimer Clothes
at \$20 to \$40

*Better Furnishings with Splendid Assortments
and Values*

C. V. OLSON
CLOTHING CO.

Clever Clothes Shop

218-220 SEVENTH ST.



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The House of Kuppenheimer

If It's New We Have It

Everything New but the Salesmen

Kelly & Johnson

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE HABERDASHERS

306 West State St., Rockford, Ill. Bell Phone Main 981

We Specialize Men's Suits at \$15, \$18 and \$20.



OUR greatest claim to your consideration when purchasing a piano, is the reliability of our product. The SCHUMANN PIANO is made in a factory where the entire organization has but one purpose in view, the making of a perfect piano. ¶ The great care used in the hidden parts make possible an UNLIMITED WARRANTY which assures every owner of a Schumann Piano absolute satisfaction.

SCHUMANN PIANO CO.

STATE AT WYMAN

In buying spring lamb one should make inquiries regarding which spring.

Just try to be yourself. It may tire you, but try it.

A fool and his money are soon petted.

"Ring around the rosy"
Feel as fine as silk;
It's best for you,
It's best for me,
This Union Dairy Milk.

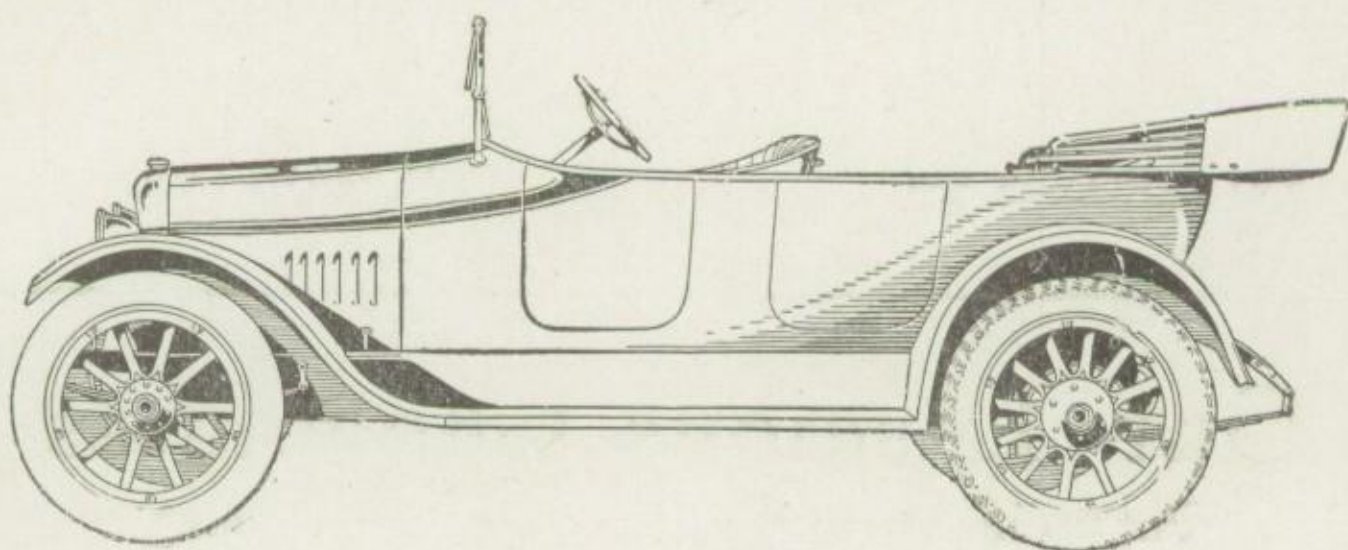
THREE CHEERS FOR

U. D. Co.

THE ALLEN
\$795.00

A

ABBOTT-DETROIT
6 and 8 Cylinder
\$1195 and up



Central Auto Company

120-126 N. FIRST ST.

TELEPHONE, 2597

Storage--Supplies--Repairing a Specialty

*To the Students of Rockford High School
and Readers of The Steen:*

We Want You to Think of

THE IMPERIAL

110 WEST STATE STREET

When in need of Candy, Cut Flowers, Soda Water, Ice Cream, Lunches and Banquets. We manufacture our own Candy, Ice Cream, Ices, etc., and we have just completed our new Rose Garden Banquet and Dance Hall on the second floor, where we can seat 400 at one time, and can take care of 75 couples for a dance. Large porch on the river side, 44 x 22 feet, off the ball room. We also have a private dining room, seating 40, on the second floor. Let us figure with you on your parties, dances, banquets, etc. ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙

T H E I M P E R I A L

SWISS LAUNDRY

LAVERNE MARSH

*The Finest Laundering and
Most Expert Dry Cleaning*

TELEPHONES 368

119 N. MAIN STREET

Our Luscious Chocolates

Put up in Attractive Boxes, please the Young
Ladies of R. H. S. more than anything else

We Serve Dainty and Delicious Drinks

WILL BURNS 501 EAST STATE STREET

When You Think
DRY GOODS
THINK—

STEWART & CO.
DRY GOODS
CARPETS & SHOES

SCHOOL



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R.F. Outen N.Y.

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buy at
Our
Drug
Store*

THE sooner you learn to come to our drug store for everything you need in the drug line, the sooner you will come to the store that carries none but the purest, freshest drugs and choicest drug store articles. We want your drug business only because we give you reliable medicines and merchandise for your money.

COME TO OUR DRUG STORE



People's Pharmacy

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5 E. COR. 7TH ST. AND 3RD AVENUE

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We Store, Remodel and
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ROCKFORD : ILLINOIS

"Your Neighbor Wears One"

SUIT OR OVERCOAT

No **\$15** No
More Less

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218 S. Main St. E. P. DANIEL, Mgr.

We Win and Hold Our
Trade by Selling
Quality First
Always

=

A.W. Norbeck & Son

Better Shoes - 504 Seventh St.

*First Class
Shoe Shine*

for

Ladies and Gentlemen

112 N. Wyman Street

PETER LAMBEROU

The world is composed of three classes, the going to do's,
the doers, and have done's.

Mince pie was discovered in 1596, dyspepsia in 1597.

Man was created first, but woman came a second after
and asked him how long he had been waiting.

We Carry It
Biggest and Best Line of
Sporting Goods in the City

SPAULDING LINE

The Best is Always the Cheapest

BICYCLES AND REPAIRING

E. A. NELSON

Sporting Goods 219 Seventh St.

For The Best Flowers

GO TO

**ROCKFORD
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103 W. State Street

Commencement Flowers

A Specialty

**GEO. F.
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*Pictures and
Picture Frames,
Artist's Materials*

125 N. Main Street Rockford, Ill.

**E. L. & A. M.
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NELSON HOTEL BLDG.

Bracelet Watches \$3.00 to \$50.00
Girls Japanese Rings \$5.00 and up

Young Men's Watches \$3.00 to \$75.00
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We carry a large and complete stock of

Diamonds, Invitations and Announcements

We have added to our large and varied stock of Jewelry, one of the most complete lines of Stationery. We will gladly furnish estimates on any form of Engraving

GEO. E. HANSON & BROS.

THE QUALITY JEWELRY STORE

401 SEVENTH STREET

A fashion publication prints an article on "The Last Touch Before the Wedding." It is usually made with a powder puff.

Both Phones
200

DUNN DRUG CO.

Both Phones
200

STATE AT WYMAN ST.

ROCKFORD'S LEADING DRUG STORE

Said a pretty young lady named Kraus
Here's a secret---keep as still as a mouse,
You can buy a pretty card, or new stationery by the yard
Down at the

Rockford Office Supply House

NEXT DOOR SOUTH OF STEWART'S

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO RUSH ORDERS

OLD PHONE 202

Goff Printing Co.

423 E. State Street

Rockford, Illinois

The proof of the picnic is in the eating.

Many men who fall off the water wagon are promptly
picked up by the police patrol wagon.

Our schoolma'am says that love making is usually taught
at night schools.

WHEN IN NEED OF

Stationery, Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Face
Creams, Pure Drugs, Combs, Brushes,
Sponges, Pocket Books or
Rubber Goods

We invite you to see our stock

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*Livery, Taxi Cab and
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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
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Telephones: Main 213 Home 213
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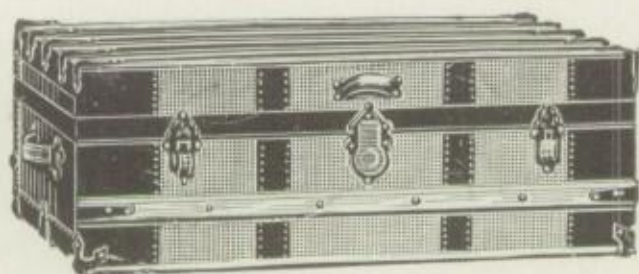
For Style, Quality and
Service in

Clothing and Shoes

BE SURE AND SEE

B. & K. Clothing Co.

606-608 Seventh St.



Whether it is

*A Trunk, Bag,
Suitcase*

or anything that will make Traveling Comfortable, you
will find it at this Store. Quality always Guaranteed.

Chas. G. McGlashan

515-517 West
State Street

A true gentleman never marries a woman because she has
money, he marries her because he has none.

—
A Chicago professor advertises that he will teach women
to improve their talking powers. Lynching is hinted at.

—
Chickens always come home to roost which is right and
natural, but when they come home to cackle and crow, that
is a different matter.

Victors Exclusively

Talking Machine Shop

114 West State Street

Northern Illinois State Normal School

DeKalb, Illinois

A School for the preparation of teachers. Send for Catalogue. New dormitory for women just completed.

ADDRESS, J. W. COOK, DeKALB

There is no tonic equal to success. It is easy—simply work and smile.

The average man plays to the gallery of his own self esteem.

The best piece of advertising ever invented by our honored ex-president was the Teddy Bear.

You Can Congratulate Yourself and receive congratulations of others when you wear Eugene L. Hall's Hand Tailored Clothes

Real Style, Real Fit, Real Wear

Ask to see the new

KOOL BEACH KLOTHES

At \$11.00 and up

 *Eugene L. Hall*
TAILORING

201 Trust Building

Pictures and
Art Objects

Make the BEST OF GIFTS

H. F. Norris Art Shop

121 N. Main Street

WE MAKE PICTURE FRAMES

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DYEING AND
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ESTABLISHMENT

121 North Court Street

Come to

LARSON & HULT CO.

420-422 SEVENTH STREET

For Your Supply in

Furniture, Rugs, Linoleum,
Pictures, Curtains, Go-Carts,
"Old Hickory" Porch Rockers

Our Prices the Lowest, Quality Considered

UNDERTAKING GIVEN CAREFUL
ATTENTION

BOTH PHONES

BASTIAN BROS. COMPANY

Designers and Manufacturers of

Class Emblems, Rings, Fobs, Athletic Medals,
Wedding and Commencement Invitations and An-
nouncements, Dance Orders, Programs, Menus,
Visiting Cards, etc.

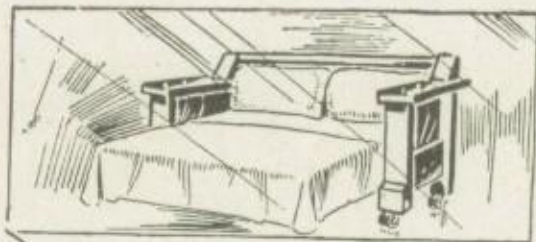
Samples and Estimates Furnished Upon Request

1103 BASTIAN BLDG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALLEN'S "Most Everything"

120 WEST STATE STREET



\$26.50

D. R. MEAD & CO.

SOUTH MAIN AND CHESTNUT STREETS

Quality Furniture

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS

The new play "An Honest Politician" must be a roaring farce.

People who get into the social swim are often drowned before they get out.

Notice carefully and you will find that the man you like to talk with best always talks with you about your own affairs and not about his own.

"For Goodness Sake"

WEAR

Schulein's Shoes
and Hosiery

111 SOUTH MAIN STREET

WE ARE

Selling all kinds of tools
used for manual training
at as low prices as first
class goods can be sold

Carlson & Son

HARDWARE

404 Seventh St. Both Phones

C. H. Knapp

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KNAPP, BARNES & CO.

REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGE LOANS
INSURANCE AND RENTALS

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BOTH PHONES
800

Rockford, Ill.

Go to the

High School Lunch Room

Take your tray and get the best lunch in the city. Managed for the benefit of the High School Students by the Woman's Club. The purpose of the Club is to serve to the students the best lunch possible for the money : : :

Buy a ticket - - Price \$1.00

Never marry for money unless you can't get it any other way.

The grass widow is never so green as the title would indicate.

If all the world loves a lover, why does it take such a fiendish delight in catching him at it?

You are welcome as a visitor

See 20 rooms completely furnished with

Period Furniture

At the New

**RIVERSIDE
FURNITURE CO.**

N. WATER AT STATE ST.

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..DRY GOODS..

Lundberg Building Seventh Street
Seventh Street's Most Convenient
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"THE DAYLIGHT STORE"

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...Tailor...

First Class Tailoring and Reasonable Prices Guaranteed

411 East State Street

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

The Nelson Hotel



JOHN A. OBERG, Manager

Rockford, Illinois

The only person in the world who is a genuine fool is the man who is sure he isn't one.

Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle.

If George Washington were to come back and see Congress, he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address.

See us about your
Electrical Supplies
E. F.
PENDERGAST
COMPANY
302 E. State St.

Jackson Bros.
JEWELERS

114 W. State St.

Rockford, Ill.

Our Stock is of Special
Interest to Young People

We design and make Jewelry in
our own shop

Your friends can buy anything you may give them—
except your Photograph

Special Prices for Graduation

Dahlstrom's Studio

For Likeness and Quality

Old Phone 3229

611-613 Seventh St.

The gentle reader would not always remain so if the author were within reach.

There are men so penurious that they won't even laugh at their own expense.

Consistency is about the most expensive jewelry a person can wear.



Headaches and Eye Strain relieved at once

We grind any Lens while you wait

BURKE OPTICAL CO.
TRUST BLDG. 208 W. STATE ST.

The *San-Tox* Store

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PHARMACISTS

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Drugs
Perfumes

Cameras
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L. C. SHORN

MEATS

112 S. Madison St.

Both Phones

It requires as much muscular exertion to play golf as to hoe corn, but one is fun and the other is work.

A Chinaman may divorce his wife for talking too much. There are many American men who wish they were Chinamen.

It's a great pity there are no rules without exceptions.

We manufacture Pure Ice Cream

Home Made Candies

The Palace of Sweets

REUBEN C. HAEGG, Prop.

417 E. State Street

THIS store is popular with the young women of Rockford because there will always be found here the smartest New York styles the moment they appear on the market.

REASONABLE PRICES ALWAYS

OUTFITTERS TO WOMEN"
Wortham's
123 W. STATE ST.
ROCKFORD, ILL.



Faint heart ne'er escaped fair lady.

Do not pin your future to a rural press notice.

Culture enables one to dodge the pronunciation of depot by calling it a station.

GLEICHMANN'S

Both Telephones

114 N. Main Street

The Place to Buy the Best

Ice Cream and Home Made Candies that can be made

AMERICAN FRUIT HOUSE

*The Best and Purest
Ice Cream and Candies*

COR. MADISON AND STATE STREETS
OLD PHONE 1908 NEW PHONE 7753



THE STORE OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE
AND FAIR PRICES

Nearly Everything to Eat, to Wear and for the Home

S & H STAMPS GIVEN AS AN ADDED VALUE

HESS BROS. & CO.-*The Big Store*

Eat at THE CHICK HOUSE when Stopping in Rockford

E A T



Manufactured by
BURT M. ALLEN

It is Served in the High School Lunch Room

TRY IT

IT IS A FOOD, NOT A FAD

Skeyhan's Pharmacy

Headquarters for

Prescriptions, Arch Props, Trusses, Elastic Stockings
and Abdominal Supporters

SECOND FLOOR STEWART OFFICE BUILDING

Call at The Walden

326 E. STATE STREET

For Refreshments, Ice Cream and Confectionery

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Light Lunch on School Days

Treat Your Feet as Friends
Wear "Walk-Overs"

Walk-Over Boot Shop

110 South Main Street

Rockford, Illinois



Burn SOLVAY COKE

IT'S CLEAN ————— IT LASTS

SOLD BY

Rockford Lumber & Fuel Company

201 EAST STATE STREET

The Young Men's Shop

ONLY EXCLUSIVE YOUNG MEN'S STORE IN THE CITY

We Have your
Kind of
Clothes



Boulevard

LOGGERY

Thos. R. Hayes
2nd Floor Palace Theatre Bldg.
Rockford Illinois

Ready-to-wear
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Tailored

"BUY IT FROM MICK"

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The STANDARD BOOK and
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SCHOOL SUPPLIES, BOOKS,
STATIONERY and SHEET MUSIC

1211 Fourteenth Ave.

Rockford, Ill.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES
MADE AT THE

Scotch
Woolen Mills

214 South Main Street

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

\$15.00 and \$20.00

Seniors!!!

All you seniors who wish to have something to keep in touch with Rockford High, remember the

OWL

Send in your name and address and we will mail to you a copy of each edition of this paper. We will publish during the next year thirty-five issues of six pages each.

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PROGRESS MEANS

CHALMERS

LET YOUR NEXT CAR BE A CHALMERS

"THE CAR THAT HAS MULTIPLIED PLEASURE"

CHALMERS SIX—30—\$1090 SIX—40—\$1450

F. P. NEUMEISTER CO.

Agent for Chalmers and Saxon Cars and Republic Trucks

115 North Madison Street

Shimmin's Store

*Books, Fine Stationery
Pictures, Picture Fram-
ing and Fountain Pens*

When a man inherits money about the first discovery that he makes is that he cannot smoke five-cent cigars.

Beautiful sunsets are not to be blamed for the bad poetry they inspire.

A hand in the hand is worth two in the gloves.

Prepare
to know your
Republic
Printers of the History
You Make

SWANSON
MILLINERY

Fine Milliners

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EAST STATE ST.
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

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American Horological Society Diploma Awarded for Superior Workmanship

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DEALER IN

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry

313 West State Street

A little summer girl is a dangerous thing.

Charity begins at home and ruins its health by staying there too much.

The big responsibilities of marriage are often the little ones.

ALL OUTDOORS INVITES YOUR

KODAK

Bring your film to us for developing and printing; then you will be assured of the best results.

Everything for Photography

ARTHUR G. LUNDGREN

507 SEVENTH STREET

We carry all High School Books and Supplies

FIELD & COMPANY

Outfitters to Women

"POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL ALWAYS"

TRUST BUILDING

ROCKFORD, ILL.

A woman is never satisfied with the milk of human kindness—she wants the cream.

Compliments are things we can't use after we get them.

A well-to-do man is usually hard to do.

HADDORFF

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PIANOS

Sold on the Absolutely One Price Plan at
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Specialists in
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ARTS SHOP

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WEST STATE

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:: PROGRESS ::

If people had to give up modern plumbing and go back to the inconveniences of a generation ago it would be considered a great hardship. Only think of the time and money saved by modern improvements.

The same may be said of the Gas Range, the Gas Water Heater, the Gas Iron, the Gas Mangle, the Gas Fired Clothes Dryer, the Gas Room Heater and many other gas appliances.

Those who do use these Gas Appliances save a wonderful amount of time and labor. Also, they run their households much more economically than those who stick to the old methods.

Rockford Gas Light & Coke Co.

16—Either Phone—16

W R I T E

Promotion Secretary

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY BLDG.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For Book of Views

When you get

HAYNES'S PHOTOS

You get the best. Is that what you want?

Liberal Rates to All High School Pupils

HAYNES'S
STUDIO

114 N. Church Street

H. Pinko For High Class Clothing,
205 South Main Street Gents' Furnishings
and Men's Shoes.

Parsons' Lumber Company

Lumber, Cement and all Building Materials

You will build a home some day.

You'll do well to see us then

First Freshie: "Aw, shut up!"

Second Freshie: "You're the biggest dunce in school."

Miss Putnam (angrily): "Boys, don't forget I'm here!"

"She has an enormous appetite, yet she declares she eats like a bird."

"But a bird takes a peck every time."

The Central Book Store

and Rockford High School have
been pals for years; We ap-
preciate the school patronage---
the students appreciate our qual-
ity and full line of supplies.

Fifty-fifty, see?

"Everything in High School Necessities"

J. O. Hanson, Proprietor

Right on your way to School at East State and Madison

"It Shines For All"

THE ROCKFORD MORNING STAR

MEMBERS OF A. B. C.

Proven Circulation more than 10,000 Daily. 11,000 Sunday.

*Always Drink
Bottled*

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

BOTTLED ONLY BY

Rockford Coca-Cola
Bottling Company

Not all habits are bad. The habit of happiness is good.

A banknote's beauty depends on its figure.

The place to find fine
Lighting Fixtures and a
Full Stock of
Electrical Supplies
Electric Shop
114 S. Wyman
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*Visit my new
Cafeteria
Continuous Service
Moderate Prices
Short
Corner Elm and Main Sts.*

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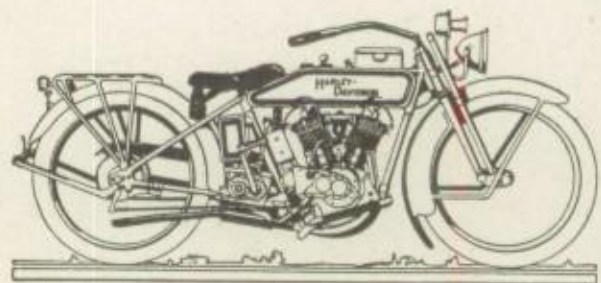
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The Camera Shop

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Developing, Printing and Enlarging
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*The Harley Davidson is extra strong
It is built to last and not go wrong*

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Market and Madison Sts.

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Semi-Ready Clothes

Our blue serge suits for all events and purposes are extremely attractive to young men. *True Blue* because only the best dye is used.

\$12 \$15 \$20 \$25

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All furniture gifts are practical—either a desk, Pathephone, easy chair, footstool, bookcase, pair of candlesticks, book ends, or an electric desk lamp will delight the recipient.

Visit our store. You will find a host of beautiful gift suggestions here—and the prices are remarkably low, too.

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